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THE BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE

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OF CULINARY SCIENCE AND
DOMESTIC ECONOMICS

JUNE-JULY, 1908
Vol. XIII No. 1

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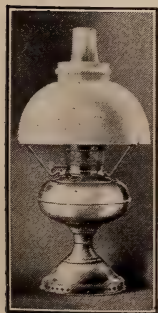
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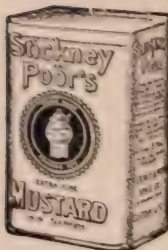
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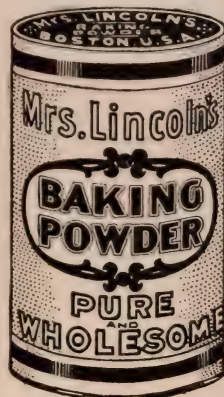
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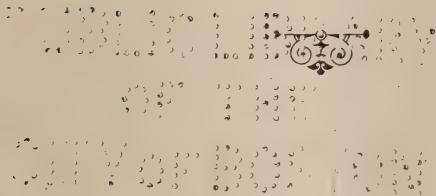
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THE SCIENTIFIC KITCHEN OF THE DOMESTIC SCIENCE DEPARTMENT AT THE Y.W.C.A., CLEVELAND, OHIO

The Boston Cooking-School Magazine

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PUPILS IN DOMESTIC SERVICE PREPARING LUNCHEON

A Model Clubhouse for Women

We believe "That the homemaker should be as alert to make progress in her life work as the business or professional man."

THE past twenty years have been years of great financial prosperity in this country. Never before have so many people in any land been blessed with competency. As a result, homes with all the modern conveniences of plumbing, lighting and

heating have sprung up as by magic. Women have been desirous, as never before, to know how to keep their homes in a wholesome condition and, also, how to feed their families in the best possible manner.

Twenty years ago prospective house-

keepers had no opportunity to make any systematic study at all of the work in which they were to engage. Today there are few large cities that do not support at least one school of domestic science, where young women may be trained in all the manifold duties that will devolve upon them when they start out in building and keeping a home. These schools, also, are equipped to train maids in the various branches of expert household service. In our larger cities, as Boston, Cleveland, Worcester, Baltimore, Pittsburg and others, these schools are connected with the Young Women's Christian Association, and not only are the above-named courses given, but courses, extending through one and sometimes two years, are offered for the training of those young women who wish to take positions as teachers of domestic science, matrons in hospitals, dietitians in schools, hospitals and other institutions. The equipments in all these institutions are excellent, but Cleveland, with its new

\$500,000 building, probably takes the lead in this matter.

That "woman's sphere" has enlarged in the last twenty years is evident from the fact that this immense structure, containing eight floors and costing half a million dollars, "was planned by women, the money was raised by women, the rooms were furnished by women's generosity, and the building is occupied and managed by women. The result is that it is a complete women's clubhouse, providing every advantage of a men's club, and more. For the gymnasium brings health, the religious meetings teach right living, and the very complete educational facilities train minds. Chief of all, through the entire building there is a comfortable atmosphere, which, for want of a more definite term, is called 'home.'

"The top five floors of the structure are occupied by the Boarding Home. Here young business women of the city can stay at rates ranging from \$3.50 to \$7.50 a week, depending upon



DINING ROOM OF SECRETARIES AND INSTRUCTORS. PUPILS TAKING WAITRESS' COURSE



TEACHERS AND SECRETARIES. TEACHER OF DOMESTIC SERVICE AT HEAD OF TABLE

the location and size of the rooms. Two hundred and thirty such women are now living in the home. Besides their sleeping rooms and parlors, they have the privileges of the association.

"The dining-room for the home is on the top floor. This room, which will seat 225 at one time, was finished and furnished by one liberal woman. It is, perhaps, the most beautiful room in the building. The chairs and tables were made to order. Above the white-curtained French windows are transoms of leaded, colored glass. The room has three exposures. From the north windows there is a fine view of the lake. When the sun filters in through the diamond-shaped panes upon the sheen of linen and silver, the effect is charming.

"Another fine room on the top floor is the chapel. This is a long, narrow room, but its narrowness is offset by placing the speaker's platform on one side. The chapel, too, has furniture finished in fumed oak.

The Educational Department

"The educational department, which attracts most attention from visitors, occupies the second and third floors. Here every day and evening there are classes in dressmaking, costume designing, fine needlework, millinery, bookkeeping, stenography and domestic science.

"The scientific kitchens are perhaps the finest in the country. There is charm in the Delft blue walls, aluminum utensils of silver gray, dishes of dainty English ware of the Copenhagen pattern, and the immaculate tables with tops of white Carrara glass. The tables range round the instructor's desk in the center. A gas grill runs along the back of the tables. In addition there are elaborate gas ranges and an electric oven.

"In conjunction with the cookery courses is a course in domestic chemistry.

"The laboratory is equipped with

the Altaffer Chemical Desks, making it possible for each student to work seated and isolated from the others.

"Each desk has a sink, water faucet, a hood, a double gas cock, a detachable ring stand and stationary and detachable test tube racks.

"The courses in chemistry are arranged to meet the needs of those who can devote but a few hours each week to study, and who wish to gain a practical knowledge of the facts and principles of chemistry.

General Chemistry

"In this course are given the fundamental theories and laws of chemistry. The properties of the more common elements are thoroughly investigated. The writing of reactions and the solution of problems are practised.

"The course is planned so that each student depends upon her own judgment for inference from facts observed in the experiments performed.

Qualitative Analysis

"Unknown substances are separated into their constituent elements. Nu-

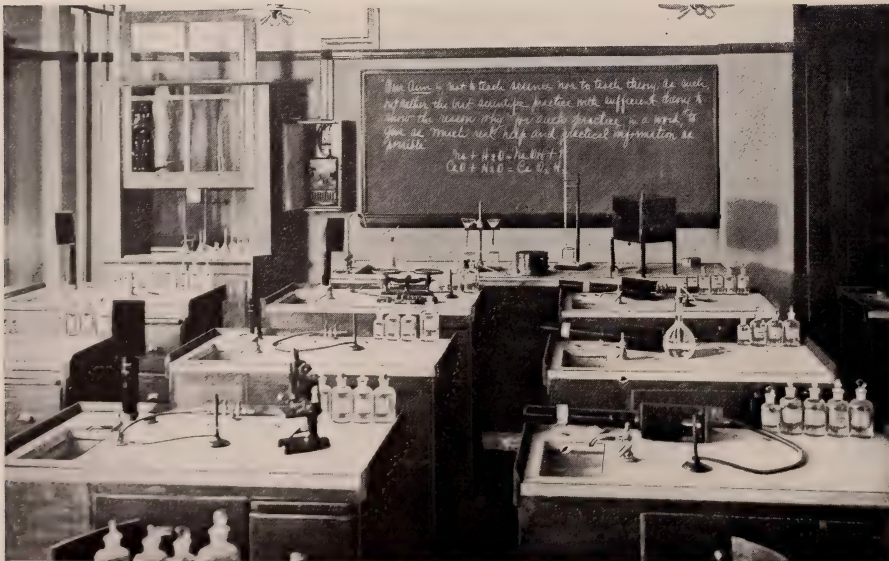
merous solutions and solid substances are analyzed. Baking powders, milk, canned goods, etc., are tested for adulterations.

Chemistry of the Household

"Household Chemistry teaches the principles of chemical science involved in the various operations met by the housewife in a day's work about the home."

The School of Domestic Service

The secretaries and instructors of the various departments of the association live on the third floor. The care of these rooms and the preparation of meals afford an occasion for most efficient training in domestic service. At the head of this department is a graduate of the School of Domestic Science connected with the Boston Young Women's Christian Association. Here young women are trained in the duties that pertain to the management of kitchen, dining-room, laundry, sitting-room and sleeping rooms. As these young women become proficient in the duties of a cook or waitress, etc.,



LABORATORY IN DOMESTIC SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

opportunity is given them to test their capacity, on occasion, in the homes of women connected with the conduct of the association, or in other homes, and thus habits of responsibility are quickly acquired. It is needless to add, that graduates from this department command good pay and need never go begging for work.

The Refrigerator Plant

"All of the kitchens in the building are furnished with refrigerators, cooled by the plant in the basement. This plant is also equipped with an ice machine.

"On the ground floor are the general business offices and reception rooms for the boarding home. The social center, in which girls' clubs meet in the reception room, is also located there.

"The library is a beautiful room. The woodwork is in dark Flemish oak, the floor-covering is of cork, and the furniture is especially designed. These features, together with the softly-shaded lights, combine to create an atmosphere of peace and repose.

Baths a Feature

"An entire section of the basement is given over to the shower and medicinal baths. A feature of this department is the electric light bath, said to be very invigorating. Besides there are needle baths, spray baths, Turkish and Russian steam baths, and massage and rest rooms, in charge of a Danish masseuse. The department is equipped like a sanitarium. A feature of this department is a graduate nurse, who gives free attention and advice.

Filled With Tenants

"The building has been opened less than a year. Yet, from the handsome dining-room on the top floor to the electric light baths in the basement, every room is occupied for some purpose. The boarding home rooms, taking up four entire floors and part of



REFRIGERATOR IN SCHOOL KITCHEN

another, are filled, and it has been necessary to provide overflow quarters.

"This is the clearing house for women's problems,' said the home secretary of the building. 'Women know that here we stand for right living. And in the course of the weeks we are called upon to decide everything, from the proper form of love letters to the servant problem.

True Home Life

"It is true home life we have. The moment a woman enters the building she is affected by the atmosphere of love. The girls sing and chat together.

Everyone smiles. Gossip, backbiting and tears are unknown. And, when the society woman is in difficulty with the management of her house, she brings her trouble to us. It is very wonderful, we think.'

"Perhaps it is the home feeling that keeps the great building from seeming bare or gloomy. For all its size, one gets an impression of cozy comfort, even down in the engine-room in the basement. That, by the way, is the only place in the building where men

have any say at all. Up above it women's hands have given a touch here and there, and even the made-to-order mission furniture does not oppress.

"As might be expected, in a building equipped by women, there isn't a jarring note in the furnishings. From top to bottom subdued, fumed-oak furniture is used. Nearly every room in the building was furnished by individual women, as memorials. All followed the general scheme of decorations."



GIRLS IN THE LAUNDRY CLASS

Her Simple Life

By Frances Campbell Sparhawk

Part I

MRS. LYLE, glancing up from her letter, nodded to her husband across the coffee cups as the two sat at breakfast. "She's coming, Horace," she announced, "Madge is coming. The more I told her how stupid it would be for her, the more determined to come she seems to be."

"Well! And why not?" returned Dr. Lyle, putting another dash of country cream into his coffee. "For the life of me, I can't see the penance in making you a visit, Clare." In ten years the husband had not ceased to be the lover.

His wife looked at him with the happy smile in her eyes. Then with another glance at the letter in her hand she said gravely, "But she has not an idea what the country means, as we live here. In her summerings she is used to a motor-car and a chauffeur, and probably half a dozen lovers, and amusements galore. What on earth is she going to do here where we are genuine country people come for a three months' rest and getting rid of all possible *impedimenta*; where we walk, or I, with any friend I may ask, jog on behind old Nell—you have a horse with paces, I know—and where the wildest dissipation is a picnic in the pine grove, or a sail on the river? Madge will tire of it in a week."

"Then has n't she a home to go to?"

"Yes, Horace; but I should n't like that. Not to come because she might be bored is one thing; but to go home because she *is* bored is quite another. I should n't like to have her do that, therefore I wish she would not come."

"Oh, let her try it, and don't worry about her being bored! It won't hurt her if she is," said the doctor. But his smile said that his wife's presence and boredom were as far asunder as the poles. "I'm going to see that little fellow who broke his leg in the sawmill, Clare," he added the next moment; and Madge Alden passed out of his mind.

But he left his wife busy with her cogitations as to what she should do for her guest. Madge, at sixteen, had promised to be a beauty. She had fulfilled her promise, Clare knew, although she had not seen her since that time. If Madge needed lovers to amuse her, there were none in the little village to even aspire to her. The dear old pastor, who was far from being a great preacher, but whom all the people loved, was as far as possible from the brilliant incumbent of the large and fashionable church where Madge worshiped. Clare's eyes wandered to the hills, companions and friends during the months of summer, and between herself and them she seemed to see the beautiful face and graceful figure of Madge Alden, brilliant, witty, finely educated, traveled, trained to the world's uses, having been years in society, with the smile of courtesy on her lips and the ready word on her tongue. And Clare asked herself why the girl was coming to her.

"Poor Madge!" she said half aloud, as if in confidence to the hills, where on such a morning the lights and shadows chased one another in a never-ending play. "Yes, poor Madge!" she said to herself again. "I imagine that she is everything but happy!"

Madge Alden, at twenty-five, had told

herself that she had come down to the bitter taste which lurks in the cup of life under its foam, and that the older she grew the more bitter the draught would become. Her clear eyes were watching her father quaff his cup of the same mixture; and if, as in his case, financial, political, social, intellectual and domestic success, mingled in one life, made a bitter draught, what hope for her, or any one? Once she had had a dream, but it had been only a dream, and, had she tried to realize it, the bubble of happiness would have burst. At seventeen she had loved, or believed that she loved. But with a lover as proud as he was poor, separation had been easily accomplished. Now she had suitors in plenty; one day she must choose between them, she supposed; but now each seemed to her only more undesirable than the other.

Mr. Alden made money as easily as he breathed. Yet Madge knew the cost of it, and read the man beneath the gentleman, the financier, the statesman, the scholar. To him the new millions were not so much added to his prosperity as they were new accumulations that the next day might sweep away from him; all the while that he was gaining he counted the risk of loss, and struggled to win yet more, that at least somewhat might remain. But Madge, like him, foresaw the end; it would be as he feared, whether his money left him or he left it, he would lose. So, in some way, would every human being.

It was a saddened cynic, with a smiling face, a gay voice and charming manners, whom Clare Lyle welcomed to her summer cottage among the hills.

"How beautiful everything is here!" said Madge looking about her. "Your views are delightful; and as to your home, Cousin Clare, you are kind to let me come to it. I think I can rest here; I think I am a little tired," she added, looking into Mrs. Lyle's eyes with a smile that made her cousin drop

her gaze to hide the quick-springing tears. Madge walked through the rooms and looked out of the windows with admiring comments. "This is a real home," she said at last, sinking into the depths of an easy-chair. "I don't believe a real home ought to be so very, very big, do you?"

"I don't know about that, but I know it *can* be very, very little," laughed her cousin. "And here the bigness is out of doors!"

"There is plenty of room here," said Madge, drawing a deep breath. "Do you know," she added, "I've seen so many mountains, and all the supposed most beautiful ones, but here you and they seem to belong to one another; I never felt that before."

Her listener smiled. "Sleep on it, Madge," she said. "I'm afraid you'll be tired of it tomorrow: the newness will have worn off."

"Am I so bad as that?" laughed the girl, rising and following her hostess to the dainty guest-room, with roses on the dressing-table, and the soft sighing of the pine trees beyond the north window. Madge sat there a long time looking out at the birds and the squirrels, which, somehow, seemed a part of the home as they had never seemed to her anywhere before.

For the next few days Mrs. Lyle observed her guest with interest; for whether the girl enjoyed her surroundings or not, she adapted herself to them admirably, and showed a delicacy and tact that delighted Clare. It was a small thing, perhaps, that her Sunday's contribution, although very generous, was not such as to dwarf the gifts of the habitual worshipers; a small thing that her manners to Mrs. Lyle's country neighbors were as cordial and seemed as interested as Clare's own; a small thing that she listened to the accounts that Dr. Lyle, with whom she at once became a prime favorite, gave of the sufferings and trials of the patients whom he found here, serving

the poor gratuitously, and sharing in the hopes and fears of his neighbors. Yet these small things made Clare sigh and wish that Madge had been differently brought up. It did not count so much as it seemed that Mrs. Alden had died when her daughter was a baby, for a more thoroughly worldly woman never lived. It might have been said that Madge was the offspring of fashion and mammon, and yet was there not in her something beyond what these could give?

It was a week after her arrival that Mrs. Lyle called to the girl, as she lay in the hammock reading. "Madge," she said, "I'm going to do an errand."

Up sprang the golden head, as her cousin had hoped. "Oh, Clare, where are you going?" cried its owner, as the other had hoped.

"Come and see."

"You're good to let me. I'm dying for something new."

"Ah, ha! Country life palls! You want to be in the swim again! I told you it would be so, Madge."

"You never were more wrong. The trouble is that I'm not trying the 'country life,' only the same old thing in a different place."

"Hardly!" retorted Clare, smiling. "But if you really want it," she went on with a new gravity, "I'll show you something that you never saw before."

"Truly, Clare? How can I thank you! What are you carrying?"

"I promised to show you, not to tell you," answered Mrs. Lyle. Yet after they had passed out of the rustic gate into the road and gone on a little, she said, "I promised to show you, Madge, and, indeed, I cannot tell you as you can see it. But I think I ought to tell you somewhat of the history of the person we are going to visit, else you will not read her like the unique person she is. I have known her only since we began to come here for our summers, six years ago, but I have understood that Mrs. Winters has always had a

hard life; there is a rumor that she was left as quite a young woman with the care of her younger brothers and sisters upon her, and that they either all died or proved most ungrateful for her long devotion. Then she married a man who had waited for her ten years. I imagine that the time she passed with him was happy, but he died in three years, and she was left poor with one daughter, who grew up beautiful and died just as she reached twenty."

"Oh, Clare, how sad!" cried Madge. "And she had no other child?"

"None. But, unhappily, she had married again a few years after her first husband's death — and married a sot! It is said that she reformed him at the very last, and that made her happy; but over and over and over again he swept her clean of what little money she had been able to earn, and, certainly, never reformed until he was so ill that many would have said there was nothing else for him to do. He died soon after her daughter; the girl was very delicate and would have lived perhaps, if she had not had to endure so many hardships."

"Oh, Clare, how terrible!" cried Madge. "I never heard a sadder story. The poor woman must be a perfect wreck."

"Would n't one think so?" answered Mrs. Lyle. "You will see for yourself; it is she whom we are going to visit this morning. She certainly lives in a spot picturesque enough to be worth the trouble of getting to it."

As they went on the road grew rougher and more steep, until at last they climbed a long hill. As they stood at the top to get breath, Madge looked about her with delight. "How beautiful, Clare!" she cried. "I never saw anything more beautiful in this country or abroad. Wait; don't hurry on."

She was about to throw herself down on the ground to rest and gaze when her cousin said, "We are not going to

lose it, Madge; we are just here." And she drew the girl into a grass-grown road, leading to a cottage, two-roomed, one-storied, but, as Madge at once perceived, fronting this magnificent view.

She laid a hand on Clare's arm, and for a moment held her back from the door. "Just another look!" she said, her eyes upon the sweep of hill and valley before her.

But Mrs. Lyle's eyes were upon her guest. Loving nature as she herself did, she believed all the more in Madge for her enthusiasm, and saw that this was an excellent preparation for interest in the woman whom she had been brought to see; comprehension of her Clare did not expect from this daughter of a multi-millionaire.

At last, at a sign of assent from Madge, Mrs. Lyle knocked. The door

was half open. "I have brought my cousin to see you, Mrs. Winters," she said; and still holding the work-worn hand warmly in her own, she turned and introduced Madge to her.

The girl's first glance had been for the room, so very small and plain and poor, yet, in some way she could not describe, not lacking tastefulness in its simplicity, as if a deep sense, in its inmate, of beauty and of fitness had triumphed over shabbiness and scantiness and stamped their own harmony upon these meager surroundings.

But the next moment Clare's voice, with a deep respect in its courtesy, was presenting her to this stranger, and her attention passed from the room.

It could no more return there, when she had stood and gazed into the face of its inmate.

To be continued.

Milly

By Grace Stone Field

Milly wears the Paris modes,
All the latest frillies,
Mark her costume, and her hat's
Made of valley lilies.

Sleeves three-quarter, high-heeled shoes,
Costly gloves, en glacé,
Hand-embroidered lingerie
Deck this stylish lassie.

Hosts of hearts she captures, too,
Only to demolish,
Counts among her sighing swains,
Gentlemen of polish.

Well, she draws a monthly wage,
Makes some folks look silly.
She's our cook, and black as tar;
Highfalutin' Milly.

Birthdays

By Kate Gannett Wells

ARE birthdays worth taking note of after one has ceased to be middle aged? yet it is so forlorn not to have somebody regret that one is getting old, say friends, and it is so much more forlorn to regret it one's self, says one's self. At the best, growing old is merely a sliding scale of values, depending on looks, physique, temperament and on public approval, which is regulated by the ability to keep young. Of course the hands betray the years, yet one cannot wear gloves all the time; low necks are not such give-aways about age as are elbow sleeves.

Why cannot we acquire from France circumspectness in hedging round the fact of old age with royal prerogatives? There old ladies "abdicate," retiring into a kind of professor emeritus position, leaving the active follies and glories of life to the young. Abdication implies voluntary action, and is not suggestive of premature or enforced burial as among savages. French consciousness well understands the art of proportion, the knowing how to delay the arrival of age and when to assume it, while Americans are always advertising and deprecating the fact of their years. As courtesy is more and more a bygone grace, the young hustle off their elders into nooks, while the latter sit down demurely, instead of abdicating with due ceremony, and maintaining a small court of, at least, their own self-respect, playing bridge whist and making puzzles.

A precaution against being old at seventy or eighty is that of having hobbies instead of dogmas. A person who rounds out her conversation according to her system, and who must finish, when she need n't, what she has begun to say, is devoid of the delightful

quality of being fragmentary, suggestive, and of bristling, as it were, with interjection points, which keep correspondents awake for what is coming next. It is all very well to be placid, but it is dreadfully stupid, and stupidity is not necessarily sincerity, any more than repose is recreation, with all the fun out of it.

Birthdays should be let alone; there are so many of them that they get to be like the "banquet craze." It is estimated that probably 100,000 persons have dined in Boston this year, during the dinner season, at a cost of \$2.00 a plate. Economics! Women have their dinners, as do men, and societies and women's clubs, wealthy or not, spend their individual earnings on dinners with flowers, cards, etc. The advantage of birthdays over dinners lies in their comparative cheapness, privacy and regularity, though their recurrence intensifies the unavoidable fact of increasing years.

Old age cannot be got rid of, if one keeps on living, whereas the state of middle age is elusive. Just now it is not fashionable, since chaperonage is no longer desired by the young. People are youthful, skipping middle life till they are old. It is much a matter of dress. Girls nowadays wear velvets, the middle-aged don toques, and old people put on Pompadours. Caps are bygones.

The only way left to prepare for being old is by never acknowledging, even to one's self, that one is old, and by developing the capacity for producing personal affection towards one's self, thus creating an immense "cohesive influence" that keeps friends and admirers around one, even if the accessories of old age, wrinkles, etc., are in full evidence. Never is there a

time when manner is so important as in age. The just-how-to-do-it, never too sentimental or too cold, never too appallingly in earnest and advisory, or frivolously senile and chatty, is one secret of being happy when old. If some few people are "born amalgams," by fitting everybody to everybody else till each one is satisfied with herself and every one else, most of us have to acquire the power through long processes of self-control, tact and sympathy. It is being in one's self this "amalgam" that makes home delightful and old age rich in "gentle courtesies." If one is such an amalgam, she does not show it by the way of self-consciousness nor by statistics about the economic independence of women. She does not even know that it is her personality which keeps all around her harmonious. If you pressed her closely, she might tell you that all she wanted was to keep on working, somehow helping.

Ruskin once said that instead of repeating, "Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord God Almighty," he much preferred to say, "Helpful, Helpful, Helpful is the Lord God Almighty." The man or woman who acts unconsciously as an amalgam repeats both ascriptions as including the active and passive issues of conduct.

Too much waiting upon old age lessens its powers of helpfulness and of belief in one's self. The older one grows the more does one want to be told how well she does things (even if she does n't); how well she looks (even if she is n't comely); and how much she is needed (even if it is exaggeration). It is the knowing day by day that one is not needed and is not *going* to be needed that makes age so disreputable and uncomfortable. Its physical ailments are naught compared with its mental fears.

Another bother about old age is its being thrust upon us before we are ready for it. It is merely a pleasing

fiction to claim that the experience of age makes one valuable to one's friends. Why, even reminiscences get to be truisms. When really old, eighty or ninety, if the mind is active, such age is a proud consummation of doing. Honor is accorded it in public and in private; filial and grand-filial respect tends it. Only do not let it be forestalled by needless celebrations of the years, keep dark about them. There are two filial fallacies which also hasten the coming of decrepitude: one, when your children call you "a dear, old soul," and think, because you are conservatively old-fashioned, that you are feeble-minded; and another that, because you are old, you can't keep house, and so relieve you of its burden. It is a greater burden to have nothing to do. Any kind of an old woman can always plan for housekeeping, even if she has to let others do the work.

I plead for a non-recognition of old age just because it makes one older. Each person well knows its signs in others, but why see them in one's self? Keep up the illusion that as yet one is not old. Don't get blue and talk about the Indian summer of life. Of course, naturally, any failure in accomplishment lessens one's own courage about self and strengthens other people's convictions that one is no longer able to take care of herself and her affairs. Mere age is not the trouble, it is lack of capacity induced by overwork or by laziness. Too much of anything destroys what otherwise might continue to exist. So it is that daughters keep house for their mothers, look over their check books, pull out their bonnet strings, take them to walk; all right, if being old one also is physically or mentally incapacitated. All the same, to be perpetually looked after, when one has her faculties of mind and body, is just maddening, even if one is grateful of the kindly-meant protection.

Let childhood have its birthdays

with their train of enjoyments, for the pathos and the cruelty of child labor are that not even in the mothers' hearts is there time for birthdays. Let middle age so glide from one year into another that it has neither decades nor annuals. Let old age never be recognized as an ultimatum in thought, if it is in the burdens of the flesh.

But do not hasten its advent by too many marks of respect or tenderness, offering seats in trolley cars, little love pats, etc. Treat the old as if they were middle-aged, and then the accumulation of birthdays will not be regretted.

"The field lies always harvest white,
If inly lies the spring."

The Slop Boys Act as Constables

By Lee McCrae

"I 'SE tired totin' slop ovah dis yere hill! I'se jes gwine quit!" declared Lige Massey, dropping his big bucket in the middle of the road and dropping himself down beside it.

Now whatever one of the brigade did all seven were sure to do, so in half a minute the whole company was squatting or lying prone in the rocky road that wound up the steep mountain side. There were no jokes, no noisy laughter, nor even a grin among the little negroes this morning; not even a quarrel could be hatched up, and life seemed suddenly to have lost its savor.

Truth to tell, the slop brigade was seeing hard times. So many of the fine houses on the city side of the mountain were closed for the season — the white folks being far too fashionable to live in one place the year around — that when the pickaninnies came for slop they found the empty garbage cans open in the sun; no friendly tips, no opportunities to earn a stray "piece ob money," not even a generous cook to hand out a cold biscuit or a bit of corn bread. Many a morning the buckets were toted back only half full, causing the Ishkooda pigs to squeal lustily for more, and making the trips over the steep hill well-nigh useless.

And there was genuine sympathy for the pigs, for the boys themselves were on short rations also. Their meals depended largely on their mammy's washings, and none were to be had from the closed houses. No wonder then that the discontent grew when Lige started the ball to rolling.

"Wisht I wuz dat buzzard flyin' up dar," said Sammy Suttles, rubbing his woolly head among the pebbles in search of a soft spot.

"An' eat de stuff whut it eats?" asked Popsy Milsa.

"Well, if I *wuz* a buzzard, I'd like it, doan' you see?" retorted Sammy quick enough. "Den I would n' be so plumb empty all de time."

"Whut I'm kickin' 'bout," growled Lige, "is dis yere bizness uv totin' slop ovah an' ovah an' ovah de hill. If we could ride one way, 't would n' be so bad."

"Le's rig us up some wagons to put de buckets in," cried 'Lias Hitt, "an' take turns ridin' down hill."

"Whar we git de wheels?"

"I'se got some bedstead rollahs I can put to a wid boa'd," suggested Popsy.

"An' de Todhuntahs got a broke-up baby buggy. I bet Roosha'll gib 'em to us, if we lets her ride when de slop's out."

"Aw, come on," said Sammy Suttles, scrambling to his feet. "Dey's lots ob wheels down in town. We can find 'em if we tries."

It was always so. Whenever the Ishkooda negroes wanted anything, they immediately began to think of who in town had it. As a rule they were exceedingly honest souls, but, ah, they were expert beggars.

So over the hill the next day went the slop boys, each with his secret plan of where and how to get the coveted wheels. Sammy and 'Gustus Suttles each carried a small dog in his pail, and when they reached Highland Avenue they began storming every house with the query, "Mistis, does you want to buy a puppy? Dis yere am a mighty fine purp." But, alas, there were no buyers! Then the tune changed.

Addressing a man who sat in a lawn swing with his baby girl, Sammy asked bravely, "Mistah, is you got a ol' baby buggy to trade fo' dis purp? He am a fine un."

The man shook his head, but the little girl clapped her hands and cried, "A gog! A gog! *My gog, papa!*"

Sammy hastily thrust the puppy into her hands, and once there she would not release her hold; so the indulgent father had an old go-cart resurrected from the cellar, and the brothers proudly trundled it off.

Tommy Tyree was not so honest in his trading. Every person he met was asked, "Is you got a ol' baby buggy to sell?—fo' nothin'?" Nobody had, and they all smiled over it too; so when he reached the meeting place, halfway up the hill, there were streaks of tears on his dirty brown face.

'Gustus and Sammy were already there waiting, and soon Johnsie Everts appeared with his slop pail on his head as usual, and a bent wheel under each arm. Lige and Popsy were not so lucky, but one had earned a nickel,

and the other had a half promise of some wheels next week. Finally 'Lias Hitt arrived bearing a beautiful pair of wheels banded with red paint.

"Whar you git 'em?" chorused the brigade.

"Down de Avnoo," responded 'Lias vaguely.

"Whut you gib fo' 'em?" "Whut de people's names?" questioned the boys.

"I — wy — dey jes gibs 'em to me. I doan' know deir names," confessed 'Lias.

There was evident suspicion on six black faces; this was soon forgotten in the joy of having four good wagons henceforth for the slop business. Every day for a week the little negroes came tumbling down into the city "as fas' as if we had smell wagons," Sammy declared with a sniff, although he secretly thought automobiles the grandest things in the world. On the downward trip all seven could ride, and there was many an exciting race.

But a bad day was dawning. At the foot of the mountain one morning was a good-sized white boy, who peremptorily stopped the procession, declaring that 'Lias had stolen the red-banded wheels from his barn, and that they must be handed over at once. 'Lias weakened visibly; not so the rest. There was a great word battle, and the pickaninnies showed so much fight that the white boy finally had to back off, vowing vengeance.

The brigade knew what that meant. The next day, coming over the mountain, they filled their wagons and pails with stones, and armed themselves with hickory sticks.

Sure enough! The white boy had collected his friends, and they, too, had weapons, concealed and otherwise.

So the battle began without any waste of time or breath, and was fierce indeed while it lasted. Undoubtedly the whites would have won could they have gotten in closer range;

but the negroes could throw farther, and they kept this distance, with the precious wagons still behind them. And when at last the city boys were put to flight, the six gathered in council. Popsy Milsap spoke for the crowd:

"'Lias Hitt, you done stole dem wheels. We knowed it all de time, but we fought fo' you 'cause — well — we fought fo' you 'cause we not gwine let de white boys *know* you stole."

"An' we not gwine gib up de wheels," added Gus, rather too frankly.

"But jes de same you'se a thievin' niggah whut needs a lickin', an' we gwine gib it to you ouahselves," declared Sammy.

"Git ready to take yo' med'cine," shouted the rest.

'Lias set up a bawl, terrible to hear, but he promptly squared his feet in the road, clapped his hands over his ears, and took the beating as manfully as he could. This was justice in Ishkooda. Beatings, public and private, were, alas, not few. But worse than this, severe as it was, was the decree that he must trail along behind the wagons for two solid weeks. Not even his slop could ride.

For as Popsy Milsap said confidentially to Roosha Todhunter:

"We alls jes *had* to teach 'Lias, so we teachd him. We had to, fo' de preachah he say, de Lawd he say, we's ouah bruddah's keepah — dat we's de cornstables to see dat de othah fellahs do whut am right."

Aunt Patty and Fireless Cooking

By Helen Campbell

"YES," said Aunt Patty, as she laid down her knitting and pushed up her spectacles, which happened to be the wrong pair and disturbed her view of anything as far across the room as the young minister had chosen to sit down. He had chosen it deliberately, for he had something to tell her, the very thought of which brought a warm color to his rather pale and studious countenance; and now Aunt Patty, whose wandering hand had found the other pair, settled them firmly and went on, as was her wont, with the thing that had been in her mind as she opened the door for him.

"You see, if it had been anybody but the schoolmaster, I would n't have believed it, and if I'd known he was carrying hay up to his room and hiding it under the bed, I will say I should have called him crazy, and maybe sent for the doctor. But he came down to me early in the morning,

smiling the way he has, with a pail in his hand and says to me, 'Aunt Patty, this is a chemical experiment, and you won't mind my using your fire a little while?' 'Long as you like,' I says. 'Is it anything that might go off sudden like the last one?' 'It had better not be touched,' he says, looking kind of queer, and was off, but he called back, 'I'll be down again in half an hour or so, to see if it's boiling.' Now I don't meddle with folks' concerns in my house or out, and I was ready for most any kind of a smell you'd choose to mention, for his experiments mostly is something you'd smell from here to the county town, maybe. I was ready for that, but I was n't ready that this mess, whatever it was, actually *did* smell like chicken. He'd told me a man in New York had given a chemical dinner — may I be preserved from ever eating one! — and every blessed thing in it something else than what he

called it, and I says to myself, 'What smells like chicken most likely'll turn out, maybe, some kind of a tablet, or else gas and a bang just the way some of his things have done.'

"He come in after a while, and says, 'Has it biled?' and I says, 'Yes; hard enough to fill the house with smell that *ain't* it. That much I know.' He laughed and went off, and I did n't hear any more till supper time when he'd been home a good hour or two. And in he come with the pail when I rung the bell, and says, 'You won't like a little stewed chicken for supper, will you, Aunt Patty?' 'Don't you fool me,' I says; but he had the cover off, and sure enough it was n't gas nor a tablet, but a four-pounder or more, plump and white, and smelling good enough to eat that minute. 'For the land's sake!' I said, 'who give it to you, and who cooked it for you, and what's got into you to be bringing home things to eat as if I skimped you?' 'You skimp, Aunt Patty?' he says and laughed. 'That's a good one. I followed directions, and got an old hen that turns to a chicken this way of handling;' and by this time he had it out, legs and wings just falling off of it most for tenderness, and a lot of gravy in the bottom, that I took and thickened before we eat a mite, for we had baked potatoes that night, and baked potatoes and chicken gravy, if it's good, is fit for a king. I was kind of suspicious, but I never eat a better flavored leg or wing than he give me, and the breast just melting in your mouth, but who knew what stuff might be mixed in? But he eat along so easy and cheerful like seemed as if I ought n't to be more particular than he was. 'By George!' he said presently, 'I was n't sure how it would turn out, but this beats anything I'd expected. It's a fact too,' and he took out a bit of newspaper from his pocketbook. 'I was n't sure, you know, but here's the direction, and

you need n't stew over a hot stove in the dog days any more, Aunt Patty. All you need is a box full of hay and start the thing till it boils, and then you pack it in the hay and just let it alone, all day or all night or both if you like.' 'Don't talk to me,' I said, for really I thought he might be crazy. 'Come upstairs,' he says, and he sort of pulled me along, for I held back, being kind of suspicious again, and wondering if he was going to be sick and so was kind of flighty. I thought so worse than ever when I see his room, for he'd his trunk in one corner and the things all out on the bed, that mostly he made himself, to save me trouble, and it was full of hay, just as he had said, so that I sat down sudden, for he really must be out of his head. But there was the round hole in the hay where the pail had been, and the schoolmaster stood there laughing. 'It's a fact, Aunt Patty; no joke about it, and she's been trying it and sent me this newspaper slip that tells just how. That's the way we shall manage after a while when — we're married you know. Do lots of things that way.'

"Well, I could n't believe it and would n't hardly, but next day he rigged up a covered box for me, and I started a piece of beef so tough I'd just given it up most, for we'd had steak off it that had to stew two hours and then was n't decent eating, and I'd corned the piece. He started it and we got it into the pail and left it there. 'T would n't be no great loss, if nothing came of it, and it just stayed till next morning. And if you believe it that thing was tender as chicken. You could n't beat it, but the Lord knows how it could be, for I don't get it into my head yet. It's the Norwegian Box he says, and bymby folks will be making them for sale, and, in the mean time, it's easy enough to just pack good and tight a covered box or an old trunk with hay close packed down and put in whatever you want

to after it's been started on a stove. Fireless ovens he went on telling me about; soapstone inside and felt outside, but law, I said, 'Our Indians know that, for they get stones red hot and then set 'em up like a box and cover 'em over with moss, and then inside they put a bear's ham, maybe, or some ducks or a saddle of venison, and just leave it till morning, for there's wood guides that have told me that, and next morning the smell just makes your mouth water, and it's done to a turn. But you'll have to study it out for yourself, or you would if you was in his situation,—promised, you know, and married most likely in the fall.'

"Will you give me the written directions?" the young minister said. 'I should like to try the experiment or have it tried; and now he rose and Aunt Patty faced him for a moment, then held out her hand.

"I was kind of ashamed," she said,

"to think how I had run on, but now I don't care one mite, for sure's you live you and the schoolmaster has the very same reason for your experimenting. There's always a woman somewheres at the bottom of everything."

"This woman is at the top," the young minister said firmly, and pulled out a photograph case, framing a face that did not belie the words. "I came to tell you, Aunt Patty, for you've always mothered me, and I know you will be good to her when I bring her home." But Aunt Patty was crying a little, as was her way with very good news, yet laughing also and holding out the slip.

"Start her on that," she said. "She looks like one that ought to have things made easy for her, and, if hay-cooking ain't easy, why nothing is. The best of it is that it's tasty too, and you'll find it out."

How Lady Betty was Captured

A Story of Colonial Days

By Pauline Carrington Bouvé

Concluded from May issue

PRINCE CHARLIE was spattered with foam, and Lady Betty's satin petticoat was caked with mud, when she reined up at the Lawrence gateway, three miles distant, at the head of the creek. Candle in hand, the master of the mansion came to the door.

"And what brings you hither at this hour of night, Mistress Betty?"

"To save Mr. Bacon's life. Oh, sir, the Governor has sent a messenger with a warrant for his arrest."

"Are you sure of what you say?"

"I heard him. I was hiding in the arbor, in the game, you know."

"And why did you, Sir William Berkeley's ward, come here to save

Nat Bacon?" asked Mr. Lawrence, curiously, dubiously.

"Because Mr. Bacon is defending the Virginians from the Indians. I mean no disloyalty to Sir William, but I cannot stand by and see a brave gentleman brought to harm," said Lady Betty. "And now," she added, "I've told you, I must go back to the manor."

"Not before you partake of refreshment and are provided with proper escort," said Lawrence, lifting her down and leading her into the house. A tall, fair-haired man faced them as they entered the wide hall. Mr. Lawrence turned to him.

"You must fly, Bacon! This brave child brings confirmation of your fears. The Governor, Berkeley, has ordered your arrest, and an armed force is seeking you."

"They will find me, at Jamestown, with an army of true Virginians behind me!" he retorted, throwing back his head with a laugh.

"I thank you, Lady Betty," he said, bowing over the girl's hand. "Remember, whatever befalls, Nat Bacon took up arms for Virginia's defense, not against his King. And now farewell. I go to meet Sir William at the gate of the capitol. I'll trap him in his own cage. We'll —"

"You do not mean to besiege the capitol?"

"Yes."

"'T is madness! The garrison's cannon would settle your forces before our breastworks were an inch high!"

"*The Jamestown garrison will not fire a single shot upon us,*" said Bacon, a peculiar smile on his lips. "But I must be off. Here are my orders. Open them and *obey*, within an hour after my departure — but stay, I would add one more item." He tore a leaf from a notebook, dipped a goose quill into the inkhorn on the table, and hastily penned a few lines upon it; then placing it within the other document, affixed his seal by the candle's flame.

"And now farewell, my faithful friend, and you, my brave child;" and doffing his plumed chapeau, the rebel leader strode out of the door and into the darkness.

With a deep sigh Lawrence turned to the wondering little maid.

"You must have a biscuit and cordial before starting, child. Here comes Madam Lawrence, who will have you served."

With exclamations of surprise and endearment, Madam Lawrence heard Lady Betty's tale, while Mr. Lawrence opened the sealed orders. Lady Betty

was flicking away the crumbs from her petticoat with the words, "I am ready to go back, sir," when an exclamation from Lawrence made her turn.

"The maddest scheme ever hatched in a mad brain! Listen!" and forgetting Lady Betty's presence, he read:

"See that officers are detailed to seize the persons of the wives of the Governor's Councilmen and bring them to the plain before Jamestown, where my forces shall encompass the town. These gentlewomen shall suffer no violence nor discourtesy but their presence ensures the erection of our defenses without fear of interruption from the Governor's garrison."

(Signed) NATHANIEL BACON,
Commander-in-Chief of the Virginia forces against the Indians."

Picking up from the floor, where it had dropped from his hand, another bit of paper, he read after a moment's pause:

"For further safety from the Governor's displeasure, Lady Betty Wyckoff must also be retained as prisoner and placed with the Councilor's wives before Jamestown."

BACON,

Commanding."

"'T is beyond belief! To make a vanguard of petticoats!" cried Madam Lawrence angrily. "But never fear, dear child, no harm will come to you. Nat Bacon's a harebrain, yet he is a gentleman, and does this to save the blood of Virginians."

And Madam Lawrence was right. No harm had come nor did come to Lady Betty, as events proved.

In fearlessly doing what she thought it was her duty to do, the little girl had been an unconscious instrument in the accomplishment of one of the most curious transactions of early Virginian history.

* * * * *

The world knows the rest of the story, how, when misguided, tempestuous old Sir William awakened a morning or two later to find Bacon's men building their defenses, with a line of proud Jamestown dames drawn up before their improvised breastworks, he would not, or perhaps his officers would not, fire upon the besiegers, but took to the sloops in the river and sailed away, leaving Jamestown in the hands of Nathaniel Bacon.

But history does not tell how, between haughty Madam Page and furious Madam Bullard, stood a small figure in a bedraggled satin petticoat, not entirely concealed by the soldier's cape thrown over it, while now and then showed the glint of golden beads.

"Come Betty, the rebel general has ordered escorts to restore us to our homes, after his gallant victory," said Madam Page, as a band of rather abashed young officers came forward, hats in hand, each with two saddled steeds beside him.

"We thank ye, sirs, for marshaling your white-apron brigade home again after sheltering behind it, to save yourselves from shot and shell!"

In a few moments the cavalcade of indignant ladies, attended by discreet cavaliers, were on the way to their respective homes. Suddenly a red glare lit up the gray sky. The riders glanced back and beheld Custom House, State House, Governor's palace, dwelling houses, and the towers of the church wrapped in flames. Jamestown was no more!

* * * * *

A year had passed, and many changes had come upon the colony. Bacon's death had brought the short-lived "rebellion" to an end, and many of his followers had suffered the penalty of Sir William Berkeley's animosity.

Lady Betty had told Lady Frances the true story of her capture, begging her to tell Sir William all; but Lady Frances, knowing the Governor's

nature, bade the girl leave the matter with her, and no one knew, till long years after, how Bacon was warned of the warrant.

One summer morning Lady Betty and Dame Bevis were standing in the gallery at Green Spring, when a rider cantered up to the door. He bowed low to Lady Betty and holding out a sealed package, said:

"The *Speedwell* from London is in, and the King's messenger would speak with the Governor."

But before the stranger had made an end of speaking, Sir William was before him.

"Right welcome is His Majesty's envoy to the rough hospitality of our household. Alight, I beg, sir! What! Ho! Dame Bevis, call the serving men to attend our guest."

But the stranger only bowed.

"I thank you, but I may not tarry longer than to present this to your hands;" and turning his horse's head he rode away.

With trembling fingers Sir William broke the seal, but before his eyes reached the bottom of the page he fell forward in a swoon; the document contained a royal order for Sir William Berkeley's immediate return to England, and named his successor to the office of Royal Governor of Virginia.

Within a fortnight a new order reigned in the Old Dominion. Sir William Berkeley had sailed back to England to receive the just censure of the King for his tyrannical administration in the Colony.

Lady Betty Wyckoff begged to stay behind with those she had grown to love in the new world, and she became the ward and heir of her old friend, Colonel Bacon.

It has been two and a quarter centuries since the Virginia colonists, under Bacon, made the first stand against royal tyranny, and the burning of Jamestown was a foreshadowing of

Concluded on page xxiv.

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June

By Alix Thorn

When soft winds stir the meadow grass,
When butterflies flit over,
When honey bees, all burdened, seek
The fields of fragrant clover,
When singing birds and crooning brooks
Seem blissfully in tune,
And buttercups and daisies nod,
'T is June, dear heart, 't is June.

Justice is itself the great standing policy of civil society; and any departure from it, under any circumstances, lies under suspicion of being no policy at all. — *Burke*.

Half of our diseases are in our minds, and the other half are in our houses. — *Seton-Thompson*.

A NEW VOLUME

THE COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE is now twelve years old. The present number is the first of a new volume.

In its special line of endeavor the magazine has come to hold a place secondary to no other. From the first issue in June, 1896, an even, steady growth in favor and esteem has marked its progress. A helpful, progressive spirit has inspired its every endeavor. In the reliable, everyday service, which it aims to render in the household, the magazine today has few rivals, none, perhaps, of equal influence and authority.

Advertisers have ever found the pages of the magazine a safe and sure medium in which to represent articles of real worth and utility. The actual results received by them have most invariably justified the confidence they have placed in the patronage. The favors of our patrons are highly esteemed, and a continuation of the same in the future is earnestly solicited by us. In no way can our readers coöperate with and aid us so much, in extending the useful service of the magazine, as by bringing it favorably to the notice of neighbors and friends.

Were the number of our readers twice or thrice as large as it is at present, we could render them even better service than we are now doing. In numbers there is strength. We consider that nothing is too good to set before the readers of THE COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

OUR FINANCIAL FLURRY

THE peculiar feature of our late so-called financial flurry and business depression is the fact that no one seems able to give good and satisfactory reason therefor. Peace prevails throughout this land and, in large measure, in foreign lands. Neither

plague nor famine is vexing any considerable part of the earth. The wonted conditions of prosperity are widespread and favorable, and yet people seem to have lost confidence, more or less, in their future prospects. Enterprize has grown timid and retrenchment is the order of the day.

The subject is by far too large for discussion here, but, undoubtedly, in due time, the proper solution of our economic troubles will be found, and one that will result in a more sound and healthy state of affairs in the future.

It has been said that, as a people, we have been living too extravagantly, and beyond our means; from such a condition reaction is sure to come. Invariably an evil day follows closely on the footsteps of excess in any form. Whatever else may be said, in individual or social capacity, we believe in living within our means—in paying as we go, and not in piling up debts, as a sore burden, for others to carry. We believe, also, the less people are taxed the better off they are. Moderation, economy, prudence, temperance in all things, are virtues still. How many people there are in the land who are feeling rebellious against the payment of taxes, which they have had no voice in imposing! Are these things more just and right today than they were one hundred or more years ago?

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH

THE changes that have taken place since the Civil War of '61 are well-nigh incomprehensible. In social and ethical matters, in government, in science, art and religion, these changes are equally notable. Within a half century the conditions of life have marvelously changed. All things are regarded now from a strangely different point of view. The

natural resources of the earth have been developed in wondrous ways, and wealth has increased almost beyond measure.

The nations of the earth are no longer strangers. They have come to know one another quite more intimately than was once the case with neighboring states of the same continent. Whereas the crossing of the mainland or the passage of the Atlantic once cost months of wearisome travel and hardship, now the feat can be accomplished in the midst of luxurious elegance in about five days.

Is it possible to point to a single mode of life or phase of belief that remains just as it was fifty years ago, unless it be human nature itself? We do not read the same books or think the same thoughts as of yore, nor do we entertain the same notions and opinions that we once did; for simply the viewpoint of all things has changed. Larger light has come; ignorance and superstition have been dispelled.

If one were asked to specify or point out the main difference between the spirit of the present and a past age, he might state it thus: Time was when people professed, at least, to look upon this life as a state of probation, a place of preparation for the life hereafter,—a mere temporary sojourn to be endured rather than enjoyed; today people are zealous to make the most of life here and now. People of intelligence have come to regard right living here not only as a most desirable thing in itself, but as the very best possible preparation for the life to come. Healthful, cheerful, hopeful living characterizes the spirit of the present age. Truth is sought no less than in the past; likewise comeliness and beauty are as earnestly cultivated. All nature's resources are drawn upon to the utmost capacity of man, in order to enhance the comfort and happiness of mankind. Luck or chance no longer

figures, as it once did, in the conduct of life. The laws and conditions of healthful, rightful living and consequent widespread prosperity are more clearly known, and full assurance is felt that only in the just observance of these can great reward be found. That scientific knowledge be widespread, that justice be done, that peace and prosperity be universal throughout the earth, — these are leading ideals of the present age.

PARENTS will find much food for thought in E. J. Swift's "Mind in the Making" (*Scribner's*). The volume is described by its author as "a plea for the personal element in education and for the extension of the experimental method," and it reaches the conclusion that the dullness and idleness of children are in the majority of cases due to failure to understand them and to give them suitable subjects of study. One of the most suggestive chapters in this vitally important book is that in which Professor Swift appeals to the lesson of nature: "The purpose of education among those animals that train their young is adaptation to environment. Man's endeavor is the same, but with the growth of human society and knowledge his environment has profoundly altered, a fact that education has only partially recognized, and this alteration has made it necessary to reinterpret adaptation."

NCESSARILY we cannot hope for a proper attention to the needs of internal waterways and to the preservation of our natural resources if our money is to be squandered in so lavish measure upon battleships and militarism. It pays so much better to sell the foreigner our industrial product than to wage war with him that our investments ought to take the former, rather than the latter, direction."

BOTH our political parties are divided because an irreconcilable difference of opinion has arisen among their respective members. This difference of opinion goes to the roots of political philosophy and the science of government. In either party we have, on one side, a faction which believes that government exists to maintain the privileges of a class; on the other, a faction which believes that government exists to promote the common good by abolishing privilege and making all men equal before the law. Between these factions there is no hope of real reconciliation in either party."

THE most intelligent physicians are those who write the shortest prescriptions, and the most healthy people are those who take the fewest drugs. Hypnotism, whatever it may be, has no proper place in the relations between strong-minded and healthy people. It is apparently a device by which the strong control the weak, sometimes to their advantage and sometimes to the detriment of both parties, especially those who are dominated by stronger wills than their own. Cheerful confidence, good habits, the happy exercise of the will, and a self-centered habit of independence in thought and action will give any one all the health, strength and happiness that have been provided for him in his hereditary outfit. Nature is always tending to healthful activity and the happy use of the senses in play and work."

The night has a thousand eyes,
The day but one;
Yet the light of the whole world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
The heart but one;
Yet the light of the whole life dies
When love is done.



EGG SALAD FOR TWO. SEE PAGE 32

Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

IN all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. When flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or a teaspoonful of any designated material is a *level* spoonful of such material.

Pineapple Cocktail

REMOVE the skin and "eyes" from choice ripe pineapples and pick the flesh from the core with a silver fork, retaining all the juice possible; sprinkle the pulp and juice with a very little sugar, cover and set aside to become chilled. Serve in glasses, at the beginning of luncheon or dinner. The sugar may be omitted and a little Jamaica rum added, at discretion.

in one-fourth a cup of flour, a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper; dilute with a little of the hot milk and stir into the rest of the hot milk; stir constantly until the milk thickens, then cover and let cook fifteen minutes. Have the clam broth and purée hot and strain the thickened milk into it; add also, if at hand, from half to a full cup of cream. More seasoning may be needed.

Cream-of-Clam Soup

Add half a cup of cold water to a pint of clams and heat them to the boiling point; skim out the clams, chop fine, pound in a mortar and press through a purée sieve. Strain the broth through two folds of cheese cloth. Scald a quart of milk with half an onion and a tiny bit of bay leaf. Beat one-fourth a cup of butter to a cream; beat

Cream-of-Lettuce Soup

Remove the imperfect leaves and cut the roots from a pound and a half of lettuce (three large heads). Wash the perfect leaves in several waters, then chop rather coarsely. Melt one-third a cup of butter in a saucepan, and in it cook the lettuce eight or ten minutes, stirring occasionally; add three pints of broth, an onion, into which three or four cloves have been pressed,

two sprigs of parsley, a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of sugar and a piece of red or green pepper; cover the saucepan and let simmer nearly an hour; strain through a purée sieve;

clarified butter, drain on soft paper and they are ready to use.

Stuffed Minions of Beef Tenderloin

From a rump tenderloin cut eight or ten rounds about three-fourths an inch thick. Let all the rounds be of uniform size. With a sharp knife split each round at the edge for about an inch and a quarter, then into this slit insert the knife and split the round nearly to the



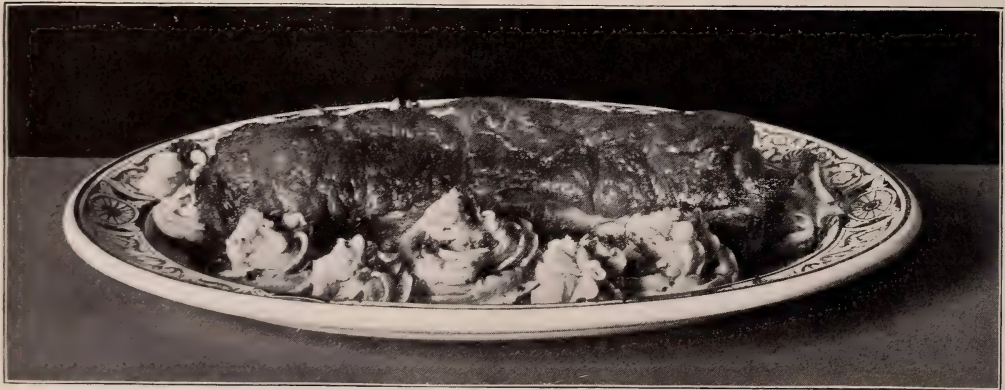
STUFFED MINIONS OF BEEF TENDERLOIN, WITH FRIED BANANAS

add three cups of white sauce, made with milk, and reheat nearly to the boiling point, then add the beaten yolks of three eggs diluted with a cup of cream. Add also salt and pepper as needed. Serve six or eight egg-balls in each plate of soup.

Egg Balls

Pound two ounces of bread (without crust) with a raw egg, adding the egg gradually; add to it half the bulk of *paté à choux* (cream cake mixture)

edge all around, taking care to make the opening no longer. Fill the space thus formed with beef quenelle meat and press the edges of the opening together. Have some clarified butter hot in a frying pan; lay in the stuffed minions and cook them quickly on one side, then turn and cook the other side, cover with a buttered paper and set into a hot oven for fifteen minutes. Baste three times with hot fat or glaze. Have ready a round of toast for each minion; dispose these on a hot dish,



BONED LOIN OF LAMB, ROASTED, LIMA BEAN PURÉE

and mix together thoroughly, to form a smooth paste; roll into a sheet and cut into half-inch cubes, or roll in the hands into balls, half an inch in diameter. Fry the cubes or balls in

in a circle, and set the minions above the toast. Fill the space in the center with sliced bananas, fried in deep fat. Serve with a rich mushroom sauce, in a dish apart.

Beef Quenelle Meat

Pound the trimmings from the rounds, with a pestle, to a smooth pulp. There should be three-fourths a cup of meat. The beef may be pounded more easily, if the pulp be first scraped from the fiber. Add one-third a cup of bread panada and pound again, until the two are evenly blended. To make the panada, cook grated crumbs (not crust) of stale bread, in an equal measure of milk or broth, to a smooth paste. If this be cooked in a double boiler, stir occasionally; if cooked directly over the fire it must be stirred constantly. More liquid may be needed. Cool the panada before adding it to the meat. Add to the smooth mixture two tablespoonfuls of thick brown sauce (cold), two tablespoonfuls of butter, and half a teaspoonful of salt and paprika; pound smooth after the addition of the sauce and again after the batter is added. Then add two raw eggs, one at a time, pounding and mixing the whole to a smooth paste after each egg is added. When smooth press through a purée sieve and it is ready to use.

Sliced Bananas Fried

Remove the peel and coarse threads from four or five bananas and cut the pulp in slices three-eighths of an inch thick; dip these in milk, then dredge lightly with salt, paprika and flour; dispose in a frying basket about a dozen and a half of slices, and cook in deep fat to a light amber color; drain on soft paper. The slices in the basket should not touch each other.

Sauce for Stuffed Minions of Beef

Put two tablespoonfuls of fine-chopped shallots (mild onions) and one-fourth a cup of vinegar on the

back of the range; let stay until the vinegar is well reduced, then add a cup of brown sauce (two tablespoonfuls of butter, three of browned flour, one cup of brown stock), a tablespoonful of glaze, one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper and a tablespoonful of chutney, and let simmer ten minutes; strain over half a cup of button mushrooms (canned), cut in halves, and when again hot it is ready to serve. If fresh mushrooms be at hand, peel four of them, cut in slices, add the chutney and strain the sauce over them, then let the whole simmer ten minutes.



LEMON AND CRÊME DE MENTHE PUNCH IN SAME GLASS

Boned Loin of Lamb, Roasted

Have a loin of yearling lamb freed from bones and considerable of the flank cut off. Spread the meat, skin side down (the skin, however, should be removed as it is strong flavored) on a board; over it spread bread dressing flavored with a little onion, or the inside of the meat may be rubbed with an onion cut in halves; roll the meat and tie in four or five places with narrow strips of cloth. Set to cook in a hot oven; baste frequently with hot dripping and cook about half an hour. Set the meat on a hot platter, pipe Lima bean purée around it and serve at once. Serve at the same time a fresh vegetable salad dressed with French dressing.

Dried Lima Bean Purée

Let a cup and a half of dried Lima beans soak over night in cold water; wash and rinse, cover with boiling

a cup of lemon juice and freeze; then remove the beater and with a wooden paddle beat in a cup of Italian meringue. Take out one-half of the sherbet, flavor to taste with crème-de-

menthe cordial and tint a delicate green, with color paste. Serve the white and green punch, side by side, in the glasses.

Italian Meringue

Boil one cup of sugar and one-third a cup of water until the syrup spins a thread two inches in length. Pour the

syrup in a fine thread onto the whites of three eggs, beaten dry, set the dish over boiling water and beat two or three minutes, then beat occasionally until cold. One cup of this meringue (not syrup) is added to each quart of sherbet to be finished as a punch.

Crabflake Salad

Over a pint of "Crab-flakes" sift a little salt and paprika; add four or five tablespoonfuls of olive oil and turn the crab meat over and over, that the oil may be mixed evenly through it. Use wooden or silver forks or spoons. Then add three tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and turn the meat again. Set aside in a cool place until time

for serving, then dispose in heart leaves of lettuce; put half a teaspoonful of mayonnaise above the crab meat and sprinkle the mayonnaise with a few capers or a little fine-chopped parsley or olives. This salad is appropriate for a fish course at luncheon or dinner.



GREEN PEAS, WITH CURRIED RICE

water and let simmer until tender and the water is reduced to barely enough to keep the beans from burning. Mash the beans and press them through a sieve. Add one-fourth a cup of butter, a teaspoonful, or more, of salt, a dash of black pepper and, if needed, a little cream. Beat until light and fluffy.



BETS STUFFED WITH CABBAGE-AND-NUT SALAD

Set in place with pastry bag and star tube.

Lemon (White) Crème de Menthe (Green) Punch

Boil a quart of water and two cups of sugar fifteen minutes; when cool add

Green Peas, with Curried Rice

Pour a little boiling water over a pint of shelled peas (do not shell the peas until time to cook them); add a teaspoonful of salt and let simmer until tender. Season with one or two tablespoonfuls of butter and a little black pepper. Before setting the peas to cook, sauté an onion, peeled and cut in halves, in three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, then add a cup of blanched rice, one or two tablespoonfuls of curry powder and stir these in the butter until it has been absorbed; add three and one-half cups of broth or boiling water, a teaspoonful, each, of

them, as needed, to make cases one-fourth an inch in thickness. Reserve the trimmings to be chopped fine, to garnish a salad for the next day. Mix the prepared cabbage and nuts with the dressing and use to fill the beet cups. Dress the lettuce with French dressing, and on it set the cups. Serve at once.

Boiled Dressing for Cabbage and Nuts

Beat the yolks of three eggs, half a teaspoonful of mustard, mixed for the table, two tablespoonfuls (or less) of sugar and one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt. Add one-fourth a cup, each,



PRUNES STUFFED WITH CHEESE, TOASTED CRACKERS, LETTUCE SALAD

sugar and salt and a tablespoonful of lemon juice, and let cook until the rice is tender. Dispose the rice in wreath shape on a serving dish and turn the peas into the center. Serve as a luncheon or supper dish, either alone or with veal, chicken or lamb.

Beets Stuffed with Cabbage-and-Nut Salad

Have ready young beets, boiled tender and skinned, heart leaves of a head of lettuce, washed and thoroughly dried, cabbage, chopped fine with pecan nut meats, and either boiled, French or mayonnaise dressing. Cut out the centers of the beets and trim

of butter and vinegar and let cook over hot water, stirring constantly until the mixture thickens and is smooth.

Prunes Stuffed with Cheese

Let choice prunes soak over night in cold water; steam until tender; slit down at one side and remove the stone from each. Grate Edam or other cheese; add a little fine-chopped red pepper, or a dash of paprika, and enough mayonnaise dressing to mix the cheese to a soft and smooth consistency. Fill the open spaces in the centers of the prunes with the cheese mixture. Serve with toasted crackers

and lettuce salad, over which French dressing has been poured. Philadelphia or Neufchatel cheese may be used; also, French dressing in the place of the mayonnaise.

New Turnips, with Cream

Pare the turnips and cut them in cubes of the same size; cook in boiling water until tender, adding salt just before the cooking is completed. For a pint of cubes, melt three level tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, put in the pieces of turnip and shake the pan over the fire until the butter has been absorbed, then add nearly a cup

two or three tablespoonfuls of browned bread crumbs; then serve at once. For the crumbs, have half a cup of bread crumbs taken from the center of a loaf that has been baked twenty-four hours. Stir these in three or more tablespoonfuls of melted butter until they are evenly browned, then use as above.

Strawberry Sandwiches

Bake sponge cake of any variety in a sheet; cut the cake into pieces of a size suitable for individual service and split each piece. Have ready some hulled-and-washed berries, mixed with



STRAWBERRY SANDWICHES, WITH CREAM

of hot cream, with salt and pepper, as desired. A thin white sauce may replace the cream.

Noodles, Polonaise Style

Noodles may be made at home or purchased the same as macaroni. Cook one cup of them in rapid-boiling, salted water until tender. It will take thirty or forty minutes. Drain and rinse in cold water. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan; add half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper, put in the noodles and lift them up and turn them over to mix the seasonings through them. Turn into a hot dish and sprinkle over them

sugar. Put the prepared berries between and above the pieces of cake. Serve with a pitcher of cream. The cake may be hot or cold, but it is best when freshly made. Sponge cake made with potato flour is good for this purpose. This cake is also good, baked in the Waldorf Triangle pans and finished as are those little cakes. A cheaper sponge cake may be used.

Swedish Sponge Cake

Beat, separately, the whites and yolks of four eggs. Beat one cup of sugar into the yolks, then add half a cup of potato flour, sifted with three-fourths a level teaspoonful of cream

of tartar, one-fourth a teaspoonful of soda and one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt. Lastly, fold in a teaspoonful of lemon extract and the whites of the eggs.

Strawberry-and-Marshmallow Dessert

Cut choice strawberries in halves and marshmallows into two or three pieces, each. For a cup of double cream, have about half a cup, each, of prepared fruit and marshmallows. Beat the cream until firm throughout, fold in three level tablespoonfuls of sugar, half a teaspoonful of vanilla (or two tablespoonfuls of sherry or maraschino) and the fruit; serve, thoroughly chilled, in glasses, as a dessert, with or without cake.

Strawberry Tarts, St. Honoré Style

Cut plain, flaky or puff paste into pieces to fit over small patty pans; prick the paste with a fork that it may rise evenly; set onto a tin sheet (to keep the edges of the paste from burning) and bake thoroughly. Remove from the tins and half fill with St. Honoré cream, then finish with strawberries, cut in halves and mixed with sugar.

St. Honoré Cream

Sift together half a cup of sugar, one-third a cup of flour and one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt, till thoroughly blended, then stir and cook in one cup of scalded milk; let cook fifteen minutes, then add the beaten yolks of three eggs and fold in the

whites of three eggs, beaten dry. Flavor with grated orange or lemon rind, or with vanilla extract.

Quick Sponge Cake

Beat three eggs without separating the whites and yolks; gradually beat in one cup and a half of sugar, then the grated rind of a lemon and half a cup of either milk or water, and, lastly,



STRAWBERRY TARTS, ST. HONORÉ STYLE

two cups of sifted flour, sifted again with half a teaspoonful of salt and two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder. This makes a large sheet of cake.



STRAWBERRY-AND-MARSHMALLOW DESSERT

Orange Cookies

Beat half a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in one cup of granulated sugar and the grated rind of an orange, then, in the order enumerated, one egg, beaten light, one-fourth a cup of orange juice and two cups of flour, sifted with four level teaspoon-

fuls of baking powder. Roll the dough into a sheet, cut into cakes, set in a baking pan, dredge with granulated sugar and bake in a moderate oven. More flour may be required. Bake one cake, then add flour, as needed.

Salted Peanuts. (New Recipe)

Purchase unroasted peanuts; shell them and set to cook in boiling water. Let boil until tender. Watch the cooking carefully, to remove them while they are whole. Wet the fingers in white of egg, slightly beaten and strained; then with it coat the peanuts, a few at a time; sprinkle with salt and set into the oven to dry.

Bride's Cake

Wash one cup and a half (twelve ounces) of butter in cold water, to freshen it; dry on a cloth, then beat

it to a cream; gradually beat in two cups of sugar, then, little by little, one cup and a half of unbeaten whites of egg. Add two teaspoonfuls of almond extract, one tablespoonful of milk and three and one-fourth cups of sifted pastry flour, sifted again with two and one-half level teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Set to cook in a moderately-heated oven, and in a large tube pan lined with paper. The time of baking depends upon the size of the pan. It will take an hour or more.

Egg Salad for Two

Cover two or three eggs with boiling water, cover the dish and let it stand where the water will not boil but keep hot twenty minutes. Cool the eggs in cold water, shell and cut them in slices. Serve with a head of lettuce, washed and dried, and dressed generously with French dressing.



HAND PAINTED WOODEN PLAQUES FOR CHILDREN'S BIRTHDAY CAKES
CAKE AND CANDLES IN PLACE ON ONE PLAQUE

Courtesy of Educational and Industrial Union, Boston

Menus for a Week in June

Few persons, perhaps, realize how little they know concerning the true taste of many vegetable productions; the majority have never eaten them separately, or cooked in a proper manner.

SUNDAY	Breakfast Gluten Grits, Thin Cream Strawberries Baking Powder Biscuit. Coffee Dinner (Guests) Clam Bouillon Stuffed Minions of Beef Tenderloin, Slices of Banana, Fried Mushroom Sauce. Parker House Rolls Asparagus Salad Strawberry Bombe Glacé Angel Cake. Coffee Supper Prunes Stuffed with Cheese Lettuce, French Dressing Toasted Crackers. Tea	Breakfast E-C Corn Flakes Tripe, Poulette Style New Potatoes, Baked. Raspberries Currant Buns (reheated). Coffee Dinner Breast of Lamb, Boiled, Caper Sauce New Potatoes, Boiled Stringless Beans, Buttered Beets Stuffed with Cabbage Salad Cottage Pudding, Raspberry Hard Sauce Half Cups of Coffee Supper Creamed Asparagus on Toast Boiled Rice, Maple Syrup, Cream Cocoa. Tea	WEDNESDAY
	Breakfast Cereal, Thin Cream French Omelet, with Asparagus Tips Yeast Rolls (reheated) Coffee Dinner Round Steak en Casserole Beet Greens Strawberries Remnants of Angel Cake Half Cups of Coffee Supper Green Peas with Curried Rice Baked Rhubarb Cookies Tea	Breakfast Cereal, Thin Cream Broiled Bacon, Scrambled Eggs Boston Brown Bread, reheated in slices Baked Rhubarb. Coffee Dinner Pineapple Cocktail Lamb Soufflé, Caper Sauce Boiled Onions, Buttered Toasted Muffins. Lettuce Salad Cheese Balls (fried) Half Cups of Coffee Supper Cheese Custard (hot). Buttered Toast Orange-and-Rhubarb Marmalade Tea. Cocoa	THURSDAY
MONDAY	Breakfast Cereal, Thin Cream Lamb's Liver, Broiled, Maitre d'Hôtel Butter French Fried Potatoes Rye Meal Muffins. Coffee Dinner Fresh Fish, Baked with Dressing, Drawn Butter Sauce Old Potatoes, Mashed. Boiled Asparagus Strawberry Shortcake Half Cups of Coffee Supper Currant Buns Dried Peaches, Stewed, Thin Cream Water Sponge Cake. Tea. Cocoa	Breakfast Cereal, Thin Cream Salt Codfish Balls, Philadelphia Relish Strawberries. Bread and Butter Cereal Coffee Dinner Lettuce Soup Fresh Salmon, Boiled, Egg Sauce Boiled Potatoes. Green Peas Cucumber Salad, with Chives Pineapple Sherbet Cookies. Half Cups of Coffee Supper Dried Lima Beans, Stewed (Seasoned with butter, onion and parsley) Bread and Butter. Strawberries. Tea	FRIDAY
	Breakfast Green Pea Omelet Brown Hashed Potatoes Waffles, with Sugared Strawberries Cereal Coffee	Dinner Cream-of-Onion Soup Breaded Veal Cutlets, Tomato Sauce. Spinach and Egg, Luncheon Style Raspberry Shortcake Half Cups of Coffee	Supper Lettuce-and-Salmon Salad Bread and Butter Strawberries. Cookies Tea

Menus for a Week in July

"It is much easier to avoid disease than to cure it."

SUNDAY

Breakfast
Boiled Rice, Thin Cream
Shirred Eggs. Pop Overs
Raspberries. Coffee

Dinner
Cream-of-Lettuce Soup
Roast Veal, Bread Dressing
New Potatoes
New Turnips in Cream
Sliced Tomatoes, French Dressing
Toasted Crackers
Edam Cheese
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Crackers, Milk
Cookies. Cocoa

MONDAY

Breakfast
Cereal. Bananas, Thin Cream
Scrambled Eggs
Potatoes Hashed in Milk
Dry Toast. Coffee

Luncheon
Hot Cheese Sandwiches
Lettuce, French Dressing
Pineapple Sponge, Boiled Custard
Tea

Dinner
(*Fireless Cooker*)
Roast Fore Quarter of Lamb
Browned Potatoes
Spinach
Cup Custard. Half Cups of Coffee

TUESDAY

Breakfast
Cereal, Stewed Prunes, Thin Cream
Hashed Veal on Toast
White Mountain Muffins
Cereal Coffee

Luncheon
Green Peas, Curried Rice
Spinach Salad, with Slices of Egg
Blueberry Pie. Tea

Dinner
(*Fireless Cooker*)
Beef Balls, with Vegetables
Tomatoes, French Dressing
Hot Cabinet Pudding
Currant Jelly Sauce
Half Cups of Coffee (*Alcohol Lamp*)

SATURDAY

Breakfast
Cereal, Berries, Thin Cream
Fish Cakes (salmon and potato)
Broiled Bacon
Pop Overs. Coffee

Luncheon
Fresh Tripe, Creole Style
New String Beans, Buttered
Currant Pie
Cereal Coffee

Breakfast

Blueberries, Milk, Sugar. Yeast Rolls
Broiled Fresh or Salt Mackerel,
Maitre d'Hôtel Butter. Baked Potatoes
Coffee

Luncheon

Asparagus Soufflé, Cream Sauce
Yeast Rolls (reheated)
Blueberry Pie. Tea

Dinner

(*Fireless Cooker and Gas Range*)
Fish Chowder, Crackers
New Cabbage Salad. Edam Cheese
Olives. English Muffins, Toasted
Canned Pears, with Meringue
Half Cups of Coffee

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast

Cereal, Thin Cream
Shirred Eggs
Blueberry Muffins
Cocoa. Coffee

Dinner

Lamb Croquettes, Mint Sauce
New Stringless Beans
Buttered Beets
Cherry Pie
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper

Hot Macaroni Pudding (*Fireless Cooker*)
(Eggs, Cheese, Milk or Tomato)
Bread and Butter. Berries
Cookies. Tea

THURSDAY

Breakfast

E-C Corn Flakes, Thin Cream
Lamb, Potato-and-Green-Pepper Hash
Entire-Wheat Rolls
Coffee

Dinner

Boiled Salmon (*Fireless Cooker*)
Pickle Sauce
Boiled Potatoes
New Onions, Buttered
Lettuce-and-Sliced-Beet Salad
Fruit. Sherbet

Supper

Lettuce-and-Egg Salad
Red Raspberry Shortcake
Tea

FRIDAY

Menus for Wedding Feasts and Class Spreads

Wedding Receptions

I.

Assorted Layer and Little Cakes
Strawberry Ice Cream
Pineapple Sherbet
Lemonade

II.

Chicken-and-Veal Salad
Salad Rolls, Buttered
Coffee
Bride's Cake
Flowering Ice Cream

III.

Sponge Cake
Marshmallows and Strawberries in
Whipped Cream
Pineappleade

IV.

Waldorf Triangles
Vanilla Ice Cream in Tall Glasses
of Iced Tea

V.

Fruit Cake in Boxes (Souvenirs)
Bride's Cake
Lemonade, with Grape Juice

Wedding Breakfast (12 M.)

I.

Strawberry-and-Pineapple Cup
Fillets of Fish, Fried, Cucumbers
Creamed Potatoes
Yeast Rolls
Young Chickens, Baked
Asparagus, Hollandaise Sauce
Lettuce Hearts, French Dressing
Cheese Straws
Sultana Roll, Strawberry Sauce
Bride's Cake

II.

Strawberries or Red Raspberries
Clam Broth, with Whipped Cream
Creamed Lobster in Swedish Timbale Cases
Little Fillets of Beef, Stuffed,
Fried Bananas, Brown Mushroom Sauce
Parker House Rolls
Lettuce-and-Asparagus Salad
Graham Bread-and-Cheese Sandwiches
Vanilla Ice Cream Molded with
Strawberry Sherbet
Little Cakes
Coffee

Class Spreads (Buffet Service)

I.

Fresh Salmon-and-Lettuce Salad
Cold Chicken, Sliced Thin. Olives
Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches
Salad Rolls, Buttered
Vanilla-Strawberry-and-Chocolate Ice Cream,
Served in Cups

II.

Chicken, Pecan-Nut Meats-and-Cress Salad
Creamed Chicken and Asparagus Tips
in Swedish Timbale Cases
Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches (Assorted Bread)
Bread-and-Chopped-Ham Sandwiches
Raspberry Sherbet Vanilla Ice Cream
Cake

III.

Sardine-and-Egg Sandwiches
Deviled Ham Sandwiches
Pickles Olives
Assorted Cake
Strawberry Cup (Lemon Sherbet, with Sugared Strawberries, in Cups)
Fruit Punch



Cookery for Young Housekeepers

By Janet M. Hill

Lesson XII

Foods Supplying Mineral Salts and Organic Acids

THE foods that supply us with mineral salts and organic acids are found largely in the vegetable kingdom. Some of these are in the form of roots, leaves, blossoms and stems of plants; others are the seed vessels of the plants, and still others are the fleshy coverings of the seeds intended by nature as a protection for the latter until maturity, or for the early sustenance of the young plant which sprouts from the seed. We speak of these foods as fruits and vegetables. Properly, however, all the seed vessels are fruits, while the others are vegetables, but we are not accustomed to think of a squash or a tomato as a fruit, and so the distinction we make between fruits and vegetables seems to be largely a matter of custom.

Composition and Food Value of Fruits

Most fresh fruits contain a large proportion of water, from eighty to ninety per cent being not an unusual proportion. There is also considerable cellulose in fruit; this, with other starch present in unripe fruit, is largely changed by the ripening process into sugar and gums. One of these gums, pectin, corresponds to the gelatine in

meats. It is this gum that causes fruit juice to jelly when it is cooked with sugar.

The quantity of proteid in fruit is very small; as a rule less than one per cent is found.

From a dietetic point of view fruits are valuable on account of the relatively large proportion of mineral salts and organic acids which they contain; of the salts, potash, found also in many vegetables, is the most important.

The organic acids in fruits (tartaric, malic, citric, etc.) impart to them an agreeable acid flavor and tend to keep the blood in an alkaline condition, a state on which good health depends. The water in fruits may be considered as distilled, than which no better source of pure water exists.

Digestibility of Fruit

The digestibility of fruit depends largely upon the nature of the variety and its degree of ripeness. An apple has a firmer cellular structure than a peach and thus the latter is the more easily broken up and acted upon by the digestive fluids. Thus the peach is very properly called "the children's fruit." As sugar is more easily digested than starch, and as the starch

and cellulose in ripe fruit have been largely changed to sugar, ripe fruit is more easily digested than that which has not reached this condition. When the banana is in a fit condition to eat (uncooked) the skin has become dark, at least in spots, and the pulp is dry and mealy. Bananas left in a paper bag will ripen more quickly than when left uncovered in the light. Cooking is a ripening process and bananas, pears and apples, not sufficiently ripe to eat raw, are palatable and wholesome, cooked.

Flavor Fruits and Food Fruits

Hutchison and others divide fruits from a nutritive point of view, into two groups, food fruits and flavor fruits. Under food fruits are classed such as contain more than twenty per cent of solids. The best example of this group is the banana. This, in its fresh state, contains a little proteid and considerable carbohydrate. Figs, dates and raisins, all belong to this group. Weight for weight, dried figs are said to be more nourishing than bread. Flavor fruits have little claim to be called foods; they are largely composed of water; are sweet and agreeable in flavor. Grapes constitute a class between these two groups, as the juice of the grape contains from ten to thirty per cent of sugar.

Nuts

Nuts are fruits that possess high nutritive value. Their general composition is about as follows:

Water	4 to 5 per cent
Proteid	15 to 20 "
Fat	50 to 60 "
Carbohydrates . . .	9 to 12 "
Cellulose	3 to 5 "
Mineral Matter . . .	1 "

The high percentage of fat in nuts and their dense cellular structure tend to make them difficult of digestion.

To render nuts desirable as an article of food, artificial grinding, supplemented by cooking, is necessary. Walnuts, chestnuts and almonds are the varieties of nuts in most common use. Chestnuts deserve to be better known and more widely used in this country; they contain a high percentage of carbohydrate, much proteid and fat, while almonds have a high percentage of nitrogenous matter and but little of the carbohydrate principle; thus chestnuts would be used in the place of bread or potatoes, and almonds in the place of fish or meat.

Effect of Cooking on Fruits

Cooking, as we have previously noted, softens the cellulose in fruit and converts such starch as is present into sugar, thus making the fruit more digestible. At the same time heat drives out the mineral salts and the acids in the watery juices, and, if these juices be not retained, cooked fruit is not as valuable as uncooked. Fruits preserved by drying need to be soaked several hours or over night in cold water, to soften and fill out the dried tissues.

Preparation of Fresh Fruit for Serving

Fruit exposed for sale in a market is apt to collect dust and should be thoroughly washed before it is eaten. Hull strawberries, raspberries and blackberries, then rinse quickly in cold water and drain at once. Rinse grapes in cold water, to which a small quantity of salt has been added, then rinse again in pure, fresh water. All fruit, except that freshly gathered and thus warm from the heat of the sun, should be chilled before serving. When possible leaves of the trees on which the fruit was grown should be put beneath the fruit, on the plate. Pass sugar or sugar and cream with berries; do not add either to them before serving. It should be needless to say that the

tough skins of apples, plums, pears, grapes, etc., are not wholesome.

Serving of Grape Fruit and Oranges

A grape fruit is cut in halves crosswise, and serves two persons. With a sharp, pointed, French knife cut around the pulp in each section, that it may be removed with a spoon. Set halves of grape fruit on small plates covered with paper doilies or leaves. Oranges may be served in the same way. Or, simply cut in halves, the pulp may be removed with a spoon without the preliminary use of a knife.

Serving Pineapples

After the skin and "eyes" have been removed, the flesh may be picked from the core with a silver fork and served with or without sugar. Or the fruit may be cut in slices crosswise or lengthwise, and eaten from the hand. A tender, well-ripened pineapple needs no sugar; less choice fruit may be sprinkled with sugar and left standing in a cool place two or three hours before serving.

Sliced Peaches

Peel the skin from the peaches, cut the flesh through to the stone in even slices and lengthwise of the fruit and sprinkle with sugar at once, to keep the fruit from discoloring. They are ready to serve.

Sliced Oranges

Slit the peel, lengthwise, on one side of the orange, then remove with the fingers; carefully remove every vestige of the white pith on the outside, then place the orange on a board and with a sharp knife cut in thin slices lengthwise of the fruit, removing seeds if any are present. Sprinkle lightly with sugar, or serve without sugar.

Quick Apple Sauce

Pare, quarter and core three or four tart apples. Put over a quick fire with about one-fourth a cup of sugar and

half a cup of boiling water; cover and let cook until tender. Serve hot or cold.

Strained Apple Sauce

Pare, quarter and core three or four tart apples; add half a cup of boiling water; cover and let cook till tender. With a pestle press the apples through a sieve; add about one-fourth a cup of sugar (a grating of nutmeg if desired) and let cook three or four minutes.

Stewed Prunes

Wash one-third or one-half a pound of prunes, rubbing them between the hands, rinse in cold water and drain; then cover with cold water and let stand several hours or over night. Set to cook in the water in which they were standing, adding more if needed. Let simmer until they are tender and the water is reduced. Just before removing from the fire add from one-fourth to one-half a cup of sugar and let simmer six or eight minutes. The sugar may be omitted and often be unmissed. The juice from half a lemon, a little candied orange or lemon rind, or a tablespoonful or two of sherry may be added occasionally, to give variety to the flavor. The blanched pits from the stones also give a pleasing flavor.

Evaporated Peaches

Prepare and cook the peaches in the same manner as the prunes; one-fourth a pound is enough to cook at one time. These are particularly good, served with cream.

Dried Figs

Use figs that come in small baskets, or such as have a thin, silky skin. Wash the figs, pour boiling water over them and let cook until the skins are tender. For half a dozen figs, add a scant quarter a cup of sugar and let boil five minutes. Flavor with lemon or orange juice, or sherry; for a change serve with or without cream.

Serving an Invalid's Meals

By Minnie Genevieve Morse

Graduate Convalescent Nurse

THOUGH daintiness and care in the preparation and serving of food are important at all times, there is no time when they mean so much to one as during the weary days of illness. Then desire for food is usually at its lowest ebb, and eating is apt to be regarded as a duty rather than a pleasure; and it may become a positive martyrdom, if the patient is a woman of refined and delicate taste, and the meals that are brought to her bedside are poorly planned, carelessly prepared, or served with no regard for neatness and prettiness. When there is illness in the house, if the preparation of the invalid's meals falls upon a member of the family, she may be sure that no thought and care that she can bestow upon the duty will be wasted, and that the smallest detail in connection with it is not beneath her most careful consideration.

If the invalid is not in bed, but is able to be about her room, a small table can be drawn up to her chair and her meal set forth upon it as attractively as possible, in the same style in which a solitary repast would be served in the dining-room. A dainty tablecloth, a vase of flowers, and all the small accessories of the meal correctly arranged are aids to appetite.

When, however, the patient is confined to her bed, it is not always so simple a matter to serve her meals comfortably and attractively. The ideal bedside table is one of the sort used in hospitals, with the support at one side and an adjustable top that reaches over the bed; but comparatively few households possess one of these. Almost equally useful is the low bed table, like a large wooden tray, with short legs that fold under when

it is not in use, which stands upon the bed itself. But these, also, are not to be found in every home, and it often happens that, with the heavy expenses of illness to be met, the purchase of anything not absolutely necessary must be foregone. However, to balance a serving tray upon the patient's knees is both uncomfortable and risky, as an unwary movement on her part might result in upsetting the food and soiling the bed clothing. The only tray, which can be used in this way with comfort, is the rectangular, wooden one, with a solid rail around the edge, from which things cannot be spilled or slide off upon the bed. If an ordinary tray is to be used, it is better to place a box or several books on either side of the patient, and let it rest upon them. If there is in the house a seamstress's lap board, this, with a foundation of books or boxes, does not make a bad substitute for a bed table.

Whatever the table may be, it should be covered with a fresh white cloth. A handsome towel makes an excellent table cover. Wherever else one must economize in clean linen, an invalid's meals should not be served on a soiled tablecloth, nor should she be handed a soiled napkin. The senses of a sick person are more acute than those of one in health, and a whole meal may easily be spoiled for her by the sight of coffee, jam, or egg stains on her table linen.

Some one has said that a well-set table should be like a well-painted picture,—a harmony of color and grouping. In every household there are some especially attractive bits of china, glass and silver, which can never be used to better advantage than in gracing an invalid's tray. Of course,

their care should not be left to the servants. Dishes to be used for each meal should, however, be selected with a view to avoiding any harsh discords of color. Also, they may be chosen so as to harmonize prettily with the viands they are to contain. For example, such articles of food as vanilla ice cream, a white junket, and the white cereals, look more attractive when served in a daintily colored dish. Colored jellies are more effectively served in glass, white grapes on a green plate, etc.

But, after all, it is better to use the plainest dishes, and serve a meal with small regard for the esthetic element, while using the utmost care to have the food well cooked and set before the patient in the proper condition for eating, than to present her with burnt beefsteak, half-cooked cereals, lukewarm coffee, and stale fruit, amid the most exquisite surroundings. Only the freshest eggs and fish, the best butter, the crispest, fresh vegetables, the choicest cuts of meat, should be placed before one whose digestion has, at the best, enough with which to contend, without putting upon it the additional strain of food difficult to digest. Of diet in disease, and of cookery for the sick, I am not speaking here; what food is to be allowed the patient is usually prescribed by the attending physician, and it should be prepared in the ways most easy of digestion.

Hot things should be served very hot, not lukewarm. The tray may have to be carried up two flights of stairs, and food cools very quickly, especially in cold weather. Dishes are made especially for keeping food hot, but they are not often found in the average home. Setting a dish over a bowl of hot water is an effective way of keeping its contents hot, but much can be done, without recourse to this expedient, by heating the dish very hot, and then, when the food has been

placed upon it, turning another hot dish over it. An individual coffee or teapot will keep the beverage much hotter than it can be kept in a cup, and there is not the same danger of its being spilled before it reaches the invalid. If, however, it is carried in the cup, the latter should not be filled to the brim. If the cup is heated very hot, and a small hot dish placed over it, the tea or coffee will keep hot much longer.

Ice creams and ices will not melt so rapidly in hot weather, if they are placed upon a dish that has been well chilled, and covered with another until the moment they are to be eaten. Butter is best served in hot weather in an individual butter dish, accompanied by a small piece of ice.

Large quantities of food of any kind should never be set before a patient; it is better to give her too little, and have her request a second helping, than to take away the little desire for food that she may have, by the sight of too much. When she has finished a meal, every sign of it should be removed from the room immediately. Food should never be left standing in a sick room, even though the patient may think she will want it in a little while; it should be remembered that bacteria multiply very rapidly in food substances.

The preparation of meals is facilitated by keeping together the articles in constant use; the large tray for the more generous meals, the small one for the light luncheon, the tray cloths, doilies and napkins, renewed as soon as soiled, the individual tea and coffee service, the salt and pepper shakers, the invalid's special pieces of china and glass and silver. Forks and spoons should be carefully counted before the tray is carried up, lest the patient fall short of one for the last course, and the nurse be obliged to make an extra trip.

Before serving a meal to a patient

confined to her bed, one should be sure that she is in a comfortable position; that her pillows really support her, instead of obliging her to maintain a strained attitude in order to reach her food. In case she is not able to sit upright, but can feed herself, it is sometimes more convenient to have her food beside her, instead of in front of her. When an invalid is only able to use a feeding cup or a glass feeding tube, the matter of serving is reduced to a minimum, as only liquids can be taken; but they should be presented as attractively as possible. When a patient must be fed by an attendant, but is able to take a considerable

variety and quantity of food, the same care should be taken in serving as when she is able to help herself, for the appeal to the eye made by an attractive looking dish is the same, whether in her own hands or in those of her nurse.

A writer on nursing has said that crumbs in the bed are "one of the minor miseries of illness." After a meal, in which such articles as bread and cake have been served, all crumbs among the bed clothing should be carefully brushed out. They are not only an annoyance to the patient, but, in long-continued illness, they may help in the formation of bed sores.

Mock Lobster

(After the Japanese)

With Remarks on Clean Fish

By Clara Stanwood

THE insular domains of the Mikado, from the very fact that they are such, instead of inland, with wide expanses of cattle-and-sheep grazing lands, have made the fisheries of Japan one of its greatest, if not the greatest, industries of the empire, since fish and rice constitute the main articles of diet with all the people. High-born as well as humble make fish their principal food, and fishing is often a pastime of the wealthy, quite as much as of the poorer people, especially in the spring of the year, when the weather is warm and the fish are plentiful. In Tokio the women find it a most delightful way of spending a spring day, for the beautiful bay there abounds in fish, so they make this the objective point of a picnic with their friends. They gather the native fish, dig clams, and wade knee-deep in water with the

abandon of children. Then they make a feast.

The serving of fish in Japan should be of great interest to persons of other nations, from the fact that the Japanese have been driven to show their ingenuity in producing as great a variety in serving as possible. Indeed the menu of a typical Japanese banquet, or even family dinner, is said to afford a quite bewildering array of such dishes, even the varieties of fish are not so numerous as are the ways of serving, of combinations and of ways of cooking. The very omission of cooking forms one of the ways of serving, and it quite appalls the western gourmet to find that this is the most delicious way of all. For a fact, he should eat the dish, before he is told what was the manner of preparing it, for the chances are that, otherwise, he would not taste it.

The repugnance which the western mind has for raw fish is due, no doubt, to the filthy conditions of our markets and wharfs, which to more than one person, who has seen them for the first time, there seems obvious need for as fierce a crusade as any that has yet been made in the interest of pure and clean food. But we are working in the right direction and it is only because fish is not so important an article of diet with us as with Japan, but finds an equal, if not subordinate, place in our bill of fare with embalmed beef and kindred products, that the investigation of fish markets has been delayed. The need was not, perhaps, so great, but if we take to eating raw fish, it will be greater. The demand for cleanliness here will become keener, and then something will be done. Therefore, let us see what the Japs do with their raw fish, to render it such a delicacy.

Take fresh mackerel, in its season, since that is about as fine a fish as one could wish for, though fresh had-dock steak, at any season, would be a good substitute, and any fish must be obtained under cleanly auspices. (Sometimes one may so obtain it from one's own catching, if not from the better markets, and the summer outing does afford us some opportunities of getting fish, and hence of serving them as nature made them.) Yes, it is a case of "first you catch your fish." The next thing is to make it as clean

as washing will allow, and, by the way, when you go a-fishing and bring home trophies, of which you are quite proud, and desire to make a gift of the same to your friends, make sure of cleaning the fish first. Your friends got no more of the zest than they did of the hardships, of the outing, neither did they feel the enthusiasm of the catching, therefore, until after they have eaten it, they will not appreciate your gift, unless it is clean.

When the fish is thoroughly cleaned, well skinned, and boned, it should be broken with the hands into small pieces, and a little vinegar, or acid of some kind, perhaps the juice of a lemon, a little salt and pepper kneaded into it. The hands should be used for this, because this keeps the fish in flakes, though they may be broken from the fish by pushing them off with a knife, but the kneading should be with the hands. It goes without saying that the hands should be clean and the flakes of fish should have a snowy whiteness, which is one of its charms in serving. After the flavoring is well worked in, the fish is laid in a flat dish, which in Japan would be lacquer, with slices of cucumber about it and slices of hard-boiled egg on top of it, and for color, besides the egg, there should be a garnish of watercress, or seaweed, it would be in Japan. But why call this Mock Lobster? Try some, and you will understand.

The Secret

By Helen Hay Whitney

I have a little brook in the deeps of my heart,
What does it matter if the day be chill or clear?
Colored like a tourmaline, and winged like a dart,
Voiced like a nightingale, it sings all the year.

Small bright herbs on the banks of the stream,
Moon-pale primroses and tapestries of fern;
This is the reality, and life is just a dream —
Iridescent bubble that the moon-tides turn.

In the Teeth of Advanced Prices

By a Working Woman

THE slack season was on in Madame W's dressmaking establishment and my summer vacation was beckoning. It had hitherto beckoned me to Aunt Martha's, where I remodelled her gowns and made new frocks for my cousins, in return for fresh air and country board. But last year I resolved to have a *real* outing.

I packed a suit-case and a telescope and hied me to an ancient little place up-country, eight miles from a railroad, where I once visited when a child of twelve. I found the place utterly unchanged, except from the inevitable touches of time. There were the same faded red houses strung along the one street, the same battered little school-house, the same small church, with the thickened graves on the hillside beyond, and the same beautiful brook tumbling over the dam by the silent mill.

I alighted from the semi-weekly mail vehicle, left my luggage in the post office, and set forth to discover a room without board. The mail driver had acquainted me with every "likely" family in town, and had led me to hope that I might find a haven with old Squire Barnet and wife, whose children were either dead or living out West. They were very shy, at first. I believe they thought there was something wrong with me — that I was an escaped lunatic or a fugitive from justice. I learned later that no "summer guest" had ever before penetrated this bare, lonesome little town. I had to explain minutely the why and wherefore of my coming, and to recall, as vividly as I could, the fact that my mother and I had once visited a family named Adams, who used to live near the mill.

"The Adamses moved away ten year ago last fall," said the Squire,

after a moment of introspection — "clever sort of folks, too."

This vague connecting link seemed to clear up doubts and misgivings, and I was offered an upper front room, with a large, well-lighted closet opening from it.

It was scantily furnished, and there were melancholy lithographs of about the time of A.D. 1830 upon the walls; but cleanliness was everywhere, and only a wholesome inrush of air and sunlight was needed.

When I inquired the price for a five-weeks' stay, Mrs. Barnet looked troubled. She had never let a room before — she didn't know — would fifty cents a week be too much? "I will pay a dollar a week," I said. "I couldn't think of paying less." A blush overspread her kind old face, and after a moment she said, "Well," and it was settled. A dollar a week would go a long way in their little grocery supplies — she may have thought.

And so, after the good Squire had brought my luggage in a wheelbarrow, I established myself for five weeks of blissful loafing — how blissful you, who have only evenings and Sundays for belonging to yourselves, will understand!

My telescope contained a one-burner oil stove, a tiny frying-pan, a small saucepan, an asbestos mat, some little packages of "immediate" supplies and a bountiful supply of paper napkins.

A few articles loaned from Mrs. Barnet's tableware completed my kitchen outfit, and my little twilight supper of fresh tea and a luncheon brought from the city was a delightful "housewarming."

The next morning, with a packing-box and some cheap muslin from the

"store," I transformed the closet into a kitchen-dining-room. Two deep shelves at one end accommodated my stove and supplies, and under the window I placed my draped table; rejoicing that the outlook was upon maple boughs in which robins dwelt.

My small supplies of milk and butter, purchased from Mrs. Barnet, were kept in the cellar, conveniently reached through an outside entrance. Mrs. B. was also pleased to sell a loaf of bread, twice a week, and a weekly pan of molasses cake or a dozen large crisp cookies. And often I found a little sly dish of cottage cheese hiding behind my milk pail, for which payment was positively declined.

In my frying-pan I poached eggs and made various omelets, toast, pancakes and crisp cornmeal wafers. My saucepan, over a low flame, gave me small soups and stews in comfortable variety.

However, I spent little of my golden leisure in my kitchen. There were lovelier places — one of them a large, flat rock, half a mile up the millstream, shaded by trees and facing the softly murmuring water, and here, with a cushion, a book and a sandwich, I spent the greater part of many a lovely day.

Then there were excursions for wild berries in the woods and pastures, and quests for "sweet fern" and the shy and rare pink ladyslipper. One memorable day — a cloudy day without the guiding sun — I managed to get lost, actually lost. After a long time of wandering, hearing "no sound from the world of man," and finding no outlet from the woods, I came upon a boy digging gum from a spruce tree.

I was certain that I knew by sight every child in the little hamlet, and I found later it was because of my bewildered state that this gum-gatherer looked strange and unusual, as if he might be an "over-north" resident.

"Oh, boy, can you tell me," I asked in faltering accents, "in which direction Lyman Center is, and how far it is from here?"

He gave me a stare of surprise and answered, "Why, you're *in* Lyman Center! There's the corner of Slocum's fence, jest beyond them shoe-makes."

I began to realize that a woman, who sat out on rocks hours at a time, went bareheaded, could n't eat pork, did n't have a stitch of sewing or knitting to do, and got lost within a quarter of a mile of home, must seem "kinder queer," but, I am sure that I was considered "harmless."

And the cost of these delightful weeks? Well, I kept strict account of every penny, and here is the total, including traveling expenses and two postage stamps, \$17.79. I had set aside \$25.00 for my outing, and I felt very proud over the \$7.21 still unspent.

I returned to my work refreshed and strengthened in soul and body, with a gain of four pounds for the latter, and I hope that my experience may lead some other toiler to go and do likewise.

I must explain that I did my own laundry; but brown linen waists and two serge skirts, one for everyday and one for "best," reduced my work to just a little pleasant exercise on Mrs. Barnet's hospitable back porch.

Thou canst not fail! The future all unknown
Lies in thy power,—its secrets are thine own.
There's not a task that thou canst not fulfil,
Strong in the thought, As thou thyself shalt will.

—Clara B. Beatley.

Mother Nature's Garden Party

For Children

By H. B. Crane

WHEN the children have assembled, the hostess, representing Mother Nature, presents each one with a paper basket, and invites them into her garden to gather fruits and vegetables. The baskets are made of bright-colored paper about the size of an ordinary envelope, with the ends sloped down and the top curved a trifle; a bit of ribbon of the same color is pasted on the inside to form a handle. The fruits and vegetables are cut from seed catalogues and hidden about the room, but within easy reach of even the shortest arm. The one who finds the greatest number of these pictures may be rewarded with a fancy box, in the shape of some fruit and containing small candies.

Have fastened upon the wall large sheets of brown paper, divided off into ten- or twelve-inch squares; these are to be distinctly numbered, and cards with corresponding numbers and pencils attached and having, also, their individual numbers, are handed to each guest. When a number is called, the holder is to draw, in his or her square, one of Mother Nature's pet animals, the name of which, bird, beast, or fish, being whispered to the artist when ready to draw. It is no matter how poor the picture is, it rather makes the guessing a little harder, and therefore more interesting. A prize may be given for the greatest number of correct guesses, and also for the best drawing. Of course, these prizes should represent animals in some form. Mother Nature next invites her little guests to her cereal fields; here pinned to walls, curtains and backs of chairs, are found advertising pictures of cereals and prepared foods, such as "Sunny Jim," "Quaker Oats," "Nestle's Food,"

etc., those with which children would be most familiar. Of course all names should be cut off or inked out, and each picture should be distinctly numbered. Cards with corresponding numbers are distributed, and a specified time is allowed for the guessing. Any small games would make suitable and acceptable prizes.

The supper may consist of bouillon, creamed chicken on toast, with bread and butter sandwiches, and ice cream in individual forms of fruit, flowers, birds, etc.

Mother Nature has not yet shown her flower garden; this must be introduced after supper, and will take the form of a Jack Horner pie, the whole top looking like a great bouquet. This can be done with various kinds of paper flowers, but a much simpler way, and one which is quite as effective, is to use fancy motto-papers, which can be purchased in all the colors of flowers, and some even have the green leaves attached. These are first bunched up like small nosegays, then after the pie is filled with its gifts of toys, games, etc., the long ends of ribbon that extend out through cuts in the top "crust" are tied around the stems of the motto-paper flowers, and each little rosette is set in the slit made for the ribbon; the guests then select their bunches, and at a signal pull them from the bouquet.

Between the guessing contests, it is good to introduce some musical games, such as "Going to Jerusalem," or "Hunt the Thimble," which in this case might be a nut; the piano accompaniment being very soft, when the hunter is farthest away from the nut, and increasing in force as he approaches the object of his search.

The Summer Outing at Home

By Evelyn Prince Cahoon

"NO," said the mother of the family, "we don't go away nowadays in the summer. We used always to do so, but, do you know, I've come to the conclusion that, on the whole, we're quite as well off at home as anywhere. If we owned a big comfortable farm somewhere, it might be different, but boarding at any time is uncomfortable, and during the hot summer I think it's dreadful.

My idea of comfort, in the summer, is to stay at home where we have plenty of screens and ice, and can have all the clean, fresh-laundered clothes we want."

And then she told me how she managed. She had, for five years, kept her family at home during much of the summer, sending each off for a little visit in the country, perhaps, just before school began in the fall, only.

In the first place, when she "cleans house" in the spring, she makes it over into a summer home, and plans for hot weather just as the one whose home is at the lake or in the mountains.

She moves all the upholstered furniture, hot davenport and heavy hangings out and into the attic. The furniture she sews up in cambric, silesia, and so on, so that the dust cannot possibly get at it, and packs enough cedar chips and moth-balls in the wrappings to frighten away the most courageous bug. The hangings she packs away, with the same preservatives, in boxes, which are nailed up tight.

Carpets and nice rugs she does the same with, after having them steam-cleaned.

Bric-a-brac, and ornaments of all sorts, which would not be found in her

cottage, if she had one, by the sea or at the lake, she packs in newspapers in strong dry-goods boxes in the attic, and nails them up. She puts all these "fuss-and-feathers" things out of the way, she says, exactly as if she were going to a summer home. She will have no unpacking or getting out, during the summer, of any of these things.

In place of the heavy things she has packed away, she brings down from the attic a lot of light furniture (I remember she has two rattan lounges, and some reed rockers, a number of splint-bottomed chairs), and she covers the floors with matting.

Lawn, dimity, or, at best, madras curtains flutter at all the windows, in place of the handsome lace draperies used in the winter. "I want only those things I can send to the wash-woman or the laundry every week, if I want to," says she, "and that are not going to make my eyes red with weeping if they are blown and wet and torn in a sudden storm in the night.

"Costly," you say? "well, I don't know. These things did altogether cost considerable, but then we have been five years accumulating them, and every month we have used them has been that much saved from the wear and tear on our winter things, packed safely away.

"Of course," she added, "if we allowed the other things to hang around, without being carefully packed up, they would get the wear and tear just the same as if in use, and the saving would be nil.

"But then, too, we got our first start in this summer furniture that year when I first made up my mind not to go away, but to stay right here with Henry. He handed over the first

instalment of the money we were to use for the summer's outing one morning, and that day I went down town and ordered some of these things, after setting our usual house-cleaner to work, with an assistant to help him.

"I never let Henry know what I was doing, and in the evening of the third day he came home—it was a frightfully warm evening in May—and found himself in a cool, airy, fresh summer cottage, furnished with cane, rattan, matting and muslin, and was told that I was going to stay right by him all summer. I'll not soon forget his look.

"I spent part of what you would call the summer-outing money in taking the family out to a neighbor's to dinner, at six, when Henry gets home. Lunch he has to get down town, but breakfast we have here together in the cool of the morning, and it is the best breakfast I know how to get.

"I send all the flat pieces to the laundry, each week, as I do, also, all the shirts and collars. Once a week I have a common laundress take home all those garments, which do not need especial care, and once in two weeks I have a good laundress come to the house and spend the day, with my help, in doing up a multitude of white skirts, shirtwaists, and lingerie of various sorts that I am very particular about. And all of this does not begin to cost me what the washing for the children and myself used to cost, while we were away at a summer resort.

"I have a carpenter come and rehang most of the windows, at the beginning of hot weather, so that they open and shut like doors. This lets the air pass better. Three years ago I had an extension floor built, to add at will to my back porch. This was made, by the family carpenter, in panels, so it could be taken apart, and in winter packed away over the coal bin, and in the spring brought out again and set up (an additional platform, you see), and widen our narrow back porch so that it becomes an outside room fifteen by fifteen feet square. The platform cost me twelve dollars.

"I got an awning to cover this where the porch roof didn't extend far enough, and this cost sixteen dollars, and the wire screen to wall all this in cost enough to carry it all up to thirty-five dollars. Considerable? Yes. But then most good things *do* cost considerable, and by getting a portion of this, each year, we have spread the cost over three years, and have a charming sitting-room, free from flies, mosquitoes and heat. We eat our breakfast here, sit here in the afternoon and evening, and sleep here, some of us, at night.

"Every man, woman and child in the family has an individual hammock; and house, porch and trees on the lawn are all spotted with hammock fixtures, so that one may move to the most comfortable place at any time. Give me home for summer, or any other trying time; yes, ma'am."

A Song of the Road

By Fred G. Bowles

I lift my cap to Beauty,
I lift my cap to Love;
I bow before my Duty,
And know that God's above!
My heart through shining arches
Of leaf and blossom goes;

My soul, triumphant, marches
Through life to life's repose.
And I, through all this glory,
Nor know nor fear my fate—
The great things are so simple,
The simple are so great!



Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

SWISS Chard is a vegetable, which, it seems, the American people do not know.

It is a variety of beet, sometimes known as the Silver Beet, and is most desirable in one's garden.

The roots of chard are small, and only the leaves and their midribs are used.

The young leaves are plucked like lettuce and prepared for the table exactly the same as spinach; when thus prepared, one can scarcely tell the difference; almost immediately new leaves come to replace the ones cut, hence a few plants will furnish a family with greens throughout the season.

One of the beauties of chard is its almost absolute freedom from dirt and bugs, a thing much desired by the housewife who has ever prepared spinach for the table.

The ribs of the matured leaves may be cooked and served the same as asparagus or celery.

I have tried many times to buy chard at the markets, preferring it to spinach, but as yet have not been able to find it, due, no doubt, to the fact that it is a comparatively new product.

B. E. B.

Pineapple-and-Strawberry Preserve

A NOVEL preserve is made by combining strawberries and pineapples. For every pint of prepared, fresh, pineapple pulp allow an equal weight of sugar, and three quart boxes of strawberries, also the weight of the hulled berries in sugar.

Cook the pineapple and its equivalent in sugar for fifteen minutes before adding the berries and their weight of sugar. Continue cooking them for another fifteen or twenty minutes, then put away in glass jars or tumblers, like all preserves.

It is not uncommon to combine strawberries with other fruits, greatly to their improvement. One-third the amount of green gooseberries is a good thing. The green berries are so tender they quickly stew to pieces and the red color of the strawberries dominates, so they are not noticeable in any way but for the improved flavor.

Strawberries with rhubarb, or white currant juice, lemon juice, and even cherry juice, are other combinations that find favor.

Pineapples combine with other fruits, even with tomatoes for preserve, the tomatoes giving a bright color and delicate pulp, and the pineapples the flavor. This is a South African novelty, exported to England by the Boer and English colonial housewives, and the preserving companies.

Compote of Figs, Florida Style

IN one of the quiet conservative homes of Philadelphia the daughter of the house prepares a dainty dessert of figs. She learned it in the Sunny South, Florida, to be exact. Whoever originated it, or revived it, surely was a *bon vivant*, or epicure.

The stuffing for the figs needs a

little time to marinate in spirit, a week will do, a longer time does no harm. Some crystallized citron, lemon and orange peel must be shaved, not chopped, very thin, indeed. Put this into a glass bottle, or jar, with sufficient rum to cover well.

When the dessert is to be served, prepare some pulled, dried figs, by stewing gently, or simmering in a rich syrup of sugar and water. When tender and cooled, cut them open on one side, so that a spoonful of stuffing of the mixed peels can be inserted. Lay one fig in each high-stemmed glass for serving, and put around it a little of the syrup from the stew pan and a little of that from the bottle. Scatter over some walnut meats, black walnut or other kinds, and top off with whipped cream.

While pineapple salad has been considered an excellent concluding course for a welsh-rabbit supper, a new applicant for like honor has arisen in this compote of stuffed figs. J. D. C.

A Dainty Rice Dessert

ONE cup of thoroughly cooked rice, one cup of sugar, one cup of pineapple (chopped fine), and one cup of cream, beaten stiff.

Mix rice, sugar and pineapple thoroughly and lightly fold in the whipped cream. Put in glasses and chill.

This will be sufficient to serve six people. E. M.

An Economical Supper

THIS savory dish may be made with either calf's or pig's liver. With one pound and a half of the liver chop, very fine, one-half pound of fresh fat pork. Season with a chopped onion, a little powdered sage and a teaspoonful of pepper and salt, mixed together. Steam the whole over boiling water for half an hour, and skim off the fat as it rises. When cold, add a

large breakfast cup of breadcrumbs and three well-beaten eggs. Mix all thoroughly together and flavor with a little grated nutmeg. Then shape into oblong cakes, like sausages, only wider and flatter, rolling each in flour. Put them in a well-greased pan and bake slowly for half an hour, or until of a nice brown color. Place them on a hot dish, pour off the fat, make a thickened gravy in the pan, with a tablespoonful of flour and a little water, and pour over, being careful to serve very hot. Plain, boiled parsnips and baked potatoes go well with this excellent supper dish.

Blackberry Jelly

TO a pound of blackberries allow half a pound of apples. Cut up the apples with the skins on, and to four and one-half pounds of the mixed fruit put half a pint of water. Set all on the stove in a preserving kettle and mash the fruit with a wooden spoon. Boil slowly for ten minutes, to extract the juice. Then strain through cheesecloth, let boil up again, then add two and one-half pounds of sugar and boil gently for half an hour, stirring all the time. Put into small glass jars. The mixture of the fruit gives a delicious flavor to this jelly.

I. A. G.

How We Are Spending the Summer

WE have a little cottage three miles from town, where we are trying to get good fresh air and sunshine and live, as simply and well as possible, on what grows on the place. Whenever we have any dish that looks particularly inviting, we say, "that looks just like the BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE. We have our meals on the porch, which has a brick wall four feet high, and is screened above the wall. Everything tastes doubly good, eaten out of doors, and our guests inevitably apologize for

eating so much. I will give you two of our menus.

LUNCHEON FOR SIX

The table was laid with doilies and a centerpiece; upon the latter was a mammoth bunch of sweet peas. Along the stone top of the brick wall were more sweet peas. In the finger bowls, also, there were sweet peas. Everything except salmon and olives were from the place.

MENU OF LUNCHEON FOR SIX

Whole apples, cooked in syrup, with lemon juice.

Butter Thins.

Then came the luncheon proper, served as one dish on a large platter. Creamed salmon with hard-cooked eggs, cut in squares and stirred in at the last moment. Around this were fresh peas, around the peas were small new potatoes, cooked in deep fat, and around the potatoes was a border of fresh parsley. With this we had hot rolls, olives, radishes and spiced tea. As a second course, we had tomatoes on lettuce, with little onions and mayonnaise dressing, cream cheese and brown bread sandwiches.

The third course was of red raspberries, whipped cream, fruit cake and mints.

When the paper announced that the next Sunday was to be the hottest day of the year, we got our Sunday dinner ready on Saturday, so that Lizzie, our small maid, might have a restful day. The following was our menu:

Rhubarb Conserve

Butter Thins

Cold Tongue. Cream Potatoes

Apple Sauce

Beans and Cucumbers, French Dressing

Brown Bread. White Bread

Spiced Tea

Whole Tomatoes on Lettuce,

Mayonnaise Dressing

Swedish Wafers

Cream Cheese. Gooseberry Jam

Red Raspberries, Whipped Cream
Cake

Raspberry Shrub or Vinegar. Mints
C. FAIRCHILD.

To Preserve Cucumbers

CHOOSE the small straight ones, and, of course, young ones; the greenest and those free from seeds are best. Green them as follows: Place them on vine leaves, and cover them and the leaves, in a preserving pan, with spring water, and lid the pan tightly, set them near the fire, and, when they begin to simmer, remove. Pour off the water, and if not green put in fresh leaves, when they are cold, and repeat the process. Take them out carefully with a slice. When cold take one pound of best lump sugar and one-half a pint of water, and set it over the fire. When it simmers, skim it clear; put in the rind of a lemon, shred as fine as straws, and one-half an ounce of ginger. When the syrup is pretty thick, remove the pan; when the syrup is cold, wipe the cucumbers quite dry and put them into it. Boil the syrup once in three days, and when cold pour it again over the cucumbers; do this for three weeks, but remember to strengthen the syrup, if required. The danger of spoiling them is at first.

Fruit Preserves by an Expert

I HAVE made sunshine preserves of strawberries for the past twenty years; my way is this: I put a pound of sugar to a pound of berries, in layers, in the kettle; as soon as the juice is drawn out a little, I set them on the fire and cook twenty minutes, after boiling commences, then I put them in dishes and set in the sun, stirring occasionally during the day; in two days I put them up in jars; they are beautiful in color. I imagine a preserve made in the sun has a little flavor of sun-dried fruit, but it is alto-

gether superior to those cooked until the syrup is thick over the fire. In making blackberry jam, I mash the fruit and cook it some, remove and put in the sugar and let stand over night; the sugar strikes in, and next day they can be cooked in a much shorter time and are superior.

In brandying peaches, to remove the fuzz from the peach, I use the concentrated lye instead of wood ashes, it being so much stronger. I have the water boiling, put in some lye, and drop in a few peaches at a time; as soon as the skins will slip off, I remove the fruit at once to a pan of cold water. More lye must be added, from time to time, as it weakens.

In making tomato catsup, slice the tomatoes, sprinkle over a little salt and let ferment before cooking. Catsup made in this way keeps well. It never spoils even with the cork left out of the bottle.

A. E. K.

SUBSCRIBERS to the BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, of several years standing, will find it very satisfactory to bring out all the back numbers of the current month, as May, for perusal and reference; when this month is past, exchange these magazines for the several copies of the next month, June, for instance. By this means a fine collection of seasonable recipes will be readily available.

W. M. H.

Sour Milk for Paint

IF you have sour or skimmed milk or buttermilk that you can't use, you can make it serve as an excellent paint.

Stir into a gallon of milk about three pounds of Portland cement, and add sufficient Venetian red paint powder (or any other colored paint powder) to impart a good color.

The milk will hold the paint in suspension, but the cement, being very

heavy, will sink to the bottom, so that it becomes necessary to keep the mixture well stirred with a paddle.

This feature of the stirring is the only drawback to the paint, and as its efficiency depends upon administering a good coating of cement, it is not safe to leave its application to untrustworthy or careless help.

Six hours after painting, this paint will be as immovable and unaffected by water as month old oil paint.

In buildings twenty years old, painted in this manner, the wood was well preserved. The writer's experience dates back nine years, when he painted a small barn with this mixture, and the wood today shows no sign whatever of decay or dry-rot. The effect of such a coating seems to be to petrify the surface of the wood.

Whole milk is better than buttermilk or skim milk, as it contains more oil, and this is the constituent which sets the cement, but of course it is more expensive. — *Temperance Caterer (London)*.

Bran Bags

BRAN bags are not as harsh as soap and are soft and velvety to the touch. They make a lather exactly like soap. Each bag may be used three or four times, if it is carefully dried in the sun after each use.

Buy one and one-half pounds of orris root, one and one-half pounds of almond meal, half a pound of white castile soap and three ounces of one's favorite sachet powder.

Smaller quantities may be used if desired, but it is just as cheap in the end to buy the larger quantities and put it away in closed jars, only filling three or four bags at a time.

The bags must be lightly stuffed, but must be no larger than an ordinary face cloth when wet and crumpled in the hand.

Queries and Answers

THIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economics in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. For menus remit \$1.00. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answer by mail, please enclose postage stamps. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, Editor BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

Answer to QUERY 1356, May number of magazine. By Dr. C. F. Langworthy.

Preserved Limes

Lay the limes in salt and water brine, strong enough to bear up an egg, cover closely and let them remain in the brine until warm weather is over. Before preserving cut into them sufficiently so that the seeds may be removed, and place in cold water for a day, changing the water often enough to remove all the salt. Boil in water (to which soda in the proportion of one teaspoonful to six quarts has been added) until so tender that a straw may be put through and then soak again in cold water for a day, changing the water often. To each pound of fruit allow two and a half pounds of white sugar and three pints of water. Boil the syrup for fifteen minutes and then add the fruit. Cook for five minutes and place the fruit in jars. After cooking the syrup for fifteen minutes more pour over the fruit, filling the jars. Such preserved limes, it is said, will keep for years.

According to another recipe, the limes should be placed in boiling water and cooked until tender enough to pierce readily. Then place in fresh water, which is heated just to the boiling point. Cold water should then be dashed over the limes, and they

should be drained on a cloth and covered with another cloth. The fruit should then be added to the boiling syrup (made by boiling for five minutes, sugar in the proportion of one pound per quart of water) and cooked gently for twenty minutes. Then remove from the fire and allow the fruit to stand in the syrup over night. The next day heat to boiling and allow to stand in the syrup for an hour, repeating this operation several times. The limes are then removed from the syrup and placed in heated jars. The syrup is cooked down until quite thick, more sugar being added, if necessary, then it is poured over the fruit, and the jars are sealed.

Pickled Limes

Carefully washed limes should be placed in stone crocks and covered with brine made of salt and water. A plate with a weight should be placed on top. After standing for four days they will be ready for use and should be taken out only as needed.

QUERY 1357. — Mrs. H. H. S., Brooklyn, N.Y.: "What is the trouble with my Maple Frosting (boiled). I have tried one and two whites of eggs, with a cup of syrup, and it runs off the cake. Other seasons I have boiled the syrup only ten minutes, and now half an hour is none too much, and even then it runs off the cake."

Maple Syrup in Boiled Frosting

Try boiling the syrup until when tested it will spin a thread at least two inches long; then use only half the white of an egg. A cup of syrup is not equal to a cup of sugar.

QUERY 1358. — Mrs. I. R. C., New Glasgow, N.S.: "Recipes for Orange Filling and Frosting."

Orange Filling

Cream two tablespoonfuls of butter; beat into it two tablespoonfuls and a half of flour, add the grated rind of an orange, one-fourth a cup of orange juice, a tablespoonful of lemon juice and one-fourth a cup of sugar, and stir and cook over hot water until smooth and thick; cover and let cook ten minutes. Beat an egg until light and thick; beat in one-fourth a cup of sugar and cook in the hot mixture. When the egg is "set," remove from the fire, let cool and it is ready to use.

Orange Frosting

To the grated rind of an orange add two tablespoonfuls of orange juice and one tablespoonful of lemon juice; add these gradually to the beaten yolk of an egg, then stir in confectioner's sugar to make a frosting of a consistency to remain in place when spread upon a cake.

QUERY 1359. — N. O. F., Baltimore, Md.: "Directions for the preparation of Peach Melba."

Peach Melba

Halve and peel firm, but ripe, peaches. Have ready a syrup made of sugar and water. Take three-fourths the weight of the peaches in sugar and half the weight of the sugar in water. Let the peaches simmer till tender, then chill them thoroughly. Have ready a mould of vanilla ice cream on a silver dish, set into a dish of shaved ice. Dispose the peaches around the mould of cream and over them pour

a rich raspberry syrup that has been carefully chilled. For the raspberry syrup, cook a cup of sugar and one-third a cup of boiling water to a thick syrup; add one cup and a half of raspberry juice and let chill.

QUERY 1360. — Mrs. D. A. S., San Jose, Cal.: "A Recipe for making Apricot Cheese; also recipe for Archangel Cake and a new Cake Filling."

Apricot Cheese

Put the apricots over the fire with a very little water, just enough to avoid burning, cover and let steam until soft; then press the pulp through a sieve to exclude stones and skins. Weigh the pulp and return it to the fire; let simmer slowly until well reduced, then add three-fourths a pound of sugar for each pound of pulp and let cook, stirring often, until the proper consistency is secured. Store as jelly. Do not add the sugar until the pulp has been reduced by cooking, as long cooking, after the addition of the sugar, tends to darken the fruit.

Archangel Cake

Will some one who has a recipe for this item kindly send it to us?

Caramel Nut Filling

Mix one cup, each, of granulated sugar, grated maple sugar, and thin cream; add one-fourth a cup of butter and let boil until, when tested in cold water, a soft ball may be formed. It will take about thirteen minutes. Add about a cup of nut meats, broken in pieces, and beat until it begins to thicken. The nuts may be omitted.

Strawberry Filling

(For Sponge Cake)

Beat one cup of thick cream until firm throughout; beat the white of one egg dry; beat one-third a cup of sugar into the egg and fold the cream and egg together; lastly, fold in two-thirds a cup of crushed strawberries.

Black or red raspberries, crushed and sifted to exclude seeds, may take the place of the strawberries.

Pineapple Filling

Cook one cup of grated pineapple and one-fourth a cup of sugar ten minutes; add a tablespoonful of lemon juice, and stir in confectioner's sugar to make a frosting that will not run from the cake.

Trilby Frosting

To a boiled frosting, beaten until nearly cool enough to spread, add a cup of marshmallows, cut into quarters, one-fourth a cup of candied or maraschino cherries, cut into slices, and half a teaspoonful of vanilla.

QUERY 1361. — Mrs. J. H. M., Chattanooga, Tenn.: "Recipe for Icing used in fancy decoration for cake."

Boiled Ornamental Icing

Boil one cup and a half of fine granulated sugar and one-third a cup of boiling water, until the syrup will spin a thread two inches long. Pour in a fine stream onto the whites of two eggs, beaten dry, beating constantly, meanwhile, with a Dover egg beater; continue the beating until the mixture is quite cool, then cook in a double boiler over hot water, beating constantly, until slightly granular on the edge; remove from the fire and beat until it will hold its shape, then set in place with ornamental tubes (copper) or with paper cones, cut at the point as needed for different purposes.

QUERY 1362. — A. B. C., West Roxbury, Mass.: "Please name books valuable to one interested in the subject of bread and bread making."

Books on Bread Making

"Dietetic Value of Bread," Goodfellow, price, \$1.50; postage extra. Publications of the United States Department of Agriculture: Bulletin No. 112, "Bread and the Principles of

Bread Making." Bulletins of the Office of Experiment Stations: No. 85, "A Report of Investigations on the Digestibility and Nutritive Value of Bread," by Chas. D. Woods, price, *5 cents; No. 101, "Studies on Bread and Bread Making at the University of Minnesota," by Henry Snyder, B.S., price, 5 cents. Send coin (not stamps) to the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D.C.

QUERY 1363. — Mrs. J. H. K., Nashville, Tenn.: "Recipes for Creamed Chicken and Creamed Onions."

Creamed Chicken

Melt one-fourth a cup of butter; in it cook one-fourth a cup of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth a teaspoonful or more of pepper; add two cups of rich milk, or half milk and half thin cream, and stir and cook until the boiling point is reached. Stir in two cups and a half of cooked chicken, cut in cubes, and let stand until very hot. For Bechamel Chicken use one cup, each, of chicken broth and thin cream, in making the sauce. For variety scald the milk or milk and cream in a double boiler, with a stalk of celery and half an onion. Beat the butter and flour with the seasonings to a smooth consistency, dilute with a little of the hot liquid, stir until smooth, then stir into the hot liquid; beat until smooth, then let cook twenty minutes and add the chicken.

Creamed Onions

Make the sauce as for creamed chicken; cook the peeled onions in boiling water, adding salt when half cooked; drain and turn into a hot dish; pour over the sauce and serve at once. A pint of sauce is enough for a dozen or more onions.

QUERY 1364. — Mrs. J. A. J., Neenah, Wis.: "Is baking powder as wholesome and cheap as bicarbonate of soda and cream of tartar? In recipe for Yellow Cake, page x of the April, 1908, magazine, half a teaspoonful of soda and two level teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar are called for. Why is this proportion used?"

Comparative Healthfulness of Baking Powder and Soda and Cream of Tartar

In the preparation of baking powder the articles used as leavening agents are weighed, and thus the exact proportions needed are secured and no uncombined acid or alkali is left in the food. The residue left in the food, in which any of the commercial baking powders with which we are acquainted is used, is considered harmless. Thus, while, with accurate measurements, there is no difference between the healthfulness of baking powder or soda and cream of tartar, for general use the baking powder might be thought more wholesome.

Proportions of Baking Powder in Yellow Cake

(April Magazine)

In the use of soda and cream of tartar, that one neutralize the other exactly and no excess of either be left in the food, the bulk of cream of tartar must be rather more than twice that of the soda. Thus, according to the old style of measurement, in a cake calling for a level teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, measured slightly rounding, would be called for. In changing these proportions to level measurements, we are sometimes too generous in our measure of cream of tartar, and in the cake in question probably a teaspoonful and a half, measured level, would be more nearly the quantity of cream of tartar required.

QUERY 1365. — Mrs. W. F. S., Englewood, N.J.: "What article other than sapolio can be used for cleaning aluminum baking pans?"

To Clean Aluminum Baking Pans

We have found it a comparatively easy matter to keep aluminum saucepans in a good condition by the use of a little sapolio each time they were used. Baking pans are not so easily

kept clean and bright, and there may be some article that will be found more satisfactory for these. We shall be pleased to publish any suggestions for the care of these articles, which our subscribers may submit.

QUERY 1366. — D. L. D., New London, N.H.: "Recipe for cooking chard."

Recipe for Cooking Swiss Chard

For several ways of cooking Swiss Chard see Department of Home Ideas and Economies, page 48, of this magazine.

QUERY 1367. — A. E. S., Salem, Mass.: "Recipe for Marble Cake, in which the dark part is made dark by the use of molasses and spice, rather than chocolate."

Marble Cake

For the dark part, use half a cup of butter, one cup of sugar, half a cup of molasses, half a cup of cold coffee or milk, the yolks of four eggs, two cups and a half of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, one level teaspoonful and a half of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of mace and half a teaspoonful of cloves. For the white part, use half a cup of butter, one cup of sugar, half a cup of milk, two cups of sifted flour and three level teaspoonfuls of baking powder, sifted together, and the whites of three eggs. Put the two mixtures into the baking pan, a little at a time, in such a manner that when baked a marbled appearance will be secured. The recipe makes one large loaf.

QUERY 1368. — Subscriber, Cleveland, O.: "Recipe for Turkish Coffee."

Turkish Coffee

To make Turkish coffee pound the freshly roasted coffee berries in a mortar. Turkish coffee pots are small coffee pots without a cover, and with a handle like that of a saucepan. Use rather more coffee than in making black or filtered coffee. Pour the

water over the crushed berries; let boil up once, remove from the fire, stir and return to the fire, to boil again; repeat a third time, when the coffee is ready to serve. This coffee is not clear, but rather thick and muddy. It is served in tiny cups much smaller than the ordinary after-dinner coffee cup. The cups are thimble-shaped and rest in a copper or silver frame made with a handle. Cream is not used. The coffee is partaken with a tiny spoon.

QUERY 1369. — Subscriber, New Orleans, La.: "Recipe for Cherry Bounce."

Cherry Bounce

Mash and bruise four pounds of wild cherries in such a manner that the stones be broken and the contents bruised. Over the cherries pour five quarts of rum. Let stand in a stone jar two weeks, stirring daily. Press the fruit, to remove all the liquid; to this add five quarts and a half of water, in which two pounds and a half of sugar has been dissolved; filter and bottle.

QUERY 1370. — L. M. R., Rochester, N.Y.: "Recipe for Elder Flower Wine."

Elder Blossom Wine

(R. M. Fletcher Berry)

Allow a gallon of water to each quart of stripped flowers, and to each gallon of water three pounds of sugar. Make a syrup of the sugar and water, skimming well, and pour while boiling hot over the flowers. For each gallon of this liquid add the juice of one lemon and a heaping dessertspoonful of "home-brewed" hop-yeast, stirring thoroughly. Place in a wooden or earthen receptacle, cover with a heavy cloth, and let ferment three days. Strain and add the beaten white of one egg, stirring it well through the liquid. Allow for each gallon of wine a little over a pound of raisins, chopping them and placing them on the bottom of the cask; pour over the liquid; close the

bung, and in six months it will be found ready for use.

QUERY 1371. — Mrs. E. B. J., Winsted, Conn.: "Recipes for cakes using yolks of eggs."

Golden Cake

Cream half a cup of butter; beat in gradually one cup of sugar, the yolks of eight eggs, beaten light, half a cup of milk, one cup and three-fourths of sifted flour, sifted again with four level teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Flavor with the grated rind of an orange or with a teaspoonful of orange extract. Good with cocoanut frosting.

Orange Cake

Beat one-fourth a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in half a cup of sugar; beat two eggs, without separating the whites and yolks; beat in half a cup of sugar, and then beat the whole into the butter mixture; add the grated rind and juice of half an orange, half a cup of milk and one cup and three-fourths of sifted flour, sifted again with three level teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

QUERY 1372. — Mrs. A. H. S., Taunton, Mass.: "Recipe for Hungarian Goulash."

Hungarian Goulash

Cut two pounds of lean beef (round or shoulder steak) in half-inch cubes; add two tablespoonfuls of vinegar and one teaspoonful of salt and let stand in an earthen dish an hour or two. Heat two tablespoonfuls of butter or suet in a porcelain-lined dish; add two tablespoonfuls of fine-cut onions and cook until softened and yellowed — not browned; add the meat and one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of caraway seed and sweet marjoram with paprika to taste; cover the whole closely, that the steam may not escape; let simmer slowly until the moisture is absorbed, then let the whole become brown, stirring occasionally; add half a cup of broth or water and let simmer

Let *Armour* Cook Your Meats

Home-cooked meats are expensive to prepare. There is waste. They shrink in the cooking. Much fuel is used.

We cook in enormous quantities. We must stand the shrinkage.

Veribest Meats are all Food—there is no waste. Every bit may be eaten.

We cook in a vacuum which keeps the meats tender and rich with their own juices.

The home way draws out the juices and leaves the meat hard and dry. Meats cooked this way are tasteless and unpalatable.

Many housewives who have not tested the deliciousness of *Veribest* Meats serve high-priced Roasts and Fried Meats for this reason.

If you would delight the whole family with something all will relish—something new and appetizing—test *Veribest* Meats today.

You will practice Economy at the same time.

**Think of these things when you ask for
*Armour's Veribest Meats***

—You know beforehand that they are Good. They must be. A vast trade—a vast reputation—is at stake when we place the name “Armour” on a product.

—You know that they are Clean and Wholesome. The U.S. Government inspects them.

—You know that you'll get exactly what you ask for. The label must tell the truth under present laws.

Armour's *Veribest*-Meats Ready to Serve

are delicious and satisfying. They are made from carefully selected meats. Where spices are used they are full-flavored—the best the market affords.

Veribest products are cooked in a vacuum so that none of the richness or flavor can escape. This keeps the meats tender and juicy. Many of them would become hard and dry if cooked in the ordinary way at home.

Every process is watched by Government Inspectors which insures quality and absolute cleanliness.

The cooking is all done for you.

Simply warm—or chill, if preferred—for a delicious meal, ready in no time.

You will do well to remember these names when you wish something extra toothsome.

Veribest Luncheon Sausage

An especially fine flavored, unsmoked sausage cooked with tomato sauce. A real delicacy.

Veribest Lunch Tongues

Cooked in their own juices, leaving them tender, rich and appetizing.

Veribest Boned Chicken

The firm meat with bones removed. Serve hot, or chill, and slice thin for sandwiches.

Veribest Vienna Sausage

Made from Beef and Pork, and flavored just right to make it please the most exacting taste.

Veribest Smoked Beef—Sliced

Mildly smoked and sliced very thin. Its salty flavor whets the appetite.

Veribest Corned Beef

All solid meat, mildly cured and of exceptional flavor.

Veribest Loaf Meats

Veal, Ham, Beef or Chicken—made home style and very tempting.

Veribest Potted and Deviled Meats

Veal, Ham, Beef, Chicken and Turkey. Nothing better for preparing dainty lunches.

Armour's *Veribest* Products are at all Grocers and Meat Shops in tins of a size to suit your needs.

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The books in this library are the practical experience of some of the best housekeepers and cooks in this country. They will be found a great help in suggesting many appetizing ways to vary the family meals. These are the titles. They suggest the contents:

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CHICAGO

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

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till the meat is tender. Stir one tablespoonful of flour with cold water to a smooth paste and add to the dish; stir until the mixture boils. When ready to serve add half a cup of cream either sweet or sour and paprika according to taste.

QUERY 1373. — Mrs. C. S. S.: "Recipes for Strawberry and Raspberry Ice Cream, Cream Pie, Custard Pie and Escaloped Potatoes."

Raspberry or Strawberry Ice Cream (Philadelphia)

Mix one quart of strained raspberry or strawberry juice with two cups of sugar, and turn into the can of a freezer packed for freezing with three measures of crushed ice to one of rock salt; add one quart of cream and freeze as usual.

Raspberry or Strawberry Ice Cream (Delmonico)

Stir two level tablespoonfuls of cornstarch with a little cold milk until smooth, then stir into a pint of milk scalded over hot water; continue to stir until the mixture thickens, then cover and let cook ten minutes; add one cup of sugar and when dissolved strain and let cool; add one pint of cream, and when beginning to freeze add a pint of strawberry juice, mixed with half a cup of sugar and the juice of half a lemon and finish freezing.

Cream Pie

Bake cake mixed by the formula given for orange cake in answer to Query 1371, in two or three layers; put the layers together with a cream filling and dredge the top with powdered sugar.

English Cream Filling for Cream Pie

Scald one pint of milk; sift together very thoroughly half a cup, each, of pastry flour and sugar and one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt, then cook these in the hot milk, stirring constantly until the mixture is smooth and thick; continue the cooking, stirring occa-

sionally, fifteen minutes. Beat two eggs; add one-fourth a cup of sugar and beat again, then stir into the cooked mixture; stir and let cook until the egg is set. When nearly cold flavor with a teaspoonful of vanilla and use. One or two squares of chocolate melted over hot water may be beaten in before the addition of the eggs.

Fly to Pieces

The Effect of Coffee on Highly Organized People

"I have been a coffee user for years, and about two years ago got into a very serious condition of dyspepsia and indigestion. It seemed to me I would fly to pieces. I was so nervous that at the least noise I was distressed, and many times could not straighten myself up because of the pain.

"My physician told me I must not eat any heavy or strong food and ordered a diet, giving me some medicine. I followed directions carefully, but kept on using coffee and did not get any better. Last winter my husband, who was away on business, had Postum Food Coffee served to him in the family where he boarded.

"He liked it so well that when he came home he brought some with him. We began using it and I found it most excellent. While I drank it my stomach never bothered me in the least, and I got over my nervous troubles. When the Postum was all gone we returned to coffee, then my stomach began to hurt me as before and the nervous conditions came on again.

"That showed me exactly what was the cause of the whole trouble, so I quit drinking coffee altogether and kept on using Postum. The old troubles left again and I have never had any trouble since." "There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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Electro-Silicon Soap has equal merits.
THE ELECTRO SILICON Co., 30 Cliff St., New York.
Grocers and Druggists sell it.



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the creams and ices.

**JUNKET
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Junket Dainties, Free.

Chr. Hansen's Laboratory,

Box 2507 Little Falls, N. Y.

Whipped Cream Filling for Cream Pie

Beat one cup of double cream, one-fourth a cup of sugar and half a teaspoonful of vanilla extract until firm. Spread the layers of cake lightly with currant jelly or strawberry preserves, then cover with the cream.

Custard Pie

Beat four eggs until a full spoonful can be held; add half a teaspoonful of salt and two-thirds a cup of sugar and beat again and, when well mixed, beat in two cups and a half of milk. Turn into a deep plate lined with pastry and bake in a slow oven until firm in the center. In lining the plate cut the paste to come out nearly an inch beyond the plate, fold under the edge of the paste to meet the plate entirely around; flute this double paste with the thumb and finger, pressing each "flute" at the bottom down onto the edge of the plate, thus building up a rim of paste to increase the depth of the plate.

Escalloped Potatoes

Pare the potatoes and cut them into thin slices; dispose these in a buttered baking-dish in layers; sprinkle the layers with salt, pepper, onion juice and fine-chopped parsley, dredge with flour and add a few bits of butter. Pour hot milk over the potatoes to just cover them. Bake in a moderate oven about an hour and a half, adding more milk if needed. The potatoes may be boiled five minutes, drained, and rinsed in cold water before being set to cook, or cold boiled potatoes may be used. In both cases the time of baking will be shortened. Grated cheese may be added to each layer.

QUERY 1374. — Mrs. M. C. C., Toledo, Ohio: "Recipes for Canning Asparagus, Rice Cups, in which creamed mixtures may be served, and English Crumpets with correct way of cooking. What quantity of sherry wine should be put into Cream of Corn Soup."

Canning of Asparagus

The asparagus should be freshly cut. Discard all but the tender portions of the stalks. When trimmed select stalks of uniform length for each jar. Pare the lower end of the stalks, taking off the coarse scales, wash thoroughly, and put, heads up, into jars, heated by rolling in hot water. Have either a

Dr. Talks of Food

Pres. of Board of Health

"What shall I eat?" is the daily inquiry the physician is met with. I do not hesitate to say that in my judgment a large percentage of disease is caused by poorly selected and improperly prepared food. My personal experience with the fully-cooked food, known as Grape-Nuts, enables me to speak freely of its merits.

"From overwork, I suffered several years with malnutrition, palpitation of the heart, and loss of sleep. Last summer I was led to experiment personally with the new food, which I used in conjunction with good rich cow's milk. In a short time after I commenced its use, the disagreeable symptoms disappeared, my heart's action became steady and normal, the functions of the stomach were properly carried out and I again slept as soundly and as well as in my youth.

"I look upon Grape-Nuts as a perfect food, and no one can gainsay but that it has a most prominent place in a rational, scientific system of feeding. Any one who uses this food will soon be convinced of the soundness of the principle upon which it is manufactured and may thereby know the facts as to its true worth." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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THE MINUTE MAN ON
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THE BUTTONS AND
LOOPS ARE LICENSED
FOR USE ON THIS
HOSE SUPPORTER
ONLY.

canner or a steam cooker over the fire, filled with boiling water to the perforated shelf. Put a folded towel on the shelf and on this set the cans of asparagus. Do not let the cans touch each other or the sides of the kettle. Put the jar covers on the shelf beside the cans. Cover and let cook one hour. Then add a teaspoonful of salt to each jar, and fill to overflow with boiling water. Let cook three-quarters of an hour. Fill to overflow with boiling water. Rinse the rubbers in boiling water, adjust these and the covers, screwing the latter down tight. When the jars are cold, again screw down the covers. Store in a cool place.

Rice Cups for Creamed Mixtures

Put one cup of rice over the fire in a quart or more of cold water and stir constantly until the water boils; let boil rapidly two or three minutes, drain off the water, rinse the rice in cold water and drain again. Add three cups of hot chicken broth, half a cup of tomato purée, half a teaspoonful of salt and three tablespoonfuls of butter and let cook until the rice is tender and the liquid absorbed. Pack the rice in well-buttered, individual moulds. Set aside to cool. When cold unmold and roll in beaten egg and then in sifted bread crumbs. Then with a sharp-pointed knife or small cutter make an incision in each mould of rice to form a rim about one-fourth an inch wide. Fry to a light brown color in deep fat, then remove the pieces in the center of the tops, scoop out the rice to form a perfect cup and fill with the cooked material made hot in a sauce. Tomato purée, milk or water may take the place of the broth given above.

English Crumpets

Soften a yeast cake in half a cup of lukewarm water. Add this to a cup of scalded-and-cooled milk, in which two tablespoonfuls of butter has been melted. Add also half a teaspoonful

of salt and one cup and a half of sifted bread flour. Beat the above mixture until very smooth. Then cover and set to rise. When the sponge is light, beat into it about one cup and a half of flour or enough to make a thick batter that will drop from a spoon. It should not be as firm as dough. When the mixture is again light, lift it with a spoon into buttered muffin rings set on a hot griddle. Keep the griddle of uniform heat and when the crumpets are browned on one side turn ring and all (with a spatula) to brown the other side. Crumpets when baked are about half the thickness of an English muffin baked in the same way.

Sherry Wine in Cream-of-Corn Soup

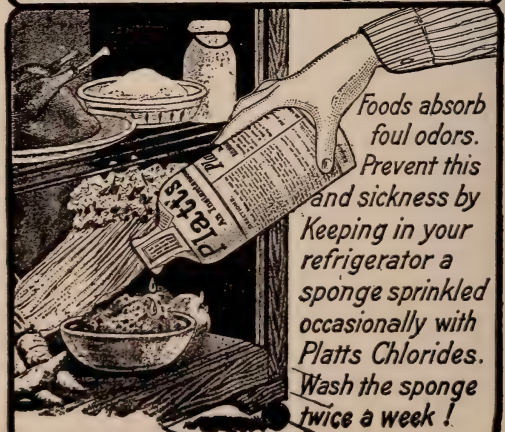
We should think two or three tablespoonfuls of sherry wine would be enough for a quart of soup.

QUERY 1375. — C. H. W., Dayton, Ohio: "I made dandelion wine by the recipe given in the May number of the magazine. Is this to be served as any other wines?"

Use of Dandelion Wine

Dandelion wine is considered as a good tonic for spring use. Do not think it would be served with cake or other sweets.

Purify your Refrigerator!





SOUPS

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are given just that "finishing touch" which makes a dish perfect, by using

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It is a perfect seasoning for all kinds of Fish, Meats, Game, Salads, Cheese, and Chafing-Dish Cooking. It gives appetizing relish to an otherwise insipid dish.

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LEGHORN, TUSCANY, ITALY

Temperance

A powerful temperance wave is sweeping over this country. It is the most effective movement of the kind for a half century. There seems to be no prospect of peace for the liquor business on this earth. The liquor merchant has reason to look forward with longing eyes to the land "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest"; but if every temperance lecture were forgotten and all memory of past agitation against the saloon blotted out a new movement would spring up against it, born of present causes.

The men who are fighting intemperance today are a new generation. The leaders are chiefly young men who, a few years ago, looked upon the old-time temperance agitator as a picturesque crank and who scoffed at the idea that they would ever become temperance agitators themselves. But here they are conducting the most stupendous campaign ever organized against the liquor traffic. What accounts for it? Why can't we have an end of temperance agitation? Is there no hope of the generation dying off? The saloon makes them. The saloon is a more faithful parent of prohibition than the church. It is not the ministers or the Anti-Saloon League that creates temperance sentiment.

Every man who staggers into his home at a late hour with his purse depleted, his brain addled and his family disgraced, creates more genuine hatred of the liquor habit in that one family than any minister would create by seventy years of preaching. The great apostles of temperance, such as John B. Gough in America and Fr. Mathew in Ireland, did not create, but only expressed the growing hatred of the drunkenness of their time. If they had not expressed it somebody else would have done so. The same is true today. — *Dr. Chalmers.*



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Dainty Dessert

Strawberry Cream.

Dissolve one 10c. package of Strawberry JELL-O in a pint of boiling water. When partly jellied pour into a mold or bowl lined with lady-fingers. When cold remove from the mold. Garnish with ripe strawberries and serve with whipped cream.

Strawberry
Cream

**You'll Want a
Second Helping of This.**

Many other recipes, some very simple, others more elaborate, will be found in our new Recipe Book with colored illustrations, showing exactly how the different desserts look when ready to serve. Mailed free on request.

Leaving its superlative goodness out of the question, JELL-O is a Most Economical Dessert.

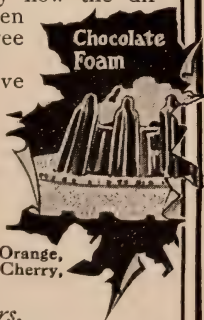
A 10c. package makes enough dessert for the family.

SEVEN FLAVORS: Lemon, Orange, Raspberry, Strawberry, Cherry, Chocolate, Peach.

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Ice Cream made with the famous Triple
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Freezer has a rich tasty smoothness found
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Woman's Wide Field

When the German Emperor says that the four K's—softened in our language to the four C's—children, clothes, cooking and church—are enough to occupy woman's attention through life, he has not narrowed her interest as much as may seem at first thought. Concern for the children must involve interest in all matters of sociology, education, occupations and industries; the matter of clothes is inclusive of many phases of industrial and technical art and craftsmanship; cooking is a science practically unlimited in its sweep through the subject of food, heat, chemistry, bacteriology, and what not; and the church opens up thought not only in the realm of religion and morality and ethics, but in that vast field of practical philanthropy and of social science that is bounded only by the limits of a lifetime. If woman really devotes herself to the four K's, her interests will be as broad as mankind.—*New Bedford Evening Standard.*

THE BEST AND LEAST COSTLY WAY TO GET CRUSHED ICE

Whenever you need cracked ice—for ice-cream, or for butter, or the sick-room—how do you get it? Do you ruin your table linen, table napkins, or your kitchen towels, smashing big chunks of ice small with an axe or a hammer, or do you crack your fingers



with the ice pick, break bowls, and such, trying to break ice in your hands? If you are trying to make crushed ice either way, you're doing it in the most cumbersome, inconvenient, troublesome, and **EXPENSIVE** way you can. And what you should have is a Little Giant Ice Crusher, then all you have to do is to place a piece of ice in the crusher, turn the handle a few times, and behold, you have the finest, cleanest, most uniform crushed ice that you could possibly have! And the first cost isn't much either—only \$7.50 for a Little Giant Ice Crusher, substantially built,—good for many years of service, convenient, easily set up and can be placed anywhere.

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See the Little Giant Ice Crusher at your dealer's—or if he hasn't one in stock, write us, giving us his name and address, and enclosing \$7.50, and we'll ship you your Little Giant Ice Crusher direct, and we'll send you our little book on the Little Giant Ice Crusher, containing some choice recipes for Sherbets and Ices. This is a really splendid recipe book—it costs us a good deal of money to prepare, yet we'll send it to you free of charge. Address

Davenport Ice Chipping Machine Company
1378 West Third Street, Davenport, Iowa.

Many persons are familiar with Sydney Smith's admirable letter to a friend who was suffering from depression, yet it is one of those letters which one may read over and over again and always receive some benefit from it. He wrote as follows:

"*Dear Lady Georgiana:* Nobody has suffered from low spirits more than I have done—so I feel for you.

"1. Live as well as you dare.

"2. Go into the shower bath with a small quantity of water at a temperature low enough to give you a slight sensation of cold, seventy-five degrees or eighty degrees.

"3. Amusing books.

"4. Short views of human life—not further than dinner or tea.

"5. Be as busy as you can.

"6. See as much as you can of those friends who respect and like you.

"7. And of those acquaintances who amuse you.

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Oven Thermometer
Makes Baking Easy



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Every Kalamazoo Gas Stove and Range is of the **Very Highest Quality**—you could not get higher quality—even by paying many times our price direct-to-you. And you cannot get our many **exclusive, convenient, practical** features in gas ranges on any other gas range than a **Kalamazoo**.



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Remember that our reputation for **Quality** is behind every gas stove or range we make just as it is with over 100,000 coal and wood Kalamazoo Stoves and Ranges now in use all over America. Please yourself by getting this book. As we have a catalog for coal and wood stoves be careful to ask for **Gas Range Catalog No. 800.**

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Stove
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**Lighting Oven and
Broiler Burner with
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Easiest to Keep Clean



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Send me your **Gas
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ware—the brand of silver plate famous for more than half a century. Sold by leading dealers everywhere.

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MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.
(International Silver Co., Successor)
Meriden, Conn.

NEW YORK CHICAGO
SAN FRANCISCO
HAMILTON, CANADA

"8. Make no secret of low spirits to your friends, but talk of them freely — they are always worse for dignified concealment.

"9. Attend to the effects tea and coffee produce upon you.

"10. Compare your lot with that of other people.

"11. Don't expect too much from human life — a sorry business at the best.

"12. Avoid poetry, dramatic representations (except comedy), music, serious novels, melancholy, sentimental people, and everything likely to excite feeling or emotion not ending in active benevolence.

"13. Do good, and endeavor to please everybody of every degree.

"14. Be as much as you can in the open air without fatigue.

"15. Make the room where you commonly sit gay and pleasant.

"16. Struggle by little and little against idleness.

"17. Don't be too severe upon yourself, or underrate yourself, but do yourself justice.

"18. Keep good, blazing fires.

"19. Be firm and constant in the exercise of rational religion.

"20. Believe me, dear Lady Georgiana,

"Very truly yours,

"SYDNEY SMITH."

A wealthy Irish lady, whose summer home is situated near a garrison town in Ireland, once sent an invitation to Captain Armstrong to take tea with her, saying, "that the pleasure of Captain Armstrong's company is respectfully requested," etc. To her astonishment she received by an orderly the following note: "Enlisted men Jones and Smith have been detailed to do guard duty, but the remainder of Captain Armstrong's company accept with pleasure Mrs. Weyler's polite invitation." — *Argonaut*.

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BOSTON TO
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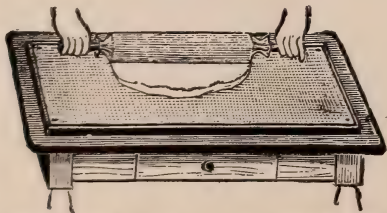
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The Youngs had unexpectedly dropped in on the Baileys just as dinner was about to be served. The hostess, considerably disturbed, called her little daughter Helen aside, and explained that there would not be enough oysters to go around, and added: "Now, you and I will just have some of the broth, and please do not make any fuss about it at the table." Little Helen promised to remember and say nothing. But, when the oysters were served, Helen discovered a small oyster in her plate, which had accidentally been ladled up with her broth. This puzzled the little girl, as she could not recall any instructions covering this contingency. After studying a few moments, she dipped the oyster up with her spoon, and, holding it up as high as she could, piped out, "Mamma, mamma, shouldn't Mrs. Young have this oyster, too?"

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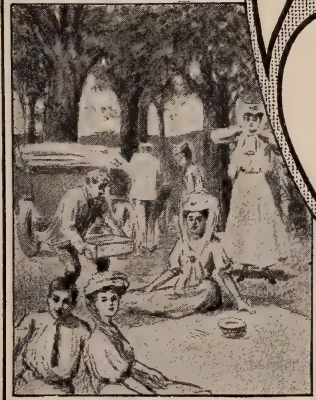


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How Lady Betty was Captured

Concluded from page 21

what came just one hundred years later, when the United Colonies broke from British rule.

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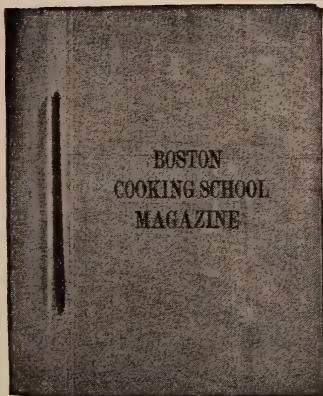
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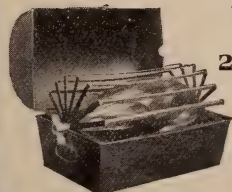
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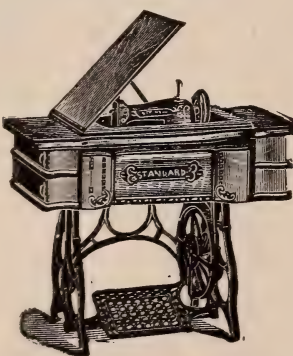
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—*Christian Register.*

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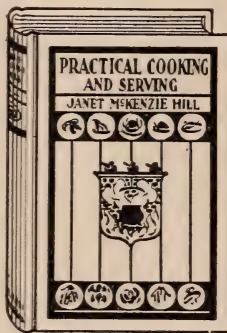
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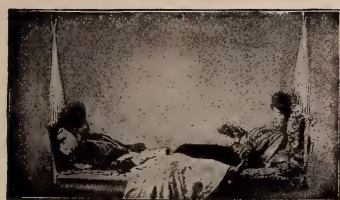
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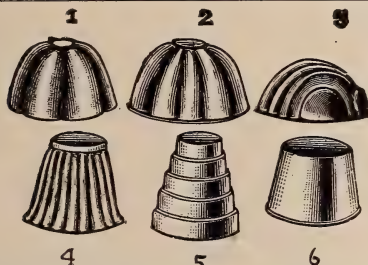
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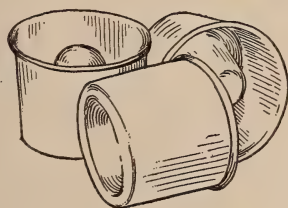
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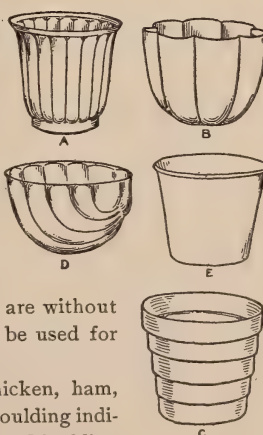
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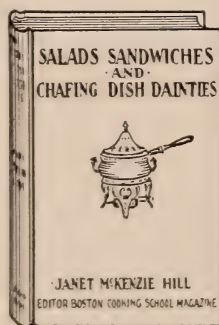
Salads, Sandwiches and Chafing-dish Dainties

By Mrs. JANET MCKENZIE HILL, Editor The Boston Cooking-School Magazine

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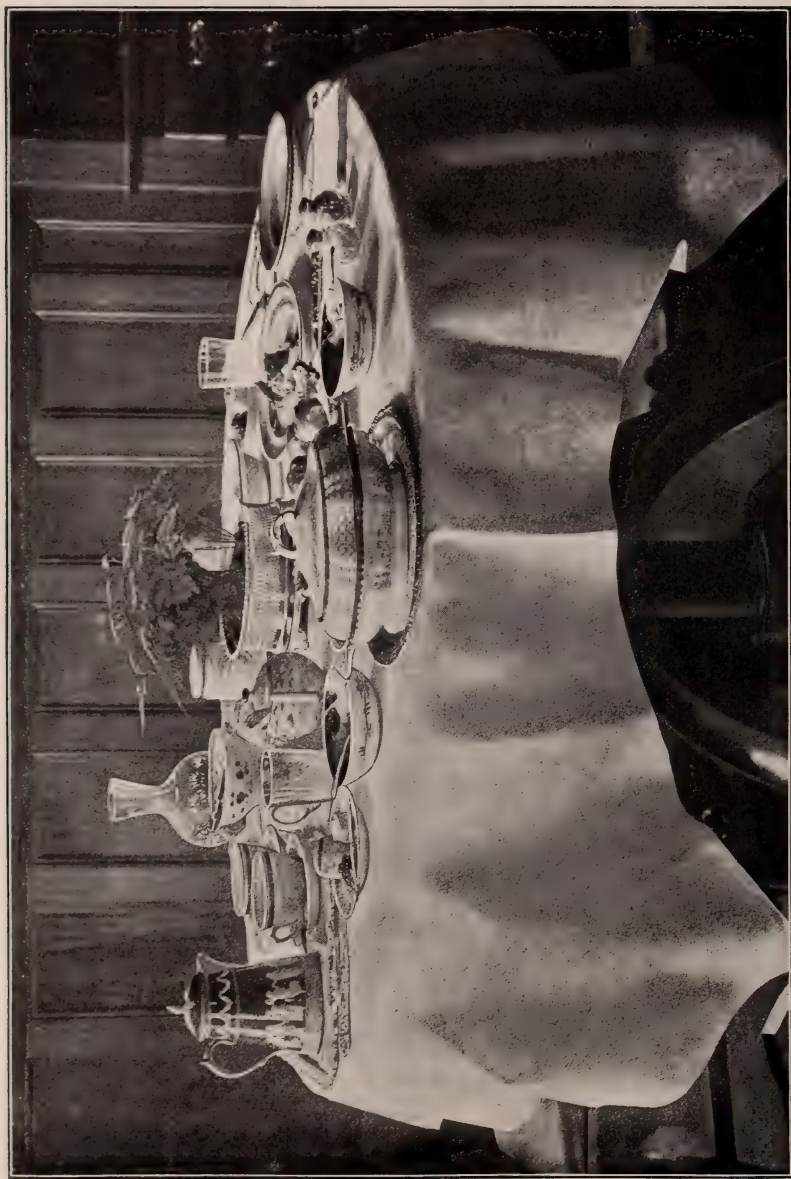
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Baked-Bean Salad
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Green-Pea Salad
Potato-and-Sardine Salad
Cold Hard-Cooked Eggs
Veal Loaf, Sliced Thin
Cold Baked Chicken
Cold Chicken or Beefsteak Pie
Cold Boiled Ox Tongue, Sliced Thin
Sardines, Lemon Quarters
Sardine-and-Egg Sandwiches
Deviled Ham Sandwiches
Bacon Sandwiches
Noisette Sandwiches
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Brookline Biscuit
Lady Finger Rolls
Entire-Wheat Bread
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BREAKFAST TABLE LAID "FOR TWO." THE CEREAL HAS BEEN SERVED, AND THE DISHES SET TO ONE SIDE. THE REST OF THE MENU IS LAMB CHOPS, POTATOES, BISCUITS, COLD BREAD, MARMALADE, COFFEE

The Boston Cooking-School Magazine

VOL. XIII

AUGUST-SEPTEMBER, 1908

No. 2



AT BREAKFAST HOUR

The Kitchen of Today

By Helen Le Roy

THE kitchen of today differs materially from the kitchen of long ago. The twentieth-century housewife realizes fully the importance of seemingly minor details; in making the kitchen a habitable apartment, and

in planning the home, she gives much thought and study to situation and appointments. Modern architecture achieves its greatest triumph in bettering things that for generations past have been faulty. The successful

architect is one who remedies little evils, which, without careful thought, lurk unnoticed and become blighting influences to the comfort and home spirit so eagerly sought for today.

The situation of the kitchen is important. A northern exposure is most desirable; this apartment will be cooler and more conducive to comfort if it has no southern window. The little sun needed can readily be obtained from eastern or western windows, or from a window towards the north, which gives a steady light. A large window facing the south is all very well for the living-room, where the bright warm rays of the sun are desirable, but they find no welcome place in the kitchen, where the busy housewife cooks and cleans and where cool air is refreshing. Proper ventilation is, of course, essential. Windows on opposite sides of the room permit of a cross draft, which will air the room thoroughly, and, when possible, the windows should be so arranged.

Careful thought should be given to the arrangement of shelves, the position and space the range is to occupy, and the most convenient place for the sink. These appointments are most important, and should be attended to before determining the treatment of walls, ceiling and floor.

A tiled floor is always attractive, non-absorbent and easily cleaned. Glazed tiles are more sanitary than unglazed ones, and are prettiest in shades of buff. Marble mosaic, terrazzo, and the granolithic floor, with basis of cement, are also much employed, and have the advantage of being less expensive. Like tiles, however, they have the disadvantage of being cold to stand upon.

Within the last few years an effort has been made to produce a floor material of fireproof character that would have some of the elastic property of wood, and several materials, such as lignolith, monolith and asbestolith, have been put upon the market.



CAKE-MAKING



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These are all a patent composition of wood fiber and plaster, put on in a plastic condition, much as plaster is, and then troweled down and polished. These are made in various colors, and have the advantage of having no joints or cracks wherein dust can collect. Unfortunately, however, the surface wears with use, and requires revarnishing and repolishing much as a wooden floor does, but not so often.

The well-laid, rift-sawn, hard pine wood floor still finds favor with many. Well oiled and washed frequently, it does not crack or make open seams. Care should be taken, however, that the boards be sawn rift, as any other kind shortly means a slivering floor, which, above all things, should be avoided. The question of flooring is most perplexing, and is most satisfactorily decided when it is left to the mistress of the house.

The treatment of the kitchen walls is important. Wall paper, as a general rule, should not be used, although

covered with a coat of shellac, which permits of its being wiped and kept clean, it is sometimes employed. Oil-cloth of a tiled pattern, used in conjunction with linoleum as a floor covering, gives the appearance of a tiled kitchen at a small outlay of money and has found favor with many. This also admits of frequent wiping down, which prevents it from looking soiled and grimy.

A pretty wall treatment is of hard cement plaster applied to metal lath and finished to a smooth surface. This is often done in grooved lines, resembling tiles. After it is dried, it is treated to several coats of white lead and oil paint, and a final coat of enamel paint.

Perhaps the most effective treatment is the one least expensive. Oil, mixed with varnish, rubbed into the walls, gives them a pretty tone of light yellow, and each successive coat turns them a trifle darker. The finish becomes darker after a time, and it is

well to remember this, so as not to have your walls too dark at first. Varnish added to oil makes a surface that can be washed and that steam will not discolor.

Now as to the range and sink. The location of the chimney decides the former. If one is particular in regard to the smell of cooking, a hood, connected with the ventilating flue, can be placed over the range; or a register in the chimney, near the ceiling, will do just as well, but care must be taken that it surely connects with the ventilating flue, which is obtained by building an iron smokepipe inside the brick flue, and utilizing the space about the smokepipe as a ventilating shaft. The air, brought into contact with the smokepipe, is thus warmed, and there is always a good upward draft.

The sink should always occupy the space where there is plenty of light. Between two windows or under a window are ideal locations. In the

latter case care must be taken to have the space between the window and sink from fourteen to fifteen inches. Do not set the sink too low, or a person washing dishes will be required to stoop over, thus straining the back. Two feet eight inches is the average height of the sink, although some prefer to have it a few inches higher.

Porcelain, enameled iron, soapstone or slate are the materials of which the sink should be constructed. Of these, porcelain is the most expensive. It is also the most attractive, with its pure white coloring, high glaze, freedom from cracks, and absence of sharp corners; all these make it most desirable.

Second in importance is enameled iron. This is nearly as good as porcelain and very much resembles it. The enamel is applied in such a way that it does n't wear off, and only the roughest usage will nick it.

Slate, a close-grained, dark slate,



HAVING EVERYTHING HANDY



SHOWING OLD-TIME RUGS

such as Monson Maine slate, makes very desirable sinks; they are easily kept clean and wear well. Shelves of slate, placed on either side or at both ends of the sink, grooved to drain into it, are better than wood, are inexpensive, and can be obtained of any length desired. It is well to have a slate back for both sink and shelves.

Careful attention should be given to the planning of an easily accessible place for pots, kettles and other utensils, also for various foodstuffs, as flour, meal and cereals. While the majority of housewives have closets specially built to contain these different things, yet there are some, and year by year the number is swelling, who apply the laboratory system to their own kitchens, and use glass jars, set on open glass shelves, for their stores, and glass shelves and metal hooks for pots and kettles. Glass has the advantage of being easily cleaned, thus rendering it sanitary. It also possesses a second advantage, as it enables one

to tell at a glance when the stores are getting low, whereas boxes generally get low before one thinks to carefully examine them.

Narrow shelves are preferable, as they occupy less space, and do not afford an opportunity for overcrowding, as is often done, if the shelves are wide. Some prefer to have their shelves enclosed in a dresser in the kitchen or in a closet opening from the kitchen. This latter device is generally fitted with open shelves, cupboards and drawers. About three feet from the floor is a broad shelf known as the counter-shelf, fitted with hinges so that it may be lifted up. Below this shelf are drawers and a cupboard just large enough to hold a barrel of flour. A definite place for each and every thing is necessary, as it prevents confusion when one is in a hurry and wishes to use some certain thing.

Each housewife has her own ideas as to the arrangement of various utensils. Some use the closet for this purpose;

others insist that the pans hang on separate hooks and not be jumbled together. One housewife of my acquaintance has solved this question very satisfactorily. She has had a shallow closet built, the thickness of the partition, which she has fitted with a series of racks, very similar to those found on the backs of church pews, which hold the covers of various sauce-pans. Underneath are hooks on which the pans are hung, bottom side out. This, my friend claims, keeps them

One or two tables are necessary, and the size of the same should be in proportion to the surroundings. The old-fashioned wooden table is still much employed, and, covered with oilcloth, serves its purpose well. It is far better, however, to have a marble or glass-top table, as these tops can be removed and thoroughly cleaned. Drawers beneath the table are very handy to hold towels, knives, spoons and other useful articles. The legs of the table should be sturdy, and set squarely on



THE LUNCHEON HOUR

free from soot and dirt, and they are always ready for immediate use.

Sometimes the space beneath the dresser is used for this purpose. A kitchen cabinet is handy, and can be so constructed as to be within the means of the most limited purse. It affords ample space for the convenient arrangement of pots, kettles, etc.

Now as regards the kitchen furniture.

The floor. Rubber supports prevent slipping, and should always be used.

Chairs seem indispensable, and yet, as a rule, there is but little room for them. They should be of strong material and simple in design. Rocking-chairs are a nuisance, stuffed chairs are dust-collectors, and both are unnecessary and undesirable in this apartment.

The refrigerator, while not distinctly a part of the kitchen furniture, should always be placed near at hand. A porch, or better still a closet, leading from the kitchen, is a good spot for its location. A shelf above it for the placing of food, while the refrigerator is being cleaned, is handy, and saves many steps for the busy housewife.

Many and varied are the labor-saving devices that have been ingeniously contrived. Among them may be mentioned a little cupboard, which can be easily constructed in the thickness of an ordinary partition, for the storing of the ironing-board. The board can be pivoted at its larger end about three feet from the floor, so that, when it is pushed up, it will fit in snugly and just escape touching the ceiling. The leg

may be held in an upright position, when the board is not in use, by a spring at the bottom, which pushes out and forms a support when the board is in use.

The women of today are beginning to realize the importance of the kitchen and its appointments, and, in the course of a few years, doubtless many more improvements will be noted and put into effect. It is an apartment that should be designed with as much care as any room in the house. It is not a place where practical devices can be aimlessly thrust; it is not a left-over space, unworthy of thought and consideration; it is the spot where the mistress of the home spends many hours each day, and it should, therefore, be pleasantly and commodiously arranged.

Where the Sky is Round

By Avery Abbott

IT was told me once that a tenebment dweller, taken into the country for an outing, looked all about her and then said, wistfully, "I have never seen the sky before where it was round."

Now, when the opal haze is wavering over the hills and summer, Cleopatra-like, turns back for one last flaunting of her charms, is the time to run away from man-made streets, which cut heaven into segments, and on some hilltop see "the sky where it is round."

We went a-gypsying the other day, two or three of us. It is only a high, sandy ridge, with a ragged mantle of undergrowth, from which the trees have been cut away, where we go to see God's heaven. The grass, cropped short by cattle, is dry and scant, but, when the sumac spreads crimsoning fronds against the dull copper and gold

of the hazel bushes, we ask no fairer spot.

We like to have a man or two of the party when we go a-gypsying, especially at this time of the year. Not that we are "timid" ladies — have you noticed how that word is dropping out of use since timidity has gone out of fashion? — nor that women fail to be the most companionable of creatures, but the mood of autumn takes too poignant a hold upon the emotionally attuned feminine temperament. Women look off to the blue distances and grow dreamy. They loiter over the tinting of a leaf or the babyish curl of a tendril, until the Indian summer languor has them in its embrace and the planned-for goal looks far away and difficult of attainment.

But a man loves obstacles; his ambition mounts at sight of a definite

end in view. How contagious is the enthusiasm with which he starts off, a lunch basket on one arm, a rough staff for aid, and yet, somehow, a free hand to steady you down one side of the railroad cut and pull you up the other! There are barbed wire fences to roll under or crawl through, and a man seems to have an instinct for loose wires and missing staples; while, when he spreads his coat over the barbs to protect bothersome skirts, I always think of Sir Walter Raleigh and the queen. I can fairly feel my Elizabethan ruff tickle my ears.

There is more of the courtier carefully concealed about most men than they like to let you discover, and their inherent knighthood comes out best, when their feet are on the earth they sprung from and overhead "the sky is round."

So, as I was saying, we like to have a man or two of the party. It was a brooding day when we went last,—a day of pale gray hush with air of moist warm softness. The railroad track had such an edging of blossoms as used to border the path that led up to your grandmother's door. Only grandmother had zinnias and phlox and sweet-williams, and here was the yellow foam of the golden rod, white flecks of ageratum, and the bowing plumes of the wild aster, from faintest lavender to passionate purple. Such a witchery of color to walk through! and how infinitely more satisfying are these flowers in their waywardness than the ones we plant and cultivate and train.

I love wild flowers as I love natural, original, self-unconscious people. I wonder how much of the piquance and flavor is pinched out of an individuality by an old-fashioned and indefatigable "raising"? And as for the amount of apathy or inward rebellion that results—but we won't discuss that. The attempt to run human personalities into approximately the same

mould always reminds me of the market gardener's method of pruning grapevines and tying them up to stakes. Thus treated they will produce a uniform yield of fruit of fine size and of "excellent shipping quality," as the catalogues put it, but what a travesty upon the vine that nature intended should cling and curl in vagrant beauty above its pendent clusters! The fruit might as well be borne upon the stakes to which it is tied. But all this is sadly non-utilitarian.

It is only when men crowd together that they begin to find it necessary to sacrifice beauty. Left to herself for the briefest time, Nature will burst into some utterly irresponsible loveliness. She would as soon strew flowers in the path of a shrieking locomotive as before the feet of a bridal party. In the same way she throws a visible glory about death; crowns it with color, wraps it out of sight.

Already the "neck-o'-the-woods" which comes down to meet the railroad track is dropping russet leaves, but the bare tree trunks are twisted about with scarves of scarlet ivy. The man stopped us to look long and silently; then we went on across the elastic turf of wide, rolling pastures, and down into the ravine, which marks the beginning of the climb to our heaven-kissing hill.

It was good to reach the top, tired and panting a little; to drop down upon the dry grass and look off to the end of the world. How many of us are there who are so grown up that we can actually feel that the earth is spherical? Even now, when I look off to the far, misty rim of the horizon, I have the same desire to run to the edge and look over that used to come up with a queer, delightful flutter under the front of my long-sleeved gingham pinafore; for I was a child who conjured up things, my practical mother used to say. They were usually things utterly upsetting to plain,

New England common sense; they held a flavor of paganism and a strong preference for believing instead of knowing.

And believing comes easy as we look down over the billowing hills, golden brown, skirted or crested with darker masses of trees and shimmering out of sight, at last, in the veiled blueness of the sky. Here and there is a splash of tender emerald where some low-lying ground has renewed its spring-like green; the trees are beginning to hint at the autumn wine in their veins, which the first night of frost will let loose in a revel of color; and between the curves of forest and hill glimpses the river, reflecting the trees dimly, like lingering memories.

Only the church spires and the gray tower of the courthouse show where the town lies, off to the right; and the notes of the clock chime, at which we are wont to rail as out of tune, come filtered through three miles of Indian summer haze, purified to a quite celestial quality.

"A quarter of five," says the school-ma'am of the party. "If we are going to get those sweet potatoes roasted —." But the man is already seated, Turk fashion, upon the ground constructing a little heap of twigs, which looks like an inverted crow's nest, and when the first hopeful, red wisps of flame falter and seem undecided, how we shield it with our skirts on one side and fan it with newspapers on the other, delivering suggestions as diverse as they are voluble, while the man serenely proceeds to make the fire burn according to his own theories.

It always does burn, tentatively at first, but soon rousing to an inspiring crackle. Then we hollow out in the light soil a little nest for the potatoes and put them snugly to bed on warm cinders with blankets of hazel leaves, adding a coverlet of earth before the fire is raked back over them and they are left to grow mellow and sweet, as people are expected to do in the fur-

nace of adversity. Though, in my experience, the alembic fires cannot be depended upon to produce at all the effect they should, but, perhaps, some of the people I have known were not a very good variety of potatoes to begin with.

What an eternal and protean fascination there is in fire, especially if it be a fire which we have made ourselves of wood we have picked up and brought together! Is it atavism that sends that half-tender, half-piquant, altogether witching thrill through our veins as we sit upon the ground and watch the orange tongues lick through the slender twigs, the heavier branches settle together and the coals film over with ashes? The smoke hangs in the air like incense; the far-away landscape dances as we see it through the shimmer of the heat; the warmth is stimulating, delicious.

When the first ardor of the fire has burned down a bit we are going to broil a chicken; that is, the man will broil a chicken. If a man likes to cook, be it indoors or out, by all means indulge him, when it is possible to do so. With a woman cooking is a duty; with a man it is a rite. He will bring to bear upon it precisely the same grave and complete absorption that he would give to founding a government. A woman flirts with a skillet and trifles recklessly with the awful art of bread-making. There have been times when my spirit has risen in wrath against my sex because, though women have had the preparation of most of the food for centuries, all the great chefs are men; then I remember the small schoolboy who requested that Bridget, instead of his mother, should pack his lunch basket, "because Bridget has a better appetite." There lies woman's complete vindication from the crime of careless cookery. Generations of circumscribed activity have deprived her of man's vital interest in the result.

And this man is no exception to the rule. He tends his broiler with the fervor of an acolyte, and by the time the embers have seared the delicate meat to precisely the right shade of golden brown, just spiced with wood smoke, we wake up the potatoes to find them piping to be eaten.

We spread our table upon the very crest of the ridge, or rather shake out a cloth upon the grass and seat ourselves upon the same level. We are no sooner settled than a cautious rustling in the hazel brush draws nearer from all sides. The cattle that graze upon the hills are coming to see what these strange human beings are doing around this dancing, red brightness. They form a respectful circle about us and gaze at us with deep, imperturbable eyes. What do they think, I wonder? Or do they think at all? Be sure they do, for there is a sleek red mother who is careful to keep her frisky nursling on the other side out of harm's way. It is only maternal instinct, yet how many of us hold that one of the highest gifts God grants to women. Truly, the threads are inextricable which hold together all this marvelous universe.

The sun went down behind the veil of the temple, but a tenderer glory marked his passing. Faint and frail, the tints of rose and wan violet stole across the sky. Such opal and pearl and hyacinth! Like strains of half-forgotten music, all the sweeter for their evasiveness.

The night spreads round about us and folds us in. Tremulous, white points, the stars come through. We lay fresh branches upon our camp-fire and gather about its flaring glow. From all the damp hollows where the mists creep come small, purring insect voices. The heaven above looks very near, and very kind.

Even the filaments of lightning that dart occasionally across the cloud-banks at the north only increase our

sense of the glory and mystery of this night. But as the flashes increase and low mutterings reach us we remember that after all we are, by force of long habit, house dwellers, and we scatter the brands of our dying fire and go trailing down the hill toward the glimmering lights of the town. We are meekly glad now to follow in the wake of the man as he breaks a way through the rough brush tangles and skirmishes around in the dark, in imminent peril of savage barbs, for the only gap in the railroad fence.

After all it is the man of out-of-doors and not the carpet knight who is the true squire of dames. Social polish has its admirable uses, there is virtue in a dress suit and the latest way of shaking hands, and far be it from me to decry those refinements which the human being takes on as life grows more complex: but when the stern fingers of reality strip life of its trappings, the man to whom a woman turns with unerring instinct is the man whom choice or circumstance has kept close to the great primordial forces; the man who has ridden round and round the herd under the violet, star-pricked night; the man who has gone down into the earth and delved in the black silences; the man who holds the lives of hundreds with unswerving eye and ready hand at the throttle; the man whose feet have trod the furrow and who has smelled the freshness of the morning. It is to such a man that a woman turns with unreasoning trust when the elemental needs of life press home.

And "so unto the man is woman." The hands that are not too dimpled to wash the dishes and put the house to rights, and are yet soft to soothe away a tired man's headache; the arms that yearn over little children; the feet that go cheerfully on the thousand interlacing paths which bind a home together,—these make the hope and trust and rest of the world. More

and more in this glad new generation are we coming to honor the people who do things.

As we emerged upon the upland pastures the storm clouds were marching across the sky. The air was full of that weird, electric thrill which always gives a strange feeling of buoyancy, as if one could disdain the staid, old law of gravity and go a-swimming in the air. The piling thunder-heads seemed to open and close, when it lightened, like massive gates guarding an inner effulgence unbearable to human eyes.

By the time we had reached the outlying sidewalks, which begin modestly with two planks, the first

fat blobs of rain came spitting down. We made a run for it in the open spaces, slacking a little to catch breath, where the trees furnished partial shelter or when laughter threatened to deprive us of breath entirely. I had taken off my hat for coolness, and by the time we clattered up on to the home porch shoes were "squdging" and hair dripping.

Catch cold? Not a bit of it! Catch cold, indeed! when the dancing blood is tingling to the ends of one's fingers and you can go to bed with that delicious, simmery feeling which nothing but a good day's gypsying can bring, and sleep the clock around.

The Feud of the Slop-Hunters

By Lee McCrae

SEVEN little negro boys were setting out for their morning tramp over Red Mountain to the city of Birmingham in search of slop for their pigs.

"Whut you call yo' peeg, Lige?" questioned Popsy Milsap, as he put one big bucket inside of another and balanced them easily upon his woolly head.

"Why, mammy she done say I couldn' raise no peeg; dat all I can raise am a rumpus," answered Lige, with a wide grin. "So I jes' 'cluded I'd call him Rumpus, so he sho' git raised."

"Den I bettah call mine a hulla-baloo," laughed Tommy Tyree.

"An' I calls mine de debbil," put in 'Lias Hitt.

No laughter. Awful silence greeted this. Then Johnsie Evert cried, wrathfully:

"No, you doan'! We doan' 'low no sich wickedness as dat in Ishkooda!

It'd sho' bring us bad luck. You got a decent peeg, you got ter gib it a decent name, you brack piece ob meanness! You heah?" and with that he shook the wicked 'Lias till he dropped his lard pail and cried for mercy, while the rest of the slop boys circled round, beating their empty buckets in approval of Johnsie's efforts to maintain the town morals. Then they started on down the steep slope as though nothing had happened.

"You heah whut de preachah preach 'bout yestiddy?" asked Sammy Suttles of no one in particular. "De bottomless pit he done talk so much erbout? I couldn' mek out jes whut he mean it wuz perzactly, but I jes thought dat am a good name fo' mah ol' razorback peeg. I'se gwine call him de Bottomless Pit 'cause he nevah git filled up."

Howls of delight greeted this; then it was Popsy's turn:

"I'se got a *big* name fo' mah ol'

peeg. I axed daddy las' night whut wuz de bigges' name he knowed an' he say de bigges' name he knowed am Gustus Ceasam, an' Gustus Ceasam, he say, wuz onct de presdunt uv dis yere whol' country!"

Ah, but Popsy swelled with pride over this display of parental knowledge! He frequently reminded the boys that his daddy was "de cornstable uv Ishkooda," but this was a new feather for his cap. However, it gave 'Gustus Suttles a chance to swell with pride, also, as he exclaimed, "Why, dat *mah* name!"

"Aw, de Suttleses an' de Ceasams am two diffunt famblies, you little idjit!" cried Popsy, unwilling to share the glory.

"Well, de presdunt an' de peeg an' me all got one *fust* name," protested 'Gustus.

"I tink daddy say de presdunt am daid," Popsy went on solemnly. "But—well—'taint eberybody hab a peeg named fo' him, so youse—Hello! Whut dem Todhuntahs got, d'ye s'pose?"

Toiling up the hill came two colored girls, Roosha and Pearl May Todhunter. Roosha was laboriously pushing a dilapidated baby buggy, while the smaller sister carried on her head a huge pail filled to overflowing with table scraps and potato peelings.

Now the women and girls of the negro settlement were allowed—indeed, were expected—to carry all sorts of loads and do all kinds of work; but the Seven had always had a monopoly of the city slop business.

The Todhunters had but recently moved over from the factory district, so they were not aware of this.

"I bet dey's a-totin' slop," whispered Lige as they drew near.

"Hello, you alls!" cried Sammy, with the air of one who enjoys opening hostilities.

"Hello," answered the Todhunters

timidly. They were very much in awe of their new neighbors.

"Whar you been?" demanded Popsy.

"None uv yo' business!" retorted Roosha, trying vainly to get the baby buggy by unnoticed.

"Whut you alls got in dere?" cried Sammy, jerking at the faded cheese-cloth covering.

"None uv yo'—" Before Roosha could finish the cheese-cloth was upon the ground and the boys, dancing around the cart like so many Apaches, hooted derisively at the two big lard cans filled with slop that reposed in the depths of the buggy.

"Mighty funny baby you got in dere! Twins, ha, ha!" yelled the merciless Sammy.

This was more than flesh and blood could stand. Roosha, stooping to pick up the bedraggled cloth, also grabbed a stone with her other hand and hurled it recklessly into the mob. Instantly every little negro threw down his bucket and prepared for war. But Roosha, quicker than they, was off with her cart, never so much as glancing back, while Pearl May came screaming on, vainly dodging the stones that flew after them.

The battle was short and sharp. When the Todhunters were out of reach, Popsy exclaimed, "Aw, quit yo' fightin' girls! Dey ain' wuth fightin', nohow!"

Thus the storm subsided; but all the way into town the boys aired their opinions of girls in general, and the Todhunters in particular.

"We'll cut 'em out uv de slop business all right," declared Lige Massey. "Dey's jes thievin' de stuff frum ouah peegs, dem ol' slop huntahs!"

There were shrieks of laughter at this apt play upon the hated name. So, with their usual good humor uppermost at last, the boys separated at the first avenue, each going to his "whi' folks' house" for the garbage saved up for him.

Sometimes they waited for one another on the return trip; but usually they straggled back, for often one was fortunate enough to get a job of work at some house by which he earned "a piece ob money" or something good to eat, which he liked even better. This time Sammy Suttles was asked by a coachman to help him catch a loose horse, thereby earning a pair of glisteny harness buckles, for which he had no earthly use except to dazzle the eyes of the other boys.

So half an hour late, Sammy was trudging over the mountain alone. On his head was the big lard can filled to the brim with dish-watery slop, greasy and rank from long standing. But he whistled as he walked, beating the roadside weeds with a stick and merrily jingling the buckles with the other hand.

In one place the road had been cut sharply through the hill, and high at the sides rose great gray boulders, among which vines and briars clambered in reckless fashion. It was a beautiful spot. It was also a beautiful hiding place for one on mischief bent.

As the unsuspecting Sammy drew near, a huge, well-aimed rock flew from this vantage ground. There was no time to lift his hands or even to dodge. The rock struck the can with furious force. It toppled heavily, pouring its slimy mass upon him from head to foot.

Bruised and choking with rage, poor Sammy could do nothing to avenge himself, but awful were the threats he made as he picked the meat rinds out of his wool and wiped the greasy water from his face with a tattered shirt sleeve.

"It's all up wid dem Slophuntahs now. We'll jes dribe 'em frum de town, an' we'll smash eberyting dey got. We sho' will."

And all day long he kept adding to these dire predictions, while he racked his brain to think of something to

do right off, urged on, no doubt, by the piteous squealing of the "Bottomless Pit" for the food that never arrived.

Behold him that night, as soon as the flickering light went out in the Todhunter home, creeping up to the rear of the cabin and cautiously trundling off the rickety baby buggy. A short distance away he stopped, threw his weight upon the frail craft, which collapsed easily, and then ran guiltily off, leaving the wreck in the road.

Now Sammy had done some pretty mean things, but the Ishkooda negroes were, as a rule, a law-abiding lot, and he knew better than to breathe a hint of this act of vengeance. Yet his anger was by no means spent, and while the Seven were tramping over the mountain the next morning, he kept begging the boys to "do sussin" to put the Todhunter girls out of business.

All of a sudden, as they came to the gray boulders, another big rock was hurled from the thicket, falling close but hitting no one. For a moment the pickaninnies stood speechless; then, dropping their buckets, they flew up the steep bank, crying, "Catch 'em! Chunk 'em! Chunk 'em! Dem ol' Slophuntahs!"

Around and around, over and among the rocks they swarmed, all to no purpose. The arch enemy had vanished. Reluctantly they went back to their buckets in the road; but hardly had they started when they heard a shrill "Yi-yi-yi!" from the cliffs high above them. There, outlined against the sky, stood, *not* a Todhunter, but Ida Tyree, shaking both fists and screaming derisively:

"I'll learn that greasy Sammy Suttles to call me 'Cross Ida' jes 'cause I'se cross-eyed! I teachd him yes-tiddy all right! Tell 'em how slop tastes, Sammy! Yi-yi-yi!"

There was a wild chorus of answers

from all the boys, except Sammy. Alas! the smashed baby buggy did *not* belong to the vengeful 'Cross Ida." A wave of remorse swept over the repentant pickaninny, and all the way into town he hung his head for very shame, though wild horses could not have drawn a confession from him.

The boys had barely reached the shelter of the white folks' barns, when a terrific storm burst over the mountains. The rain fell in torrents, washing great gullies in the red soil of the hills and sending great rocks crashing down the slopes. Over in the valley, where the town, Ishkooda, nestled so peacefully in the shelter of the pines and overhanging cliffs, there was anything but peace now. For the brook that usually slipped through the settlement with scarcely a murmur had turned into an angry viper, writhing its way among the cabins, carrying off everything it could reach.

The men were mostly away at their work in the mines, but the women and children rushed about frantically, trying to save their precious belongings. It was a wildly exciting scene. Each little ravine seemed doing its best to aid the destructive brook, and long after the rain ceased the waters still came pouring down from the hills.

Rescues were many and thrilling. Laughable incidents and narrow escapes caused shriek after shriek to rise from the excited populace. In

the midst of it the slop boys arrived, breathless, and also slopless, from their race over the mountain. They knew what that flood of rain meant in Ishkooda. They were just in time to hear old, fat Pinkie Jackson scream, "Looky yondah! Looky yondah!" and to see Roosha Todhunter wading out of the stream and carrying in her arms Sammy Suttles' razorback pig, the "Bottomless Pit."

Now the lazy Sammy had built his pig pen on the very edge of the sleepy brook, to save himself carrying water, and in this time of wrath the poor pig could not break out of his high bars. It was all but drowned, when Roosha discovered it and bravely waded in.

Just as the crowd began to cheer her strength failed, she slipped in the soft mud, and she and the pig rolled over and over together. There was no danger, so everybody howled with laughter. All except Sammy. It was *her* baby buggy that he had smashed.

In twelve hours' time the brook had gotten over its rage, Roosha had been arrayed in clean clothes, borrowed from her sister, and the "Bottomless Pit" was happy in a new pen; but out under an old weeping willow tree was the repentant Sammy, praying fervently:

"O good Lawd, 'scuse me fo' mah meanness, an' he'p me ter think uv sussin nice to do ter git eben wid dem Slophuntahs! Jes dis onct, good Lawd; jes dis onct!"

Lake Winnepesaukee

"Yon hill's red crown,
Of old, the Indian trod,
And through the sunset air looked down
Upon the Smile of God.
He saw these mountains in the light
Which now across them shines;
This lake, in summer sunset bright,
Walled round with sombering pines."

Courting Parlors

By Kate Gannett Wells

SINCE the hall bedroom exists, its antithesis should be the "courting parlor," for human nature loves to go in twos. Summers are short-lived, winter evenings long, and life is lonely if one has never been loved, but also life is expectant, for one always may be loved. And so, here and there, churches for the people have dared to let it be known they provide courting parlors, that awakening love may find itself rejected or accepted. All honor to such a church, which meets the facts and tendencies of human nature by devising honorable ways for finding out whether or not it is worth while to "keep company."

Yet courting parlors are spitefully or jealously frowned upon by those who presumably would never have any occasion to use them, and also by those whose homes offer such varied occasions for courting that they cannot comprehend how any girl can lack opportunities in the same line. If the latter kind of women had ever rented hall bedrooms in a lodging house, minus a common parlor, they would understand better that narrowness of life which makes it difficult for an honest-minded man or woman even to start on getting acquainted.

It is the starter that is wanted, and that starter is what the social side of church life provides in its large open parlors, stale crackers and weak tea. From them to a game of backgammon or parlor croquet, a ramble round the parlor and a sitting down, unexpected like, just by chance, in a little alcove, and getting into friendly chat for five minutes or an hour, and then happening to get up again and wander about the rooms, with no one to poke fun at you or no policeman

to tell you to "move on." And the next night it just happens accidentally again, and so it goes on happening, until you either get tired of each other, or you don't, and the curtain looped to one side is dropped and you look love into each other's eyes — just a happening. But that is courting. Such a providential provision for the regulation of capricious affection is this alcove! Without it one might either have missed an offer or have accepted it on such slight acquaintance that she began on her lifelong mistake.

Of course, in summer, alcoves do not count. Park benches, beneath spreading trees, are better, but, in winter, one cannot go a-courting out of doors, and keepers of cheap, respectable boarding houses and lodging houses think they cannot afford to set aside even one room for parlor purposes. Boarding-house life used to be gregarious, friendly, social. Nowadays it is disintegrating, captious, solitary. Boarders retire to their own rooms, and most boarders have but one, and that a bedroom with a movable screen to hide the washstand. Usually it is in the hall bedroom of the cheap, honest lodging house where the underpaid and under-fed, homeless, solitary young worker spends her evenings, for, in spite of the many homes and institutions, of club life and all other devices against solitude, there are not enough happy shelters for the thousands of solitary women workers. Perhaps one can stand it (generally one has to) when middle-aged or aging, but when young this hall bedroom is dangerous.

That the good intent of a law can be evaded has lately been proved

anew in regard to the New York tenement-house law, which required all rooms in new tenement houses to have windows to the outer air. So flats were built of but two rooms, a parlor 28 feet long, and a kitchen 34 feet long, and no bedrooms; these were then created, without light or ventilation, by partitions and curtains, out of the long kitchen and parlor, "alcove rooms," so termed. Therefore an amendment to the law has been secured, by which "all alcoves shall have windows to the outer air and be of a proper size."

Curious is it, also, that the extension of the playground movement is revealing more and more the individual loneliness of adults. So much is being done for children, that they may grow healthy through play, and so little in comparison is done for the young women who work all day, and to whom the doorstep on the crowded street or alley is the only out-door life they know. They are just at the age when they can no more help longing to be loved or to have even a scanty home of their own, than as children they could help longing to play. Perhaps they ought not to marry and bring children into our present overcrowded conditions. Yet is it not better to acknowledge and meet this natural, inevitable state of mind by providing honest places (courting parlors is the slang phrase) where they can learn to know their men acquaintances and find out if it is worth while to think of marriage? The very freedom of opportunity would help to make marriage undertaken advisedly rather than in the slipshod fashion that doorstep and alley courting promotes.

Only a very few churches have, as yet, frankly set themselves against this social loneliness of adult life by offering neither sermons nor psychotherapy, but just pleasant, small rooms, or alcoves, leading out of big parlors.

That is, they are doing, on the social side of church life and without advertising, just what hotels, institutions and homes, like the Franklin Square House in Boston, are doing, and doing in a handicapped fashion; for the church building has only parlors. Still such parlors are for hall-bedroomers what afternoon teas are at tea shops, where gentlemen drop in and where all is "chic" and of twentieth-century advancement in friendship.

It may be said that as long as social settlements have teas, evenings, parlors and entertainments, churches should not undertake what is beyond their sphere of action—as if any kind of work that made people happier, in simple ways, might not also be churchly! But the hall-bedroomer is, socially, several grades above the settlement clans, and would rather endure her loneliness than be an habitu   at their gatherings. She does not want any "social service" extended to her philanthropically. She has no need of a "social expert" to study her conditions, for she knows that doctors are not of much use, unless nurses are to follow after them, and that neither professional can provide her with the means for a bedroom and parlor, though both officials may tell her not to worry.

"The lodging-house problem" exists largely, because it has not taken counsel of young people who want to be in love. On the other hand, landladies object to having parlors, because young men from across the street may stay in them all day, and also because her men lodgers say that, if she has parlors, they will be "lassoed" by the girl roomers. Perhaps, if such houses would have more than one parlor, difficulties would vanish and more roomers be accommodated.

Yet just as long as the problem is in the hands of scientific workers who have acquired the "breathless habit" of never stopping to be relaxed or to

feel young, it will not be solved as easily as if the various processes in courtship were duly considered. When they are, the chaotic elements in marriage will be transformed into a trust-

worthy steadfastness of friendship, based on a somewhat extended knowledge of each other obtained, if in no better way, in the courting parlors of sociable churches.

La Fiorentina

By Roland B. Mahany

I wandered with thee once through Arno's bowers,
 Slim Florentine, Madonna of my dreams,
 Nor was there blossom by the valleyed streams
 Could rival thee, thou soul of Summer flowers.
 The skies that blended with Italian hours,
 The wonder of thy beauty, the dark gleams
 Of eyes that melted with love's perfect beams,
 Made all of Heaven 'neath the Tuscan towers.

And in old gardens graced with marbles old, —
 The stately memories of thy princely line, —
 We walked, where sunlight fell like sifted gold
 On terraced lawns, in Autumn's mood divine;
 And there, where fountains breathed a whispered melody,
 Was consecration of my soul to thee.

Her Simple Life

By Frances Campbell Sparhawk

Part II

AS Madge stretched out her hand, the other met it warmly and the girl could feel the earnest gaze of a pair of dark-blue eyes, still clear and bright, for all the almost three-score and ten years that had passed over the head of their owner. So searching was their look that Madge wondered if Mrs. Winters had heard anything of her and knew that

herself and her visitor stood at the two extremes of wealth and poverty.

"Miss Alden?" said the other. And after a moment's pause she added, "I am very glad to meet you, my dear."

So might a queen of society have welcomed a young princess. The graciousness of tone was not condescension; neither was there in it the

least consciousness of social inequality. In all her life no poor person had ever spoken to Madge without an undertone, however faint, of address as to one who had much to bestow and a consciousness, however skillfully hidden, of being himself in the attitude of possible recipient. The girl's keen eyes fastened themselves upon the speaker's.

She saw a face plain in feature and marked by many lines of suffering and sorrow. But after a moment she forgot these, for she had never seen a countenance like this one in expression. It was not mere quiescence or submission that the girl read there, but strength and joy, — the peace of an absolute conquest, giving luster to her eyes and playing over her time-worn face like the hint of a radiant spirit. Madge thought of her father and what he would have given for such a mood as this — if he could have believed in it!

Then her glance fell upon the coarse woolen sock that the other, who had been knitting, still held in her left hand, and she answered the greeting with a gentleness of manner that even Clare had never seen in her.

Mrs. Winters had never been a traveler; she knew little of cities from personal acquaintance, but she had been a reader, and the few questions she addressed to the stranger showed intelligence and a personal interest, without curiosity, in Mrs. Lyle's cousin. Madge began to admire the view from the windows, and Mrs. Winters rose to take her to a better standpoint when Clare also rose and said, "Wait a minute, Mrs. Winters, please." And she held out to the other the covered basket that she had been carrying in her hand. "Our biscuits turned out so nice this morning that I could n't resist bringing you some of them," she added. And taking off the dainty napkin from the basket, she brought to view delicacies that would have tempted the most jaded palate.

As the older woman gazed, her eyes brightened with a different expression from the fondness of an epicure for delicious food, and in her surprise and sudden emotion she showed what had been the support of her life in her loneliness and sufferings and how she, who now so often had no one to speak to, had spoken out her own thoughts. For the instant she was alone with a perception deeper than Clare's had reached. Her listeners were forgotten, her face was illumined as she murmured to herself, "I knew the Lord would send me my breakfast." The softly uttered words swept out like a thanksgiving psalm to Him from whom the gift had come.

But immediately she remembered her visitors, and flushed as she thanked Clare with a loving appreciation yet a delicacy which showed Madge her good breeding. The girl wondered how such a woman had come to be living in the wilderness.

Mrs. Lyle, however, caught the half-unconscious words and cried in distress, "No breakfast, Mrs. Winters! Oh, how did it happen? Why did n't you send me word? Has such a thing ever come about before? Tell me; I entreat you."

"It has not come about now, my dear," answered the other with a sweet gravity that silenced her questioner. "Some one could not pay me for the socks quite when I expected, you see, and so I got just a little behindhand. But it will be all right; I had arranged to go for the money today."

She would have put aside her breakfast to entertain her guests. But Mrs. Lyle declared that if she did they would go home immediately, and took Madge out to the rustic seat under the oak.

When Mrs. Winters joined them there, Madge perceived that no dame of fashion ever took the delight in a house furnished at the dictates of the most approved style which this simple-

hearted woman took in the grand and beautiful surroundings of nature — her own possessions in a far deeper sense than they belonged to the nominal owners.

"This is my summer parlor," she said to the girl. "In autumn when the leaves turn, it is another landscape; and winter brings a dazzle of glory."

"You don't say that winter has almost buried you and people have had to come and dig you out," interposed Clare.

"I forgot it," answered Mrs. Winters. "Then every spring you see," she went on turning again to Madge, "it is furnished all over new. All this splendor is my home, you know. My feet are not strong enough to go over it all, but my eyes travel it far and often. My whole life I have dreamed of living in the mountains — and here I am. I think I shall live here until the end. But I don't know; there may be another surprise for me."

"But, Mrs. Winters," answered Madge, "when we have anything that we like very much, it always turns into bad when we change it."

"Yes, so it does when *we* change it," returned the other. "I was n't meaning that." Then she checked herself; she had no intention of preaching to her guests, and turned the subject by a question to Mrs. Lyle concerning one of her neighbors. She made many a bright remark in the hour that the cousins spent with her, and showed from her interest in persons and things that she had not the heart of a hermit.

It was as Clare rose to go that she made a request which brought out another thought amazing to Madge. "Promise me, Mrs. Winters," she said, "that if you should get out of anything again you will let me know. You ought to have done it now, when it's such a pleasure to have an excuse for coming to see you. This morning I only happened to —"

"Happened," my dear, did you say?

Why, don't you see, you got it through the telephone?"

"The telephone?" cried Clare. "Why, we have n't any here. Oh, do you mean," she added the next moment, "the suggestion that came to me so strongly that I put aside everything I had planned to do and came to you, which, until this morning, I had not thought of doing today? Yes, it was strange."

"Oh, no, Mrs. Lyle, it was perfectly natural. The Lord has made everything before we can invent it. His telephone has been in use since the world was made. And His end of the line is never 'busy' when we want it. I told Him I had no food, well as He knew it before. Why should His message to you to bring it to me seem strange? Is it because you heard it with your soul? We hear all the best things so. Think of our 'wireless.' If we don't need wires, do you think He does?"

Then at once she turned from the subject with a remark to Madge how grateful it was to see a bright young face, and that, perhaps, Miss Alden would come again during the visit to Mrs. Lyle.

"Indeed, I shall be most glad to come," returned the girl.

That night Madge Alden sat long at her window in the starlight. Over and over she was comparing her father and the woman she had seen that day. Her father had everything; Mrs. Winters had nothing: yet her father was fated to lose, and she had won. Was it all on account of her simple life — or what was it? Under all her father's successes she knew there was fear. He had told her once, in a moment of unusual confidence, that in his life was a bitter and unending regret; this was for no crime, as the world called it, but he would have had things different. Madge never expected to learn what the regret was, she only knew that it

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CONGRESS AND PROSPERITY

"GOVERNORS and other eminent persons summoned by the President to meet at Washington and consider the waste and conservation of our national resources were engaged in business of first-rate importance. The defense of our country should not be mentioned in the same day with the development of our unlimited natural resources. We have work enough that ought to be done to employ every hand and brain in the country. We have given away our public lands, and some honest citizens with many speculators have taken the profits of the transaction. Our forests have been wasted; our

rivers polluted; navigation obstructed; mountains, once covered with herbage, the source of a thousand springs, have been stripped to the barren rock; and in many ways we have wasted our heritage. Congress and the general government could do no better work for the next twenty-five years than to increase the national prosperity, and therefore the prosperity of individual citizens, by developing to the utmost all the property of the nation."

In the light of recent legislation, think of our Congress at Washington seriously deliberating for the increase of national prosperity and the consequent prosperity of individual citizens. The very thought is too good to be true. "When it is remembered that every child born of ordinarily healthy parents need never have a day of sickness or disease of any kind from its birth until its passing away, the health of the people would appear to be a matter of national importance, to which the lawmakers of the land might devote themselves in their most earnest endeavors to educate the race by governmental methods." But what with concern for the next election, party interests and self-advancement, our Congressmen seem to have little zeal left for matters of wise economy and the development of our natural resources.

What, for instance, has our late Congress done in behalf of forest preservation, facilities of inland traffic or the expansion of commercial prosperity? We continue, under protest, the building of cruisers and battleships, but where are our transports and trading vessels? Only recently we have been called upon to witness the "disgraceful spectacle of American battleships aided by twenty-eight auxiliary vessels flying foreign flags."

The cost of a first-class battleship is from five to ten millions of dollars. Add to this sum the annual outlay for maintaining the same, together with

its complement of men, all withdrawn from useful occupations, and this display of power and might assumes the proportions of an expensive luxury, indeed; and every warship is more or less a menace to the peace of earth. Has any one tried to estimate the real earning capacity of a warship, as, one by one, in brief space of time they go out of commission? Sad to say, militarism dies hard, but die it must, at last, throughout the world. People are coming more and more to hate the very idea of war. Even governments must conform to the urgent calls of peaceful pursuits.

"The same great factors which are working against the dogmatist, against the doctrinaire, against the 'deposit theory' of truth, in other realms of life, are affecting the men who devote their lives to government. Science comes to the trained lawmaker or law executor, and it asks, 'Do the facts of today fit the definitions of yesterday?' It demands recognition of the law of evolution, to the ideal of truth as a flying goal, of the futility of attempting to deal with contemporary conditions according to ancient formulæ.

WOMEN AND PROGRESS

A PROPOS of the late Federation of Women's Clubs in this city an editorial writer in the Boston *Herald* comments in a rather entertaining manner. We are constrained to quote the substance of his article rather than make words of our own.

"There is no gainsaying that women's clubs have done much to quicken the broader sympathies and abilities of women. Mothers have gone from the family darning to consider the greatness of Savonarola or the subtleties of Maeterlinck; have delved into the history of the fine arts, and listened to discourses on archæological discoveries in Syria and Palestine. Their taste in

the matter of reading has likewise improved. Miss Agnes Repplier draws a witty picture of 'our great-grand-mothers' novels.' But what she writes of the conditions of a former day still has bearing. 'The passion for novel-reading was asserting itself for the first time in the history of the world as a dominant note of femininity. The sentimentalism of fiction expanded to meet the woman's standard, to satisfy her irrational demand. "If the story-teller had always mere man for an audience," says an acute English critic, "there would have been no romance; nothing but the improving fable, or the indecent anecdote."' "

"So to women may be laid the responsibility of the vast increase in the output of reading matter. There is no doubt that both 'club women' and non-club women are great readers. Books are discussed wherever up-to-date women are gathered. Lack of familiarity with the 'six best sellers' once proclaimed the feeble pretensions of any one of these aspirants for modern 'culture.' For a time American women seemed running a mad race for this goal of 'culture.' Matthew Arnold said that culture was but one-fourth of life and conduct was three-fourths. Are American women awakening to that realization? It is still a matter of surprise to the average man, when he sees a woman pondering over a daily paper, that is to say, over any other part of it than the fashion and fiction columns. He does not expect her to be interested in the news items which hold his attention, or the editorials with which he agrees or disputes. Yet to some it seems a dominant need that more women should concern themselves in an intelligent understanding of current events. It is a matter of satisfaction, therefore, to know that the federated 'club women' were not devoted wholly to literary sessions or social gatherings. Their program set aside a good

proportion of their time for the consideration of civil service reform, industrial conditions, forestry and kindred subjects.

"The day may come when even American women will be brave enough to emulate the example of Boston's recent Chinese guest who, in felicitating Mrs. Humphry Ward upon her great success, naively added that he had not yet had time to read her books. Not that for a moment one would compare the works of this brilliant English-woman with the literary efforts of some feminine novelists who wrote for our grandmothers. There is no emotionalism run dry in Mrs. Ward's novels. But, says mere man, what a simple, splendid thing would it be to hear, for instance, a thousand of these thousands of 'club women' frankly confess that they had not had time to read the latest novel or to attend the culture classes, because they preferred to spend the time in reading the daily newspapers intelligently, and in doing something to improve local government. What if American women should set themselves a task of twenty or thirty minutes' study of their dailies — not the eager gloating over the sensational details of the latest divorce case, or millionaire's wedding, nor even a studious conning of fashion notes, but a sober application to the real news features which represent the broad, vital movements of the day, and are the little, rushing snow slides telling of the slow glacier-like progress of the human race?

"It is Mr. Charles Townsend Cope-land of Harvard, we believe, who is so solicitous for the establishment of a collegiate course on General Information. It is a course which one would like to see established for many women. Recently an eminent English physician asserted that the 'male and female minds are essentially similar, and that there are no differences, to speak of, due to sex.

One sex might carry on the work of the world just as well as the other.' With so sweeping a defense put up for them, may not one ask of more women a quicker, more intelligent interest in everyday affairs — even the business and political affairs which engross the men of their families?

"If the destiny of women has that magnificent future in which so many writers of the day believe, it is time that more were up and about considering the broader facts of everyday existence. Bacon says, 'The general counsels, and the plots and marshaling of affairs come best from those that are learned.' How shall women attain that breadth of vision and wisdom save by careful study of current events? Emerson longed to have people transfer the amount of their reading, day by day, from the newspaper to the standard authors. But the need today — for women at least — is different. All honor to the great books which are the 'precious life-blood of a master spirit,' or, as Addison puts it, 'the legacies that a great genius leaves to mankind.' But not every woman (nor every man!) can read or enjoy Homer, Plato and Plutarch. Even Emerson admits that they will be superior to the average intellect. But we have yet to hear the charge brought against a newspaper that it is too deep or erudite for human nature's daily needs. The newspaper is the great text-book of human life, to which women may well apply themselves for the rudiments of broader learning, reading, as Bacon counsels, 'not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.'"

The person who cannot be happy when out of the range of the electric appliances of civilization is out of tune with nature, and misses the most sane delights of human experience.



CURRANT BUNS, GLAZED WITH STARCH AND SUGAR

Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

IN all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. When flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or a teaspoonful of any designated material is a *level* spoonful of such material.

Cantaloupe Cocktail

CHILL the melons on ice, cut them in halves and discard the seeds; with a silver spoon scoop out the pulp and dispose in chilled glasses; sprinkle lightly with sugar and serve at once.

Cantaloupe Cup

Prepare as for cocktail; above the melon, which should half fill the cups, dispose a generous spoonful of vanilla ice cream, preferably Philadelphia cream.

Watermelon for First Course or for Dessert

Cut a chilled watermelon in halves; then take a spoon of such size as one

fancies, and imbed it firmly, point downward, in the red pulp of the melon, turn the spoon in a circle and take out the cone-shaped piece thus produced. Serve two or more, according to size, on a plate of chipped ice. Grape leaves give a pretty finish to the dish.

Salt Codfish Croquettes

Make a sauce of one-fourth a cup of butter, half a cup of flour with one-fourth a teaspoonful of paprika, one cup of milk and one-third a cup of cream; add a beaten egg and one cup and a half of salt codfish, picked into bits with the fingers, soaked in warm water two hours, and drained free from water. Turn onto a buttered dish to become cold; shape, roll in crumbs, in

an egg beaten with a tablespoonful of cold water and again in crumbs, and fry in deep fat.

Tenderloin Cutlets, Newport Style

Chop fine one pound of beef tenderloin, half a pound of lean veal and one-fourth a cup of cooked ham. Add one-fourth a cup of sweet cream and four ounces of marrow, rubbed to a smooth paste with a tablespoonful, each, of brandy and sherry wine. Season with salt and pepper and mix the whole together very thoroughly. Press the meat into about eight cutlet shapes; sauté these in clarified butter, olive oil or bacon fat, first on one side and then on the other. Cook six or eight minutes in all; or, egg and bread-crumbs and fry in deep fat about five minutes. Serve with asparagus tips, seasoned with salt, pepper and butter, or with a brown mushroom sauce. Four or five fresh mushroom caps, peeled, broken into small pieces and sautéed in butter, may be mixed into the meat before it is shaped.

Broiled Chops, with Candied Sweet Potato Balls

Scrape the flesh from the rib bones and broil the chops as usual. Spread with maître d'hôtel butter and dispose in the center of the platter, a

frill on the end of each bone, and the candied balls at the ends of the dish.

Candied Sweet Potato Balls

With a French cutter scoop balls from raw sweet potatoes; the potatoes should first be neatly pared. For a pint of balls, melt one-fourth a cup of butter in a casserole; add one-fourth a cup of maple syrup or sugar, and when very hot put in the balls and shake them over the fire until quite hot, then cover and let cook in the oven till tender. Baste frequently with the liquid in the dish; add salt before the cooking is completed.

Chicken Liver Timbales

(A Highly Seasoned Entrée)

Have half a pound of raw chicken livers (one-half pint). From these remove all green traces of the gall bladder. Pound the livers with a pestle to a smooth paste; add one-third a cup of cold bread panada (fine bread crumbs stirred and cooked with milk or white stock to a smooth, thick paste), and continue to pound until the two are smooth and evenly blended; add half a cup of butter and again pound until smooth; add, also, one white and two yolks of eggs and three-fourths a cup of cold brown sauce, beating and pounding smooth between each addition. Press through a sieve,



BROILED LAMB CHOPS, WITH CANDIED SWEET POTATO BALLS

add a scant teaspoonful of salt, cayenne to taste, one-fourth a cup of fine-chopped truffles or mushrooms, cooked in butter, and half a cup of highly flavored brown sauce; beat the mixture until all the ingredients are evenly blended, then dispose in well-buttered timbale moulds. Pack the mixture into the moulds solid and make it smooth on the top. Bake on many folds of paper in a dish of water until firm in the center.

Serve, unmolded, with tomato or brown sauce to which mushrooms have been added.

Tripe and Onions in Bechamel Sauce

Simmer a pound of fresh or pickled tripe, cut in small pieces, until tender. It will take from two to four hours, sometimes longer. In the mean time boil six or eight onions in boiling, salted water till tender, letting the water gradually evaporate. When the tripe and onions are tender, melt three level tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook three level tablespoonfuls of flour, half a teaspoonful (scant) of salt and a dash of paprika, then add one cup and a half of chicken or veal broth and stir until boiling begins. Have ready the yolks of two eggs, beaten and mixed with half a cup of cream; stir these into the sauce; add a tablespoonful of lemon juice and pour over the tripe and onions. Dispose the tripe in the center of a platter and the onions around it.

Convent Pie

Cook half a cup of macaroni broken into pieces an inch long in boiling,

salted water until tender; drain and rinse in cold water. Scald one cup of cream and pour it over a cup (well pressed down) of soft bread crumbs;



TRIPLE AND ONIONS IN BECHAMEL SAUCE

add two ounces (one-fourth a cup) of butter, a piece of red or green pepper, chopped fine, half a teaspoonful of salt, from one-fourth to one-half a cup of grated cheese, Parmesan preferred, a teaspoonful of onion juice, a tablespoonful of fine-chopped parsley, three eggs, beaten as for custard, and the prepared macaroni. Line a dish holding a quart with paper; butter it thoroughly and turn in the mixture. Set on many folds of paper, in a dish



CONVENT PIE, STEWED TOMATOES

of water, in the oven and cook until firm in the center. It will take from half to three-fourths an hour. The water should be at the boiling point, when it is turned around the mould, but should not boil thereafter. Serve with stewed tomatoes or with tomato or mushroom sauce.

Tomato-and-Cheese Ball Salad

Peel the tomatoes and cut each into two slices, or, if smaller tomatoes be at hand, scoop out the centers to make cases. For half a Philadelphia cream cheese take five or six olives and half a chili pepper; chop these very fine and mix through the cheese. Roll the cheese into small balls half an inch in diameter and dispose two or three balls on a slice of tomato, resting on two heart leaves of lettuce. Pour two or three tablespoonfuls of French dressing over the articles on each plate and serve at once.

until they are well covered. Bake in a hot oven about two hours.

Green Corn Omelet

Cut off the tops of the kernels from two or three ears of green corn and with the back of the knife press out the pulp, leaving the skin of the kernels on the cob. Take as many tablespoonfuls of this pulp as eggs to be used in the omelet. For a three-egg omelet beat the yolks of three eggs very light and the whites dry. To the yolks add half a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of black pepper and three tablespoonfuls of corn pulp, then fold in



TOMATO-AND-CHEESE BALL SALAD

Baked Beans, Spanish Fashion

Let a pint of dried beans (California, pea, yellow-eyed, flageolet or Lima beans) stand covered with cold water over night; rub the beans between the hands and rinse in cold water. Again cover with cold water and let heat slowly to the boiling point, then let simmer until nearly tender, adding at the last a teaspoonful of soda. Drain and rinse with cold water. Turn a layer of the beans into a baking dish, sprinkle with sweet red peppers, chopped fine, and a little salt, add also a slice or two of bacon cut in tiny squares; continue the layers until the beans are used. Have ready cooked tomatoes, pressed through a sieve to exclude seeds; add these to the beans

the whites of three eggs, beaten dry. Turn the mixture into a hot omelet pan, brushed over with a bit of butter, spread the mixture evenly in the pan and let stand where it will not readily burn, but will brown a little on the bottom; then set into the oven until a spatula cut down into the center may be removed without uncooked egg adhering to it; score across the omelet at right angles to the handle of the pan, fold in the scoring and turn onto a hot platter. Surround with a cup of cream sauce into which a cup of corn, prepared as for the omelet, has been stirred. A tablespoonful of chopped green or red pepper, cooked in butter until softened, may be added to the omelet (with the yolks), or to the sauce served around it, or to both sauce and omelet.

Tomatoes Baked with Green Corn

Cut a slice from the top of the required number of tomatoes and scoop out the centers; cut off the tops of the kernels from ears of freshly-gathered sweet corn, then scrape out the pulp, leaving the hulls on the ears. Sprinkle a little salt on the inside of the tomatoes; mix a little salt and paprika with the corn and use to fill the tomatoes; add a bit of butter to the corn. Set the pieces cut from the tomatoes in place and the tomatoes in a buttered serving dish, and bake in a moderate oven until the tomato is softened. Green or red peppers, chopped fine and sautéd in butter, may be mixed with the corn, when the paprika will not be needed. This dish is suitable for luncheon or supper, or as a vegetable entrée at dinner.



POP OVERS FOR TWO

fourths a cup of white flour; mix all together thoroughly, then cut through and through and turn over until smooth. Cover and let stand to be-

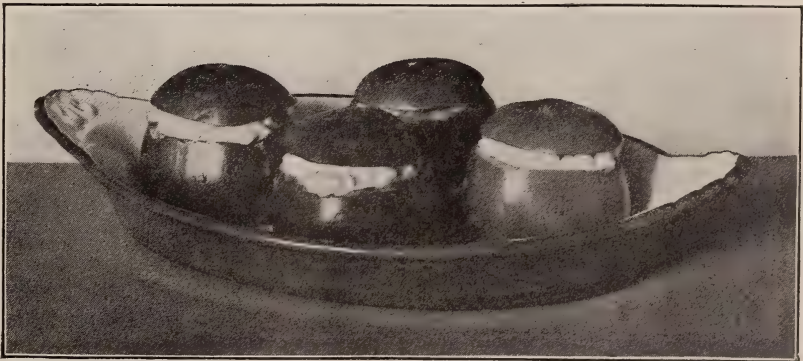
come light. With buttered fingers shape into biscuit; put these close together (or if a crusty exterior is wished, set some distance apart); cover and, when light, bake about half an hour.

Rye Meal Biscuit

Soften a cake of compressed yeast in one-fourth a cup of lukewarm water; mix thoroughly together and add to a cup of scalded-and-cooled milk; add one cup and a fourth of white flour and beat thoroughly; cover and let stand in a warm place until well puffed up, then add one teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth a cup of molasses, one-fourth a cup of shortening, one cup of sifted rye meal and three-

Currant Buns

Mix a cake of compressed yeast with one-fourth a cup of lukewarm water and add to a cup of scalded milk,



TOMATOES BAKED WITH GREEN CORN

cooled to a lukewarm temperature; add also about a cup and a half of white flour and beat until the batter

is very smooth, then cover and let stand in a warm place to become very light. Then add half a cup of currants, half a cup of sugar, one beaten egg, one teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth a cup of melted shortening; mix thoroughly, then beat in flour to make a soft dough (about two cups of flour will be needed). Let stand to become light, then roll into a sheet and cut into rounds. Bake, when about doubled in bulk, from thirty to forty minutes. Stir a teaspoonful of corn-starch with cold water to a smooth liquid consistency, then pour on boiling water; let cook five minutes and

the cake is cold, spread the layers, lightly, with jam or jelly (currant jelly or strawberry jam is good) and then with whipped cream to which sugar, chocolate and vanilla have been added.

Filling for Chocolate Cream Pie

Melt one ounce and a half of chocolate over hot water; add half a cup of sugar and two or three tablespoonfuls of water and stir and cook until smooth, then mix through one cup and a half of thick cream. Let chill thoroughly; add a teaspoonful of vanilla and beat until firm throughout, then use as above.



CHOCOLATE CREAM PIE

use to baste the top of the rolls; dredge thickly with granulated sugar and return to the oven to glaze.

Chocolate Cream Pie

Beat one-fourth a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in half a cup of sugar; beat two eggs, without separating the whites and yolks; beat in half a cup of sugar, and then beat the whole into the butter mixture; add the grated rind and juice of half an orange, half a cup of milk and one cup and three-fourths of sifted flour, sifted again with three level teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in two layers. When

French Pickle

Chop fine half a peck of green tomatoes, one head of cabbage, fifteen white onions and ten large green cucumbers. Put a layer of the vegetables into a porcelain dish and sprinkle with salt; continue the layers of vegetables and salt until all are used; let stand over night, then drain, discarding the liquid. Heat three quarts of cider vinegar, three pounds of brown sugar, one or two level tablespoonfuls of tumeric, one-fourth a cup of black pepper seed, one ounce of celery seed, three-fourths a pound of mus-

tard seed and three red peppers, chopped fine, to the boiling point, and pour over the vegetables. Let stand over night, then drain the liquid from the vegetables, reheat and again pour over the vegetables; repeat this process the third morning, then, when the mixture becomes cold, stir into it one-fourth a pound of ground mustard and two teaspoonfuls of curry powder, mixed with one cup of olive oil and one quart of cold vinegar. This will keep indefinitely in an earthen crock or jar.

Cocoanut Macaroons

Boil two-thirds a cup of sugar and one-third a cup of water to the soft ball stage; remove from the fire and stir in half a pound of prepared cocoanut. Beat the whites of three eggs dry, then cut and fold into them the cocoanut mixture. Shape, with a spoon, into small cakes on a buttered tin or tin covered with a buttered paper. Bake until slightly browned.

Cocoanut Macaroons

Beat the yolks of two eggs; add half a cup of granulated sugar, one cup of prepared cocoanut and mix thoroughly; then add a teaspoonful of vanilla extract, one cup of sifted flour, and the whites of two eggs beaten dry. Mix all together thoroughly. Shape, with a teaspoon, into small rounds, on buttered paper disposed in baking pans. Bake in a moderate oven. This recipe will make about thirty macaroons.

Boiled Custard

Scald one cup and a half of milk; stir one level teaspoonful of cornstarch



BAKING POWDER BISCUIT FOR TWO

with one or two tablespoonfuls of cold milk, then cook in the hot milk ten minutes. Beat the yolks of two eggs; add a scant fourth a cup of sugar and a few grains of salt, mix thoroughly and stir into the hot milk; continue to stir until the mixture thickens a little, then strain into a cold dish.

Canned Pear Meringues

From a thin sheet or slices of sponge cake, cut out shapes, rounded at one end and pointed at the other, like the shape of half a pear, but larger. Upon these dispose halves of cooked pears,



CANNED PEAR MERINGUES

from which the core has been taken. Fill the core spaces with fine-chopped, preserved ginger and pipe meringue

mixture above, to cover the tops of the pieces of pear. Dredge both cake and pear with granulated sugar and set into the oven to cook the meringue. The dish should stand in the oven eight or ten minutes before browning. Serve with the syrup from the pears, or with boiled custard.

Meringue for Pears

Beat the whites of two eggs dry; gradually beat in two level tablespoonfuls of sugar, then cut and fold in two tablespoonfuls of sugar.

A New Apple Salad

Beat one-half a cup of double cream, a tablespoonful of lemon juice and one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt until firm throughout. Cook three apples, cored and pared, in a syrup of equal measures of sugar and water (two or three cloves or an inch of cinnamon bark may be added) and set them aside to become thoroughly chilled. Chop fine four maraschino or candied cherries and eight or ten pecan nut meats or blanched almonds. Carefully wash three small heads of tender lettuce, first removing the ragged outer leaves and cutting the stalks that the heads may stand level on a plate. Dispose the heads on individual plates with an apple in the center of each. Mix the cherries and nuts through the prepared cream and pour it over the apples.

Serve with bread, or rolls, and butter, for luncheon or supper.

Potato Doughnuts

Beat three eggs; beat in one cup of granulated sugar and one cup of mashed potato mixed with three tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Stir half a level teaspoonful of soda into three-fourths a cup of thick, sour milk; add to the first mixture with four cups of sifted flour, sifted again with one teaspoonful of salt, four level teaspoonfuls of baking powder and half a teaspoonful of mace, and mix the whole to a soft dough. More flour will be needed, from half to a whole cup, but add no more than is needed to shape the cakes. Take the mixture onto the board, a little at a time, pat into a sheet and cut into cakes; fry in deep fat, turning often during the frying. These are a particularly good doughnut. They will be soft, even if the dough be mixed stiff enough to be handled easily.

Gingered Pears

Peel, quarter, core the pears and cut them into thin slices. Cut five lemons into thin slices; add a cup of water, and let simmer until tender, with half a pound of ginger root. Add six pounds of sugar. When the sugar is melted, add eight pounds of the prepared fruit. Cook very slowly, uncovered, until tender.



A NEW APPLE SALAD

Menus for a Week in August (Country)

"The three essentials of a country garden are sweet corn, string beans — with shell beans — and green peas. I would go to the country to live, to find out what corn, peas and beans can be at their best." — POWELL.

SUNDAY	Breakfast Berries Yeast Rolls (reheated) Salt Codfish and Sliced Eggs in Cream Sauce New Potatoes (baked) Coffee	Breakfast Melons. French Omelet Stewed Potatoes Rice Griddlecakes Coffee	WEDNESDAY
	Dinner Roast Chickens Lettuce-and-Tomato Salad Green-Corn Custard, with Chopped Green Pepper Sliced Peaches, Cream Cocoanut Macaroons Half Cups of Coffee Supper Bread and Butter Sliced Peaches. Tea	Dinner Roast Fillet of Veal Mashed Potatoes Stringless Beans, Buttered "A New Apple Salad" Coffee Supper Green Corn Chowder Bread and Butter Sliced Peaches Cookies. Tea	
MONDAY	Breakfast Pop-Overs Sliced Tomatoes Eggs Cooked in the Shell. Coffee	Breakfast Baked Potatoes, Buttered Broiled Bacon Blackberry Shortcake Coffee	THURSDAY
	Dinner Chicken Soufflé, Tomato Sauce Boiled Corn Baked Beets, Buttered English Apple Pie. Half Cups of Coffee Supper Bush Lima Beans (stewed) Bread and Butter Pickled Beets Apple Sauce Cottage Cheese Soft Ginger Cookies. Tea	Dinner Cold Roast Veal, Sliced Thin Summer Squash, Buttered Green Corn Fritters Potato Salad Apple Tapioca Pudding Half Cups of Coffee Supper Succotash Bread and Butter Sliced Peaches, Cream. Tea	
TUESDAY	Breakfast Salt Mackerel, Cooked in Cream Small Potatoes (baked) Entire-Wheat Baking-Powder Biscuits New Cucumber Pickles. Coffee	Breakfast Salt Codfish Cakes Broiled Tomatoes Dry Buttered Toast August Sweets (baked), Cream. Coffee	FRIDAY
	Dinner Cream-of-Green-Corn Soup Veal Sweetbreads, Glazed Egg Plant Fritters Lettuce and Mustard, French Dressing Pear Meringue. Half Cups of Coffee Supper Boiled Rice, Cream New-Rye Bread and Butter Cottage Cheese. Apple Sauce Sponge Cake. Tea	Dinner Hashed Veal on Toast, Late Peas Cauliflower au Gratin Endive, French Dressing Peach Pie Half Cups of Coffee Supper Green Corn, Chafing-Dish Style Bread and Butter Currant Buns Tomato Marmalade. Tea	
SATURDAY	Breakfast Sliced Peaches Sugar, Cream Currant Buns (reheated) Scrambled Eggs Potato Doughnuts Coffee	Dinner Boiled Leg of Lamb Drawn Butter Sauce with Nasturtium Seeds Mashed Turnips Plain Boiled Potatoes Lettuce-and-Peppergrass Salad. New Apple Pie Cream Cheese. Coffee	Supper Stewed Tomatoes New Celery Hearts Bread and Butter New York Gingerbread Tea

Menus for a Week in September

A good garden will furnish half the food used, while the orchard and fruit garden will go far toward furnishing the other half.

SUNDAY	Breakfast Melons. Waffles, White Clover Honey Bread and Butter. Coffee	Breakfast Broiled Honeycomb Tripe, Maitre d'Hôtel Butter French Fried Potatoes Parker House Rolls Sliced Peaches. Coffee	WEDNESDAY	
	Dinner Cream-of-String-Bean Soup, Browned Crackers Chicken Pie (reheated) Cauliflower, Hollandaise Sauce Celery Salad Peach Ice Cream Half Cups of Coffee	Dinner Cream-of-Oyster Soup Lamb Chops (breaded and fried), Tomato Sauce Candied Sweet Potatoes Lettuce-and-Peppergrass Salad Apple Pie. Half Cups of Coffee		
	Supper Sweet Apples (baked), Cream Bread and Butter Cream Cheese Chocolate Cream Pie. Tea	Supper Convent Pie, Stewed Tomatoes Bread and Butter. Hot Apple Sauce. Tea		
MONDAY	Breakfast Broiled Tomatoes on Toast, Poached Eggs above Corn Meal Muffins Cereal Coffee	Breakfast Potato-and-Lamb Hash Sweet Corn Griddlecakes Cereal Coffee	THURSDAY	
	Dinner Cantaloupe Cup Broiled Hamburg Steak Baked Sweet Potatoes Late Stringless Beans Lettuce-and-Celery Salad Toasted Crackers. Half Cups of Coffee	Dinner Black Bass, Baked with Cream Boiled Onions, Buttered Mayonnaise of Tomatoes Steamed Blackberry Pudding, Blackberry Hard Sauce Black Coffee		
	Supper Cucumbers, Poulette Style Bread and Butter Cookies. Sliced Peaches. Tea	Supper New Lima Beans in Cream Entire-Wheat Bread and Butter Stewed Pears Cake. Tea		
TUESDAY	Breakfast Creamed Chicken on Toast Sliced Tomatoes Potato Doughnuts Coffee	Breakfast E-C Corn Flakes, Cream Salt Codfish Croquettes New Pickles Yeast Rolls Coffee	FRIDAY	
	Dinner Broiled Swordfish Steak Mashed Potatoes. Egg Plant Fritters Boiled Beets Peach Shortcake Half Cups of Coffee	Dinner Cannelon of Beef, Tomato Sauce Green Corn on the Cob Glazed Sweet Potatoes String Bean Salad Peach Pie. Half Cups of Coffee		
	Supper Stewed Tripe, Bechamel Sauce, Peas Rye Meal Biscuit (yeast) Blushing Apples, Orange Sauce. Tea	Supper Succotash Bread and Butter Gingerbread. Tea		
SATURDAY	Breakfast Barley Crystals, Cream Green Corn Omelet Rye Meal Muffins Cereal Coffee	Dinner Bluefish (stuffed and baked). Mashed Potatoes Cucumbers au Gratin Beets (baked and sliced) Maitre d'Hôtel Butter Peach Tapioca Pudding, Cream. Half Cups of Coffee	Supper Lima Beans (baked), Spanish Fashion Graham Bread and Butter Cabbage Salad Baked Pears Cocoanut Macaroons Tea	

Diet for a Child 15 to 18 Months Old

(ONE THAT HAS PROVED EMINENTLY SATISFACTORY)

Learning to eat proper things in a proper way forms a large part of a child's early education. If careful training in these matters is begun at the outset and continued, the results will well repay the time and effort required. — L. Emmett Holt, M.D., LL.D.

6.30 A.M.

11 Ounces of Milk, 1 Ounce of Barley Gruel
(Robinson's Patent Barley)
Half a Slice of Unsweetened Zwieback or
1 Huntley and Palmer Breakfast Biscuit

9 A.M.

2 or 3 Ounces of Orange Juice, or
Peach Pulp and Juice, or
Prune Pulp (no skin) and Juice

10 A.M.

12 Ounces of Milk
1 Slice of Stale Bread, toasted
(Sleep two or three hours)

2 P.M. DINNER

Juice from Broiled Round Steak (freed from
visible fat), or One Egg (covered with boiling
water and left on back of stove five minutes),

or Mutton or Chicken Broth (cooled to jelly,
freed of fat and reheated or left cold)

2 Huntley and Palmer Biscuit, or
1 Slice of Zwieback, or

1 Slice of well-cooked Stale Bread

If most of the teeth are present, a bit of
beef steak or mutton chop, fine-chopped,
may take the place of the broth or egg

6 P.M.

11 Ounces of Milk, 1 Ounce of Barley Gruel
1 Slice of Zwieback or
1 Huntley and Palmer Biscuit

Many children sleep from six P.M. to six
A.M.; others may waken at ten P.M., when,
if needed, 8 ounces of milk may be given.

Water should be given freely between the
feedings. Other strained gruels than barley
may be used, but, in this case, others than
barley were refused.

Diet for a Child During the Third Year.—Holt

The night feeding at ten P.M. should be omitted. A greater quantity of solid food may be allowed, particularly at the mid-day meal. It is not advisable to begin potato and other vegetables until this age is reached. Three regular meals should be given and milk once besides, either between the breakfast and dinner or dinner and supper, whichever is the longer interval. Water should be allowed freely between meals.

7.30 A.M.

Cereal, cooked (preferably over night) for
three hours, with milk or thin cream, salt
and but little sugar

Warm Milk, one glass

A Soft Egg, poached, boiled or coddled
Bread, very stale or dry, one slice,
with butter

10 A.M.

Warm Milk, one cup, with a Cracker or
Piece of very Stale Bread and Butter

2 P.M.

Soup, 4 ounces, or Beef Juice, 2 ounces
Meat: Chop, Steak, Roast Beef or Lamb, or
Chicken

A Baked White Potato or Boiled Rice

Green Vegetable: Asparagus Tips, String
Beans, Peas, Spinach; all to be cooked until
very soft, and mashed, or, preferably, put
through a sieve; at first, one or two tea-
spoonfuls

Dessert: Cooked Fruit, Baked or Stewed
Apple, Stewed Prunes; Water, no Milk

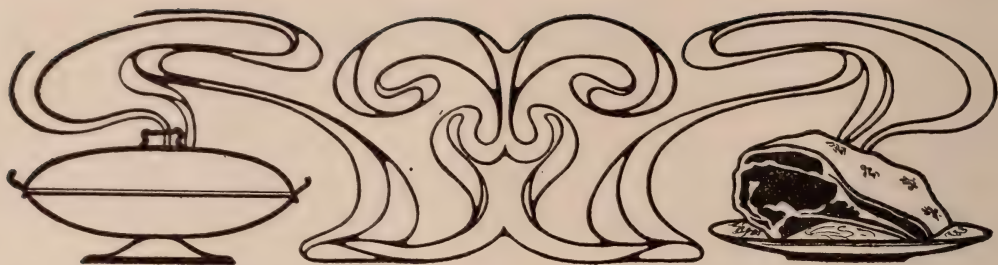
6 P.M.

Cereal: Farina, Cream of Wheat or Arrow-
root, cooked for at least one-half hour, with
plenty of Salt, but without Sugar; or

Milk Toast, or

Bread and Milk, or

Stale or Dry Bread and Butter and
A Glass of Milk



Cookery for Young Housekeepers

By Janet M. Hill

Lesson XIII

Flour Mixtures: Quick Breads

THE cooking of grains, as mush or porridge, is of comparatively recent date, but the grinding of grains into meal or flour and mixing the product with water and baking it is a custom as old as written history. The most delicate and feathery cake that is made today is a direct and lineal descendant from the cake of stone-ground meal and water, baked on stones made hot in the blazing camp-fire of primitive man.

In flour mixtures the essentials are flour, salt, wetting and leaven, or something to make the mixture light and porous. The leaven may be either carbon dioxide, evolved in various ways, air beaten or folded into the mixture (sponge cake), or the expansion of a cold liquid when heated. Usually all three agents are present and at work in a flour mixture.

In quick breads (time is a necessity when carbon dioxide is evolved by the growth of a microscopic plant—yeast—introduced into the dough) the carbon dioxide is usually generated by the use of bicarbonate of soda (an alkali) and an acid, as cream of tartar, sour milk, molasses, etc.

Keep in mind that the proportion of flour to liquid determines the consistency of the mixture, and that the

quantity of liquid used determines the size of the finished product. Different names are given to mixtures, according to the proportion existing between the flour and the water. As, when one measure of liquid is used to one or two measures of flour, the mixture is called a *batter*; and when one measure of liquid is used to three or four measures of flour, the resulting mixture is a *dough*.

Batter and Dough

When a batter is made of equal measures or parts of flour and liquid, it may be poured from the dish in a continuous stream, and it is known as a thin or pour batter.

When a batter is made of one measure of liquid to two measures of flour, it breaks while being turned from a dish and is known as a thick or drop batter.

Soft or Stiff Dough

When one measure of liquid is used to three measures of flour, a *soft* dough is formed—to four measures of flour, a *stiff* dough results. A soft dough sticks to the sides of the bowl; a stiff dough while being mixed gathers to itself all the material on the sides of the bowl, and the bowl is

clean, when the dough is mixed. In practice there are gradations between these mixtures. The mixture for fine baking-powder biscuit is neither a soft nor a stiff dough, but intermediate between the two. All doughs are mixtures of a consistency to be kneaded with the hands.

PROPORTIONS OF SALT AND FLOUR. One-fourth a teaspoonful of salt is needed to each cup of flour, except when shortening that has been previously salted is used, when a little less is required.

PROPORTIONS OF BAKING POWDER AND FLOUR. Two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder to each cup of flour is needed, except in mixtures where eggs or much beating introduce air into the mixture (heated air expands, continued heat hardens the cell walls, and the finished product is lightened to a certain degree). In the beating of butter and sugar "to a cream" air is beaten into the mixture, but the greatest quantity of air is incorporated; when the whites and yolks of eggs are separated and air is beaten into their full capacity of retention.

PROPORTIONS OF SODA AND CREAM OF TARTAR. Half a level teaspoonful of soda and a level teaspoonful and one-fourth of cream of tartar furnish, in the effect produced, a very close equivalent to two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

LIQUID USED WITH BAKING POWDER, SODA AND CREAM OF TARTAR MIXTURES. When bicarbonate of soda (an alkali) and cream of tartar (an acid) are used in making baking powder (and the same should be true when we measure these ingredients ourselves), they are so carefully weighed that one exactly neutralizes the other, leaving in the dough in which they are used no excess of either acid or alkali; thus no free acid, such as would exist in sour milk, lemon juice or molasses, can be added to the mixture, unless enough alkali

to neutralize the acidity be, also, added.

GENERAL RULE FOR BAKING POWDER, SODA AND CREAM OF TARTAR MIXTURES. Avoid the use of acids, as sour milk, molasses or lemon juice, in mixtures lightened with baking powder or bicarbonate of soda and cream of tartar.

OCCASIONAL USE OF BAKING POWDER WITH SOUR MILK OR MOLASSES. Sometimes sour milk or cream is more readily available than sweet milk; soda may be added to this, to correct the acidity, and the milk then can be used with baking powder as in case it were sweet milk, if allowance be made for the carbon dioxide resultant from the combination of the soda and sour milk. In using molasses the acidity must be neutralized with soda; then baking powder may be used to lighten the mixture.

PROPORTIONS OF SODA AND BAKING POWDER TO BE USED WITH SOUR MILK AND MOLASSES. Use half a level teaspoonful of soda for each cup of molasses or thick sour milk or cream. Cut down the quantity of baking powder to one level teaspoonful to each cup of flour, or if eggs are used the quantity of baking powder may be cut down still more.

METHOD OF COMBINING FLOUR MIXTURES. An article over-porous on one side and heavy on the other, or with streaks of heaviness here and there, is neither wholesome nor attractive in appearance. Again, when soda or baking powder is stirred into a liquid, especially if it be a hot or an acid liquid, bubbles of gas begin to appear at once and are lost before the mixture can be stirred into the dough; accordingly, then, to secure a mixture of even lightness throughout, it is necessary that the dry leavening agents be sifted with the flour two or three times, and salt, and sometimes sugar, is sifted with these. Now stir the liquid into

the dry ingredients and bake as soon as possible.

HOW TO ADD SHORTENING. When a small quantity of shortening, as one, two or three tablespoonfuls, is to be added to a mixture, it may be melted and beaten in at the last. When a larger quantity is to be used, it may be beaten until creamy, and the sugar is beaten into it, as in cake making; or it may be cut into the flour with a knife or the fingers, as in making biscuits, or partly cut in and partly folded in, as in making pastry.

HOW TO ADD EGGS. If a hollow cake, like popovers, is to be produced, add the egg, beaten without separating the white from the yolk, to the milk and beat the two together into the dry mixture. When a spongy texture is desired, beat the whites and yolks separately, then add the yolks with the milk and, at the last, beat in the whites.

HOW TO BAKE QUICK BREADS. Quick breads are steamed, baked in the oven, in individual portions, also in loaves or sheets, and on a griddle on the top of the stove. Breads containing sugar and butter, one or both, burn more easily than do those without such ingredients. Eggs are cooked at a low temperature, and thus mixtures containing many eggs should be cooked more slowly than those with no eggs.

Popovers

Beat an egg until light; add one cup of milk and continue beating with an egg-beater, while a cup of sifted flour, sifted again with one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt, is gradually beaten into the liquid mixture. Butter six cups in an iron pan and half fill the other six with boiling water; put a teaspoonful of butter into the buttered cups and pour the mixture into them. Bake on the floor of a moderate oven about thirty-five minutes. It is not often that muffin

or popover pans with only six compartments can be purchased, but by putting a little water into the unused cups burning is avoided.

Baking-Powder Biscuit

Pass through a sieve together, three times, two cups of sifted flour, half a teaspoonful of salt and four level teaspoonfuls of baking powder. With a knife or the tips of the fingers work in from two to four tablespoonfuls of shortening; add from one-half to two-thirds a cup of milk or milk and cold water, a little at a time, mixing it with a knife, little by little, until the whole is a softish dough. Turn the dough on to a floured board, turn it with the knife until lightly floured, then knead with the hands slightly, to get it into a smooth mass; pat with the rolling pin and roll into a sheet about three-fourths an inch thick; cut into rounds; set these close together in a buttered pan and bake from fifteen to twenty minutes. White flour, or half white and half entire wheat or Graham flour or rye meal, may be used. The recipe makes from twelve to sixteen biscuits, according to size.

Rye-Meal Muffins

Sift together, three times, half a cup, each, of rye meal and wheat flour, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt and two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat one egg (the egg may be omitted or the white or the yolk, as is most convenient, may be used; the white may be taken to clear the coffee for two or three mornings, and the yolk may be used for the muffins); add a generous third a cup of milk and stir into the dry ingredients. Lastly beat in one or two tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Turn the mixture into six hot, well-buttered cups of a muffin pan and a little hot water into each of the other six cups. Bake in a moderate oven about twenty-five minutes.

Corn-Meal Muffins

Prepare as rye-meal muffins, using one cup, each, of yellow or white corn meal, half a teaspoonful of salt, two or three tablespoonfuls of sugar, two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a *scant* half-cup of milk and one-half or the whole of an egg.

Plain Griddlecakes

Sift together, three times, one cup of sifted flour, one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda and half a teaspoonful of baking powder; stir in one cup of thick sour milk, and from one to two tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Have on the top of the stove a griddle thoroughly but not over heated. Rub over the griddle with a piece of fat salt pork. Put the mixture onto the griddle by spoonfuls; let bake until

full of bubbles above and browned beneath, then turn to cook the other side. A cup of sweet milk and a level teaspoonful of baking powder may be substituted for the sour milk and soda. The recipe will make about eight griddle-cakes.

Granose Griddlecakes

Put one cup of granose flakes into a cup of thick sour milk. Add an egg beaten light, and half a cup of sweet milk. Sift together, three times, one cup of sifted flour, one level teaspoonful of baking powder, half a teaspoonful of soda and one-third a teaspoonful of salt. Stir the liquid into the dry ingredients; beat in one or two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and bake as plain griddlecakes. These are particularly good, made with sour cream, when the butter may be omitted.

The Elderberry Bush

The Poor Man's Friend

By Kate Hudson

SPEEDING in auto or walking leisurely through country byways, we see all about us the luxuriant foliage and large white blossom umbels of the elderberry. Most of us give it a second admiring glance; some of us stop to gather a bunch of the faintly aromatic bloom or the coralline fruit; a few of us middle-aged and elderly folk remember the elderberry butter Aunt Dorcas used to make, and the elder wine Grandma Higgins used to brew; none of us, I venture to say, knows just how many dietetic and medicinal properties are slumbering in those waving leaves and purple-red berries.

The desirable household virtues of

the elderberry are well known to our German cousins; we mean to the simple, thrifty country folk, who live on the same old farm, harvest the same crops, eat the same, to our modern palate, weird dishes, and use the same household remedies their grandmothers administered before them. No front yard, tiny garden plot or hedge is without at least one of these handsome and hardy shrubs. "Doff your cap to the elder bush, sonny," Grand'ther Schmidt or Schulze will say to the small boy of the family, "for the elder bush is the poor man's friend, my boy!" and if we glance over the following list of elderberry possibilities we'll know why the old

man says so, and will agree with him.

As a garden bush for hedge rows, for covering up and embellishing unsightly corners, this sturdy, beautifully leafed bush, with its showy, cheerfully waving blossoms, is very ornamental.

In Southern Germany and Alsace the small separate blossom sprays are tied together in bunches, dipped in batter and fried in hot lard; sprinkled with powdered sugar and served for dessert or with afternoon tea, this is considered a great delicacy.

Before they ripen the small green berries are put up in vinegar or brine and used for sauces and relishes; they are an excellent substitute for capers.

The young and tender leaf shoots, when boiled in salt water, are much like spinach and are considered an admirable, blood-cleansing, spring food.

For elderberry butter the ripe berries are bruised till all the juice is obtained. This juice is left standing for twenty-four hours, when to each quart thereof is added six ounces of sugar, and the mixture is carefully and slowly boiled down into a thick, heavy, cloggy, syrupy mass that resembles apple butter.

Elderberry jelly, made much as are currant and quince jellies, given as a condiment or dissolved in water

for a drink, gives instant relief in coughs or asthmatic affections.

The ripe elderberries are used for coloring wine and fruit sauces; they will dye cotton cloth and stockings a bright rich blue. When bruised on black leather boots or shoes, which are then belabored with the blacking brush, they impart a good and durable shine.

The leaves, in all stages, keep out moths; when very young and tender they will, rubbed to bits in one's fingers and applied to insect bites, stop pain and itching.

Elder-leaf tea is an old-country panacea for catarrh and cough; it induces perspiration and stops fever. Ten drops of elderberry vinegar added to a glass of sugar and water will quench fever thirst.

Its capabilities for amusing the boys and girls are manifold. The lassies use the fine long twiglets for weaving May and work baskets and bird cages; the lads make squirts, popguns and whistles, out of the larger twigs and branches; while even children of a larger growth delight in fashioning from elder pith the tiny "jump-up men" that simply won't stay down.

From this long list of uses we see that Grand'ther Schmidt was quite right, when he called the elderberry bush the poor man's friend.

Child's Evensong

By Agnes Lockhart Hughes

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, watch o'er me keep.
And when night's shadows, dim day's gold,
Do Thou, O God, Thy child enfold.
If I should die before I wake,
I ask Thee, Lord, my soul to take.
Then in Thy heavenly home with Thee
Thy child will live eternally.

Hunting Truffles

It is Done with Pigs and Dogs

By Ruth Everett

IT was our rare good fortune, before we left France last fall, to be invited to a truffle hunt, by one of the biggest growers in the world of that delicious underground mushroom.

Americans have scarcely reached the place in the art of living which by the French "gourmet" is marked by his inability to enjoy a dinner that lacks the flavor of truffles; but this will no doubt come some time, for the American would rather die than confess that he does not know how to live; and the aroma of the truffle is such a delight to the epicure that he stoutly maintains that it improves everything it touches.

Truffles of an inferior quality are found in England, but the best truffles in the world come from the Department of Vaucluse, France; from which place are annually marketed about 900,000 pounds, Paris alone using from seven to eight million francs' worth a year.

The finest of these truffles are put up in little baskets which contain about two pounds each, and are thus shipped to Belgium, Germany and Paris, where the price they bring is about fifteen dollars a basket. But remember, these are the delicious black truffles, and they cannot be kept good, in a fresh state, longer than about a week; consequently this variety is seldom seen in England, except preserved. But the French epicures laugh at this, saying that the uneducated English palate is not able to discriminate between the gastronomic delights of the fresh black truffle and the ordinary red, gray or white kind.

The methods used by the French peasants or farmers who hunt for

truffles — for of late years the truffle has been to an extent cultivated — is both unique and interesting. We plead guilty to being somewhat conservative and old-fashioned, but that day of pleasure will always remain bright in our memories, and we confess, *with pride*, that we enjoyed it far more than "following the hounds," far better than the great horse races. But *we* are sort of tender-hearted and old-foguish.

The season of truffle hunting begins in November and ends in March, and is indulged in by the rich for the amusement and novelty of the hunt; and by the poor — men, women and children, aided by their dogs and pigs — for the profit there is in it.

As soon as it was light all hands started to the work. Papa peasant carried a stick in one hand and two bags in the other. One of these bags is empty, for it is to hold the truffles; the other contains acorns. The stick is to whip piggy, who does not see the sense of breaking off her morning nap in this way. Mother pig goes most unwillingly; she grunts and squeals, and occasionally stops to admire the scenery. No such an artistic pig will do for the French truffle hunter, so piggy has to be whipped into a better understanding of life's duties.

But when madam gets to the place where the savory truffles grow, she gives a grunt of satisfaction and starts forward on a brisk trot. Finally she stops and begins to dig with her snout. Her eyes blink; you can imagine her mouth is watering in anticipation of the expected feast. Poor piggy! There's many an acorn 'twixt the snout and the truffle. She scatters the dirt and stones to the right and

left; but all the while papa peasant is watching her keenly, and presently he gives piggy's snout a rap with his stick. Piggy, who has been trained to truffle hunting, knows what this means.

She stops her digging and instantly betakes herself to munching the two or three acorns her miserly master has thrown upon the ground before her. Then papa picks out of the hole piggy has made a fine truffle about as big as a hen's egg.

If mamma pig happens to have a young family about a month old at the season of the truffle hunt, that is the time little piggy's education begins. The "roasters" are then taken along to be initiated into all the mysteries of the business. French pigs take to the work kindly enough, and some of them, especially those on the artificial truffle farms, are so well trained that they will dig until they find the succulent vegetable, then throw it out one side and look up in the face of the farmer for the regulation reward of merit, — the three acorns.

If the pigs are fed a good meal before they start out in the morning, they will go all day, mining for and opening up truffles, on the few acorns thrown to them after each find.

The dogs discover the places in which the truffles grow by their keen scent; they simply point out the places but do not dig. For this reason the old men and women prefer to hunt with pigs, while the younger people like the dogs best; and with them the excitement of digging. Sheep-dogs of a peculiar breed and the Bassett hounds make the best truffle hunters.

It is a common thing, at the truffle-hunting season, to see an old French woman sitting by the roadside placidly munching her midday meal of black bread and cheese, with her pig resting at her feet.

Monsieur Rousseau of France, who made a large fortune in the artificial growing of black truffles, one day

made the discovery that these delicious underground mushrooms are found only under a certain kind of an oak tree. This was between fifty and sixty years ago, and these trees are now known as truffle oaks.

It was about that time that the agriculturist awoke to the idea that money could be made by artificially growing truffles. Science declared that the truffle was like the potato and could be grown anywhere. But Monsieur Rousseau stuck to his text, and, paying no attention whatever to science, he carefully gathered up the acorns of the truffle oak and in November sowed them close together, in furrows about six yards apart.

Realizing that he could not expect his nursery of oaks to produce truffles sooner than from six to seven years, it might be ten, Monsieur Rousseau planted vines between the furrows. Before the trees had begun to breed truffles at their roots these vines had produced enough fruit to pay the cost of the experiment.

The trees began to produce truffles at the expected time, the best harvest being when they were seven years old. By the time the trees were ten years old the vines were choked out by the roots of the trees; but they had served their purpose.

Suitable Diet

A jury in Blankville were sent out to decide a case, and after deliberating for a time came back, and the foreman told the judge they were unable to agree upon a verdict. The latter rebuked the jury, saying the case was a very clear one, and remanded them back to the jury room for a second attempt, adding, "If you are there too long, I will have to send you in twelve suppers."

The foreman in an irritated tone, spoke up and said, "May it please your Honor, you might send in eleven suppers and one bundle of hay."—*Lippincott's*.

A Chapter on Crabs

By Mary Taylor-Ross

THIS is the time of year when crabs are at their best, and are sure to be hailed as a dainty by lovers of good things, and especially so if they are served in some particularly dainty fashion.

Below are given several ways of serving crabs, some of which are new, while others are old-time favorites.

Deviled Crabs are an old stand-by, and may be served for breakfast or luncheon or dinner, or even for tea, and are an excellent addition to the picnic lunch basket. At dinner they should be served as a course with green peas, and, to preserve the fitness of things, they may be served as a salad for luncheon, while for breakfast or tea they form a side dish simply served with hot rolls, at breakfast, and with thin bread and butter sandwiches, at tea.

To prepare, take the picked meat of one dozen boiled crabs; beat two eggs thoroughly, and add to the crab meat; then add five tablespoonfuls of fine-rolled cracker crumbs, two tablespoonfuls of butter slightly melted, one tablespoonful of vinegar, with salt and pepper, preferably paprika, to taste; mix half a cup of sweet milk with one tablespoonful of mustard and make into a smooth paste; add the milk and mustard mixture last, after all the other ingredients have been thoroughly blended together. In removing the crab meat from the shell take care not to break the upper shells; these should be well washed, and the deviled crab mixture filled into them carefully. Sprinkle very fine cracker crumbs lightly over the top of each, place a small piece of butter in the middle, and then bake in a hot oven about five minutes. Remove from the fire and garnish each with a small sprig of parsley.

The deviled crabs may be served either hot or cold, as one may desire. For dinner, with the peas, it is perhaps better to serve them hot; for breakfast they should also be hot, while for luncheon, if served as a salad course, they should be cold; it is simply a matter of preference whether they are served hot or cold for tea.

Crab Croquettes is a good way of serving the dainty. The meat from one dozen boiled crabs should be carefully picked out, and mixed with three eggs beaten thoroughly; add three tablespoonfuls of cracker dust, two teaspoonfuls of mustard, one tablespoonful of butter, and one spoonful of vinegar; mix together thoroughly, then roll out on a slab and cut into croquette shapes; it is possible to purchase a croquette cutter that closely resembles the crab in shape. Dust the slab with fine-rolled cracker crumbs while rolling out the mixture. Beat one egg till light, dip each croquette into the beaten egg and then roll in cracker crumbs, dropping them into boiling hot lard to fry until they are a delicate light brown in color; arrange on a hot platter and garnish with sprigs of parsley. These may be served for breakfast or as a luncheon course.

Crab Pâtés. Roll out some rich puff-paste and cut it into small rounds; allow three rounds for each pâté, and through the two top rounds cut with a smaller cutter; remove the circles thus formed *after* the shells are baked, scooping out the raw inside; bake these in a very hot oven and set aside, reserving the small round from the top layer for a cover to each pâté; at serving time fill with the following crab mixture: remove the meat from a dozen boiled crabs; make a rich cream gravy by placing over the fire in a

double boiler a cup of cream, and thickening it with a spoonful of flour, rubbed till smooth in the same quantity of butter; drop the crab meat into the sauce and stir thoroughly; then add the yolk of an egg, well beaten; as soon as the sauce becomes thick, remove from the fire; fill into the cases at serving time (the cases must be reheated if they have cooled), and on top of each place the small round taken from the top layer of puff-paste; the cases will be about three inches high, and, by using a small coffee-spoon, the half-cooked interior is easily removed; the oven is just right for these cases when the hand must be removed upon counting twenty rather quickly, or about like the seconds of a watch. Place each pâté on a small decorated plate, lined with a lace paper doily; on each may be laid a sprig of parsley, but the parsley should not be placed on the pâté itself.

Soft-Shell Crabs are easily prepared by washing them thoroughly, scrubbing lightly with a brush, then setting them aside to dry; now prepare a kettle of boiling fat, preferably lard and beef suet mixed, the latter being rendered out and strained, then mixed with the lard; roll each crab in flour or in fine-rolled cracker crumbs, then dip into a mixture of one well-beaten egg added to one tablespoonful of milk, then dip into cracker crumbs again, and drop into the boiling fat; when they are a delicate brown, remove from the fat with a skimmer, and place on a colander lined with brown paper, to allow the grease to drain off; if the brown paper is crumpled, the grease will be absorbed much more quickly than by plain smooth paper. In the egg and milk mixture should be placed the seasonings, pepper and salt to taste, and the last cracker crumbs should also be seasoned. When the crabs have drained, arrange on a very hot platter, on rounds of toast, to facilitate the serving, and garnish with parsley.

Crabs-in-the-Shell. Boil the crabs till they are done, which may be discovered by their becoming a bright red, like the lobster; remove the meat carefully from the shells, and cut into small pieces; weigh the crab meat, and to six ounces allow one ounce of bread crumbs, two hard-boiled eggs chopped fine, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, and paprika and salt to taste; stir all the ingredients together, then add enough cream or cream gravy (made of cream thickened with flour rubbed smooth with butter) to make the mixture quite moist; wash and dry the shells, then turn the mixture into them, dust lightly with powdered cracker crumbs and bake in a quick oven till a light golden brown, which will require about five minutes. Serve hot with buttered toast.

Pickled Crab Meat. This may be used as a salad or a relish, and is delicious. It may also be used in making sandwich filling by draining it from the liquid and mincing it very fine, then moistening it with a little mayonnaise. Boil the crabs and remove the meat, chopping it not too fine; while still hot, turn into small glass jars, and cover with scalded vinegar, to which has been added celery seed, mace, cloves, allspice (whole) and peppercorns to taste. Allow the spices same as for any pickled meats or fruits; let the spiced vinegar boil up well, and pour into the jars after it has cooled; seal and set away in a cool, dark place.

A Crab Salad is easily made by removing the meat from a dozen boiled crabs, chopping it coarsely, so the pieces will be uniform in size, and then tossing through it, with a fork, a quantity of chopped celery; let it become very cold, then arrange on a blanched, crisp lettuce leaf, and mask with mayonnaise that has been highly seasoned; instead of vinegar, lemon juice may be used in making the mayonnaise for crab salad. The

pickled crab meat may be used in making the salad, serving it on a lettuce leaf with plain mayonnaise, and garnishing with cucumber spirale.

Crab-in-Shell. Remove the meat carefully from a large crab, not forgetting the claws; or several small crabs may be used if necessary. Cut the meat into small pieces, mix it with about one-fourth part of bread crumbs and a very little fine-shred parsley; season well with pepper and salt, then return to the shell, filling it in carefully and pressing it down compactly; small bits of butter should be added here and there as the mixture is filled into the shell; squeeze a little lemon juice over the top and spread with a rather thick layer of fine bread or cracker crumbs, and on this arrange bits of butter; bake in a hot oven, and serve, either hot or cold, as a course or as an *entrée*.

Stewed Crabs. Boil the crabs, remove the meat from the shells and put into an agate or porcelain saucepan with half a pint of claret, a spoonful of shallot vinegar, a little cayenne or paprika, salt and a piece of butter the size of an egg. Bring to the boiling point, and then remove at once to the back of the range, where they will simmer or stew very gently for about an hour; the crab meat will then be almost dry, and care should be taken not to let it burn or stick to the kettle. Now add a little stock, made from some variety of fish (a white veal stock is the only meat stock that might be used instead of the fish stock, with good results), but a plain cream gravy may be used; if stock is used, thicken it slightly with a little flour rubbed smooth in butter; add one tablespoonful of essence of anchovy, turn out into a deep platter, arrange points of toast (unbuttered) around the edge of the platter, and sprigs of parsley here and there, with a lemon point at either end of the platter. Serve hot, and, in

serving, place a piece of toast on a hot plate, and pour over it a little of the stewed crab meat. This is an excellent breakfast dish.

Crab Cutlets with Sauce Tartare. Chop the crab meat, upon removing it from the shells; make a white sauce of one cup of rich milk or cream, thickened with one tablespoonful of flour and the same quantity of butter rubbed to a smooth paste; add two tablespoonfuls of butter, and then pour this sauce, a little at a time, over the well-beaten yolks of two eggs; if the yolks are added to the sauce there is danger of curdling. Now stir in the crab meat, return to the fire to heat through, and add seasoning, salt and paprika, with the juice of one small lemon, and remove from the fire without delay, stirring it constantly; set aside to cool, and when quite cold form into cutlets and fry in deep boiling fat.

Serve with Sauce Tartare. Take one-half a pint of well-made mayonnaise; add a small teaspoonful of dry mustard, first rubbed smooth with a little of the mayonnaise; now stir in a tablespoonful of parsley chopped very fine, one teaspoonful, each, of capers and pickled gherkins, also chopped very fine, and last of all a little onion juice, about half a teaspoonful. Sometimes olives are also chopped and added to this.

Curry of Crab. For the meat of twelve medium-sized crabs, carefully removed from the shell, and set aside, prepare the following: put one tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, add to it one teaspoonful of minced onion and fry without scorching or discoloring the butter; add one teaspoonful of curry powder, and one teaspoonful of cornstarch, wet in a little cold water; then one cup of boiling water poured over it and stirred till smooth; put in the crab meat, let it simmer for twenty minutes, then add lemon juice and salt. Serve on a hot platter inside a border of boiled rice.

Vaucluse: A Dinner in Carpentras

By Julia Davis Chandler

IN fair Provence, near Avignon, is Vaucluse, where Petrarch lived, and wrote of Laura. In an old copy of Pliny there is a sketch he made of the famous fountain of the Vaucluse, from which the rushing river Sorgues comes, and above a church or monastery is shown; beneath it is written in Italian, "My delightful transalpine retreat." This was the spot endeared to Petrarch by the memory of Laura, and to it he returned, after gaining all that fame and travel could give him, and died quietly among his beloved books. It would have been fitting had Petrarch used the lines George Eliot chose for her headstone, "This is the fountain whence flowed that mighty stream," for the poet lived in such close communion with this wonderful water that they seem akin, a mystery about them both, as yet unsolved; for the secret of Petrarch's life, bound up in his love for Laura, has not been disclosed, and Nature still guards the secret of the strange natural fountain of Vaucluse.

The mountain holds out to the valley, beneath a great cliff, a curious rock basin, or shell-like abyss, filled with water so still and limpid it is hard to realize that water is there. The water wells up into this basin from sources beneath the mountain, and no outlet is traceable, though at some little distance away water comes up amid the rocks of a rugged channel, and gives immediate rise to the walled-in yet riotous river Sorgues.

In summer the Sorgues is apt to be dry, but peasants walking in its stony bed quickly scramble to the heights that inclose the valley, when they hear a rushing sound, for by it they know that a storm is abroad

somewhere in the mountains and soon a torrent of water will come under the mountain and be upon them, like one of our western cloud-bursts, sweeping all before it. Should animal or shepherd slip from the overhanging cliff into the basin or fountain, he cannot be saved, for though the water is so pellucid and seems so still, strong currents draw the body below.

It was this sort of danger that made a party of Americans, who had driven over from Carpentras with their French friends, greatly relieved when the return trip was begun, for how can one think of poets and sonnets of long ago—for this is Petrarch's country—when children want to see their faces reflected in such dangerous depths, and adventurous boys wish to climb the cliffs? Nor can charms of future pleasures take from mind the anticipations of a dinner awaiting one in a French home in Carpentras.

This old town, where Petrarch went to school in 1315, is set in a fertile and yet somewhat arid region; the rainfall is not heavy, and the rushing rivers first inundate and then leave their beds dry, while the porous character of the stone does not conduce even to the keeping of water in the wells. Speaking of their summer home amid vineyards on Mount Ventoux, our hosts jokingly said: "When you visit us there we can more easily give you baths of wine than of water, for wine we have in abundance, while all the water we use has to be brought up the mountain side a mile from a spring."

It was, however, in Carpentras they dined after seeing the Vaucluse. It was now only September, yet already autumnal, and the first day of the chestnut market. The nuts were

spread upon the ground and on movable tables, as well as at the regular booths. Queer green and yellow, glazed pottery was also on sale.

For this dinner our hosts had tried to see how many nice fruits and products of the orchard, garden and fields could be set forth. Gardener and workmen from the canning factory were detailed to bring in the best. Near the house was an immense fig tree, which had been trained against a wall for many feet and not allowed to branch until above it, so the tree had gained the unusual height of twenty-five feet. Ladders were set against the wall and sweet, ripe figs were plucked from the drooping branches. They had two kinds that day, the *blanquette* and the *goutte d'or*. The latter takes its name from a drop of amber sweetness that exudes from the blossom end of the fig, yet never drips. The figs are of a yellowish green hue, almost a lemon color. On the dinner table these figs were heaped around a central basket of strawberries, which was partially overturned. There were two varieties of peaches, fine clingstone and freestone; two kinds of apricots, both watermelon and cantaloupe, also pears and chestnuts. Three varieties of grapes were used in decoration, a small and a large white kind, and large purple ones. Altogether fourteen fruits were counted, the apricots only being cooked, for their season had passed.

These fruits, though a feast of themselves, were in reality only a portion of the dinner. First came a good soup, then a dish of pheasant delicately cooked, followed by an *entrée* of mushrooms, very odd yellow ones from the fields or woods.

The *pièce de resistance* was guinea fowl roasted on a spit before an open fire; not only that, but the stuffing was of the finest truffles, such as are used only sparingly in the most expensive establishments.

There was a dainty sweet dessert, some cheese and coffee, and all the array of choice fruits, while wine from native vineyards was served throughout the meal.

Did Laura so dine centuries ago? Or Petrarch, when he was the friend of rulers and churchmen in high places? He has sung of his loneliness, but he has not described the lady or her home.

Beside the stream his Laura sat in springtime amid the shower of blossom petals:

"And turf, and flowers bright-eyed,
O'er which her folded gown
Flowed like an angel's down.

* * * *

"How well I call to mind,
When from those boughs the wind
Shook down upon her bosom flower on flower;
And there she sat meek-eyed,
In midst of all that pride;
Sprinkled and blushing through an amorous shower.
Some to her hair paid dower,
And seemed to dress her curls,
Queenlike, with gold and pearls;
Some, snowing, on her drapery stopped,
Some on the earth, some on the water dropped;
While others, fluttering from above,
Seemed wheeling round in pomp and saying, 'Here reigns love.'"

What never-dying transport of spring and love breathes in these lines so many centuries old! And one prefers to think of this region, and especially of the valley of the Vaucluse, as the scenery was then, before the present hideous mills crowded upon the solitude, and visitors daubed the rocks with their names.

Close by there is a little restaurant named "The Petrarch," and much patronized by tourists, while the village children catch fish from the Sorgues for their dinner; but who would not prefer to be as lucky as was this party and dine at Carpentras? And yet just these little fish take us back to Petrarch, for in his Pliny, which

seemed to be his family Bible for records, he has drawn, in the sketch he made of the Sorgues and the cliff and castled heights, a water bird in the foreground holding a fish in its bill, while he has not deigned to trace a single outline of Laura's face or form, either from life or memory.

As bright as Laura's eyes is the Sorgues as it darts away over the plain, and bright are the blue skies

reflected in it, but look and wander where you will, and purchase immortelles, if you choose, there is no tomb of the lovers on which to place them, for neither in life nor in death were they united; not even by a monument long after, as are Abelard and Héloïse. And yet, to this grotto of love, a very Lourdes for rustic lovers of the Vaucluse, world-faring travelers come to pay homage.

The Soul of the House

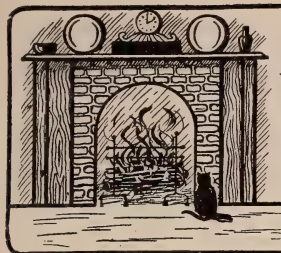
By Burges Johnson

Locust timbers, brick and stones
Are its bones;
And I saw them wrought together
In the keen autumnal weather,
Joint by joint and bone by bone, to fit a plan,
As sages build of fossil forms some unremembered man.

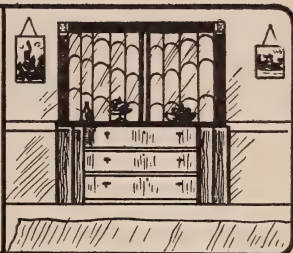
Lath and shingle for a skin
Clad it in;
And it took on form and feature,
As of some familiar creature,
Standing silently in dull, repellent guise,
And soullessly it looked on me from staring window-eyes.

My own soul-seed, deep in earth
At my birth,
Lay as lifeless and as hidden,
By the sun and rain unbidden,
Until Love had fed it smiles and tears and toil —
Then green and gracious buds of it came forcing through the soil.

So my house there reared its head,
Cold and dead,
With a chill to linger always, —
Till Love breathed along its hallways,
Laughed and wept there, toiled and dreamt there in the gloam;
Now those window-eyes are brimming with the wakened soul of Home.



HOME IDEAS and ECONOMIES



Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

TART jelly of any kind, spread thinly on each layer before the filling is put on, gives any layer cake a much better flavor.

A delicious filling for layer cake can be made by using half a cup of chopped figs, one cup of chopped raisins, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, stewed slowly together in a quarter of a cup of water until perfectly soft. Then add one teaspoonful of lemon juice and four tablespoonfuls of chopped black walnut meats.

P. D. R.

Novel as well as Rare Cake Recipes

RYE BREAD CAKE. Highly prized by those who like spiced cake. Grate and roll two cups of stale rye bread, the crumbs should be very fine. Beat, separately, until light, nine eggs. Chop and roll fine one-fourth a pound of almonds; chop very fine five cents' worth of citron and roll in flour. To two cups of granulated sugar add the egg yolks, then a teaspoonful of ground cloves and a tablespoonful of cinnamon. Then gradually add the other ingredients, leaving the citron until the last. Bake in two square pans for about forty minutes. Half the recipe may be tried, when five small eggs can be used.

HEALTH NUT-CAKE (*no shortening*). Prepare one cup of nut meats, chopped fine, and sift one cup of sugar and one cup of flour. Separate five eggs. Beat the yolks with a Dover beater until

stiff and creamy; add sugar gradually and beat until very stiff. Beat the whites on a large platter with a wire beater until it can be turned over without dropping; add the juice of half a lemon and beat until dry. Herein lies the success of the cake. Now turn the yolks and whites together and fold with a dipping motion until well mixed. Then sift in one-half the cup of flour, sprinkle on half the nut meats, then the remainder of the flour and nut meats, and fold in with the dipping motion until all are mixed. Bake in bread pan, as loaf cake, or in angel food pan, in slow oven. S. S. H.

A Delicious Quick Pudding

HERE is a recipe for a quick and delicious pudding, of Spanish origin, which will surely please the lover of dainty desserts, and can be made at any season of the year.

Break half a pound, or a little more, of any stale cake into very small pieces; cut up sufficient fruit to make one pint; the less juicy kinds are preferable, such as pineapples, peaches, or bananas; butter a baking dish, one quart size or larger; put in a layer of fruit, a layer of cake, until all is used, having the top cake; beat one egg light; stir into the egg half a pint of cold water, and pour it by spoonfuls over the mixture in the dish; let it stand ten minutes, then bake half an hour in a brisk oven.

Serve hot in the baking dish, with liquid or hard sauce as an accompaniment.

Whipped or plain cream, slightly sweetened a little, is also exceedingly nice, if one does not care to take the time to make a sauce.

An Attractive Pie or Cake

AN attractive and delicious pie (or cake) can be quickly prepared as follows:

Have two layers of any plain cake ready; then prepare a filling by placing on a large dish one cup of pulverized sugar, half a glass of quince, strawberry or apple jelly, the unbeaten white of one egg, a pinch of salt, and two ripe bananas, sliced fine; beat this mixture until it is light and fluffy, which is usually accomplished in twenty minutes; place this by spoonfuls on the cake, and serve as soon as convenient; the result is certainly surprising and pleasing; it can be simply spread on top of the cake as sauce, if preferred, instead of being used as a filling between layers; in any case it is simply delicious. L. N.

To Keep Porcelain Sinks White

ONCE a week, after the sink has been left for the night, dampen the surface of the sink and over it put a thin coating of potash. This will remove all yellow or dark stains. Be careful to keep the potash from the hands, and remove it from the sink before any one gets at it in the morning, as potash is poisonous.

The Pæony

THE fall is the time to plant the pæony (those planted in the spring almost regularly die), and September is the best month of all. Some good gardeners absolutely refuse to plant them at any other time.

The ground for pæonies ought to be very rich; the plant is a greedy one and likes to be sure of a good deep

supply of soft, crumbly earth, from which to suck up its food from far below. The plants must be, at first, left undisturbed for years, in order to have plenty of bloom as soon as possible, therefore the ground should be prepared before the planting is made and nothing left to after attention.

This is taking for granted that every one wants the pæony; for people always have wanted it both here and in other countries. The glory of the front dooryard was the old-fashioned, early, red "piny." That was in the early days of our country, but long before that, in England, in the fourteenth century, an old garden was mentioned as containing "Pyonys."

The Greeks believed the plant to be the very special divine gift of the gods. The Chinese consider it an aristocratic flower, as we lately consider the orchid, and the discriminating Japanese calls it the "Flower-of-Prosperity." It is native in Siberia and China and in Southern Europe, particularly in Spain and Portugal.

No wonder it is beloved — all it wants is to be given plenty of food and let alone. It is perfectly hardy, has no special bug or disease enemy, and does not easily blight. In single plants or great sweeps or masses it is always beautiful, and is one of the few plants that is not ugly after the blooming time is over.

At least the pink, white and dark red varieties should be in every little home garden or the bit of naked earth to be found at the side of all detached houses. Fine roots can be had for thirty-five cents. After planting do not disturb them for six or seven years, then divide them some September. Each year, along about the last of October, cut off the plant and spread well with old rotted manure, which you will also dig well into the ground. Don't put this off until spring, for the pæony starts so early that it needs have done its feeding during the winter,

in order to be vigorous when the snow goes away.

The first season after it is planted only two or three blossoms may be expected, but the number and quality increases, year by year, and I know of some one who expects and gets from each of her plants, of the ordinary kinds, about sixty good blooms.

Many of the varieties are fragrant. The immense single Chinese varieties, and the tree pæonies, growing seven or eight feet tall, are being much admired; but after all a group of the dear old common kinds, beloved by our grandmothers, is a far more beautiful sight than most of us have at present on our lawns.

E. P. C.

Peanuts

WE call many things nuts that are not nuts, in a strictly botanical sense, for instance, the lichee fruit commonly seen at Chinese stores and our well-known American product, the peanut.

The peanut is like a pea vine in appearance, maturing its fruit underground, and so the name peanut or ground pea is not inapplicable. It is also called pinder and goober nut in the Southern States. A little Northern child, when asked if she wanted some goobers, imagined she was to receive some sort of furry animal for a pet, and felt quite doubtful about saying yes, until she beheld a dish of sugared peanuts.

Certain spots with just the right kind of sandy loam are chosen for peanuts. Virginia and adjacent parts of North Carolina, Georgia and Tennessee produce the largest and best crops, and Norfolk is the port from which great quantities are exported. The annual crop in the United States is estimated at ten million dollars.

Mr. Pinner, connected with a large company in Virginia for growing and selling peanuts, states that there are two varieties: one is large, the vines

having branches spreading flat over the ground, and bearing peanuts over almost their entire length; and a second kind, called the bunch peanut, which is more erect in growth and bears fruits near the taproot. There are many other names given to them, according to color and slight differentiations of the fruit, as the Tennessee white and red, the Georgia red, the Costa Rica, which has long pods without division, the Malay white and brown, and the Indian and African. Some of these are raised chiefly for their oil, while the Spanish peanut, which is raised in Virginia, is used almost exclusively for confectionery.

The planting is done in the spring, during April and May. The ground has to be kept light and free from grass and weeds. By October the plants must be gathered and stacked, or "shocked" up around poles, so that the air and sun will dry the peanuts.

A plow is run along, after which follow the laborers with pitchforks, who shake off the dirt and attend to shocking the vines.

Women and children attend to picking the peanuts after they are dried sufficiently. Hand-picked peanuts are preferred to those thrashed out with machines, for by the latter the good nuts are often mixed with immature ones and the hulls are so broken that they soon become wormy. The pickers are paid by the bag and make a family sociable of this work, very much as "hoppers" do in the hop-growing regions.

Agents go through the country, contracting for the crop, and, until the bags of nuts are sold to the cleaning factories, they stay piled in barns, unless the owner chooses to have them hauled at once to the factory.

Prices vary according to size, color and weight of the nuts; they are bought by weight, twenty-two pounds constituting a bushel.

At the factory they are cleaned by a

fanning process, then polished and graded. As they pass over endless belts, like a moving table, the nuts are hand-picked, to remove imperfect ones.

"All this care," is probably the reader's comment, "and just for peanuts, which are so cheap!" To the average person a peanut is a peanut and nothing more. To the person interested in the business there is as much difference in them as there is in almonds and pecans.

Peanut pralines are a simply-made home confection. Use plenty of shelled nuts and a good quality of brown sugar. Cook the sugar with a little water until it will spin a clumsy thread. Remove from the fire and stir it a few moments until it begins to look cloudy, but do not let it grain too much and become hard. Stir in the nuts and drop at once upon paper. If the pralines do not come off the paper readily when cold, then moisten the paper slightly and they will peel off. The pralines should be the size and thickness of cookies. Mixed nuts may be used, but peanuts alone, with only brown sugar, make a better confection than one would think, although it does no harm to use part white and part brown, or some maple sugar.

Every one knows that salted peanuts are acceptable, and chopped peanuts may be put upon coffee bread, made in German fashion, in place of almonds. Peanuts are nice on baked apples, and for a dessert, mixed with stoned dates and served with cream. Peanuts make good soup to serve in place of bean soup, and they may be used for stuffing guinea fowls or wild turkeys. In cake they are excellent; for this purpose they should be chopped.

J. D. C.

A cold luncheon is not appetizing, and sometimes causes indigestion. Take a warm drink with such a luncheon. Even hot water is a help.

Neat but Temporary Patches

THERE are some things that cannot be darned or patched with a needle and thread to look well or even passable, but such may often be mended by pasting a bit of material under the tear. It is the best possible patching for lace curtains or any net goods. Take a piece of material as near like the curtain or garment as possible, dip it into raw starch, place it on the under side of the hole, and set a warm (not hot) iron upon it. The iron must be lifted carefully, to avoid bringing the patch with it.

The same process may be used for a break in a shirt front, where darning would show plainly. Of course the patch comes off in the laundering, but it may be renewed much more easily than a piece could be sewed upon it.

Upholstered furniture may be most successfully beaten, indoors, without creating dust, by covering with a damp cloth while beating. A damp cloth spread over registers, while the furnace is being cared for, keeps all the dust from the rooms. Those who live in flats will find this most helpful.

To remove vermin from plants, at night place a raw potato, cut in two and hollowed out to form a cup, upside down in your flower boxes or plant jars, near the affected plant; in the morning the vermin will be inside the potato and can be destroyed. Have tried this with great success.

A. H. H.

The Microbe Militant

He was a simple country lad
Who started in a bank;
They gave him greasy bills to count,
Soiled V's and X's rank;
He scorned to use a moistened sponge.
This son of soil and plough;
But wet his fingers with his tongue —
The microbes have him now!

Queries and Answers

THIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economies in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. For menus remit \$1.00. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answer by mail, please enclose postage stamps. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, Editor, BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

Answer to QUERY 1360. — Mrs. D. A. S., San José, Cal.: "Recipe for Archangel Cake."

Archangel Cake

(Back number of BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE)

Beat one cup of butter to a cream and gradually beat in one cup of granulated sugar. Beat the whites of eight eggs until dry. Add a little of the beaten eggs to the butter and sugar, then add two cups of sifted flour, sifted again with two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder, the rest of the egg-whites and half a teaspoonful of almond extract. Bake in a pan with tube in center (angel cake pan) or in layers or a sheet. Any variety of frosting may be used, but a chocolate frosting is good.

Chocolate Frosting

Boil two cups of granulated sugar and a cup of water, without stirring, until the syrup dropped from the end of a spoon spins a thread two inches in length; add four ounces of grated chocolate and a teaspoonful of vanilla extract and beat until smooth and thick.

QUERY 1376. — Mrs. W. D. H., Dayton, Ohio: "Recipe for Sweetbread Timbales and Sauce."

Sweetbread Timbales

Chop or pound fine and smooth enough uncooked sweetbreads to fill a cup. Before chopping the sweetbreads, remove all skin, pipes and tubes; add the whites of four eggs, one at a time, beating in each egg thoroughly and smoothly before the next is added; then add a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of white pepper and beat in very gradually one pint of rich cream. Turn the mixture into well-buttered timbale moulds. Set the moulds on many folds of paper in a dish; pour in boiling water to reach to half the height of the moulds. Cook in the oven until the timbales are firm in the center. The water should not boil during the cooking. Serve, turned from the moulds, with any nice sauce. Mushrooms are a good addition to the sauce.

Yellow Bechamel Sauce

Melt one-fourth a cup of butter; in it, cook a slice of onion, three of carrot and a sprig of parsley, without allowing the butter or vegetables to become browned in the heat; add one-fourth a cup of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper and let cook until well blended, then add one

cup, each, of rich chicken broth and thin cream. Stir until boiling, then add the beaten yolks of two eggs, diluted with one-fourth a cup of cream and half a cup of canned mushrooms, cut in halves.

QUERY 1377. — Mrs. W. R. K., Winnetka, Ill.: "Recipe for English Seed Cake. Information regarding the proper sort of rings to use in baking English Muffins, and place where they may be bought."

English Seed Cake (Senn)

"Cream half a pound (one cup) of butter; beat in half a pound (one cup) of sugar, then beat in, one by one, six eggs. Add each egg without beating it; add one to two ounces of caraway seeds and, lastly, three-fourths a pound (three cups) of sifted flour. Bake in an oblong, well-buttered tin thirty-five to forty minutes, in a fairly hot oven." As this cake is not made light with baking powder or similar agent, the oven should be rather moderate at first.

Size of Rings for English Muffins

English muffin rings are imported in two, possibly more, sizes. The smaller rings measure about two inches and a half in diameter, the larger, about four inches. The rings may be purchased at kitchen furnishing stores in large cities, like Boston and New York, or in the kitchen department of large department stores.

QUERY 1378. — E. M. P., Portland, Me.: "Recipe for Crème-de-Menthe Jelly."

Crème de Menthe Jelly

Select apples with a green or yellow skin; cut them into quarters, discarding all imperfections; add water, but not enough to cover them, cover closely and let simmer, turning them occasionally, that all may be softened. Drain in a bag and measure the liquid. For each cup take three-fourths a cup of sugar and for each eight cups a cup

of crème-de-menthe cordial. Heat the sugar in the edge of the oven, leaving the door open that the sugar may not burn. Heat the apple juice to the boiling point as quickly as possible, let boil rapidly, uncovered, ten or fifteen minutes, skimming as needed, then add the hot sugar; let boil again and, when a little jellies on a cold saucer, remove from the fire, stir in the cordial and green color-paste or liquid to secure the shade of green desired, then turn into glasses.

QUERY 1379. — Mrs. B. G. O., Clinton, Iowa: "Recipe for Cocoanut Macaroons."

Cocoanut Macaroons

Beat the whites of five eggs dry; fold into them one cup and a fourth of sugar and two-thirds a cup of flour, sifted together, and then one-fourth a pound of prepared cocoanut. With a teaspoon, shape into small rounds on a buttered baking sheet. Bake in a moderate oven. For other recipes see page 87.

QUERY 1380. — Mrs. F. P. L., Omaha, Neb.: "Kindly publish a diet list for one suffering from anæmia. The patient is a woman of forty-five engaged in school teaching."

Diet for Anæmia

The blood is composed of a colorless fluid (plasma), in which float small bodies, called corpuscles. There are two kinds of corpuscles, white and red; white corpuscles are larger than the red, they destroy bacteria and foreign matter; the red corpuscles give the red color to the blood; they distribute nutrition and oxygen to all parts of the body and also collect waste from all parts of the body. In a state of health there are in the blood about 500 red corpuscles to each white corpuscle. When there is a deficiency of the red corpuscles a state of anæmia is said to exist, and if a person is in this condition the digestive powers

are usually weak and food must be eaten in small quantity and often. A general rule is to eat simple food, that is easily digested. Preference is given to red meats, milk, cream, butter and eggs. Light exercise in the open air as many hours each day as is possible is imperative.

QUERY 1381. — J. D. C., Philadelphia, Pa.: "Where may the stoves called 'Monkey Stoves,' or any other similar stove suitable for use in a bungalow, be purchased?"

Monkey Stoves

Will some one kindly advise where "Monkey" or other similar stoves may be purchased? These stoves were described two or three years ago in the department of Home Ideas.

QUERY 1382. — C. A. T., Northampton, Mass.: "Recipe for a fine, Old-Fashioned, Steamed or Boiled, Indian Pudding."

Old-Fashioned Steamed Indian Pudding

Will some of our subscribers kindly send recipes for this pudding?

QUERY 1383. — Subscriber: "Best recipes for Strawberry Preserves, Angel Food Cake, a good Frosting and a good Marshmallow Filling."

Strawberry Preserves

For a recipe of this confection see "Fruit Preserves by an Expert," page 50 of the June-July number of this year.

Angel Food Cake

The materials needed are one cup, each, of egg-whites, sugar and sifted flour, half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar and a teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Beat the whites until foamy. Add the cream of tartar and beat until dry; add the vanilla, beat in the sugar gradually, then cut and fold in the flour. Bake in an unbuttered pan, with a tube in the center, about fifty

minutes. The oven should be of a little stronger heat than for a yellow sponge cake. When baked the outer surface of the cake should be of a delicate straw color.

A Good Frosting

There are so many "good" frostings that it is hard to make a choice. Confectioners' frosting is easily made and any that is left over may be set aside and added to a quantity made later for another cake. If too much sugar be added, so that the frosting does not spread easily, water may be added; if too thin, more sugar may be added. A plain boiled frosting has been given many times in former numbers of this magazine.

Confectioners' Frosting

Boil one-fourth a cup, each, of water and granulated sugar five minutes; then stir in sifted confectioners' sugar to make a paste that will spread smoothly and remain upon the cake. Flavor with vanilla or other extract. Coffee frosting may be made by substituting clear, strong coffee for the water. For pineapple frosting use grated pineapple (pulp and juice) and a tablespoonful of lemon juice. For chocolate frosting melt an ounce of chocolate in the syrup; let boil once, then beat in the sugar and half a teaspoonful of vanilla.

Marshmallow Filling

Boil one cup and a half of brown sugar and three-fourths a cup of cream to the soft ball stage. It will take about forty minutes. Add from one-fourth to one-half a pound of marshmallows and beat until the mixture is smooth; add a teaspoonful of vanilla. This is good for both filling and frosting.

QUERY 1384. — L. B. B., Plymouth, Mass.: "Recipe for a cake sold as Caramel Cake. The cake is a white cake containing nuts and the frosting is caramel in color and very fluffy."

Nut Cake with Fluffy Caramel Frosting

We think the particular cake to which reference is made does not contain nuts, but there are pecan nuts in the frosting. The following recipes give cakes very similar to the one desired. The recipe for the "caramel frosting," given with the Newport Cake on pages 470, 471 of the May magazine, gives a fluffy frosting like the one referred to.

White Nut Cake

Beat half a cup of butter to a cream and gradually beat in one cup and a half of sugar; sift together, two or three times, two cups of sifted flour and two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Add the flour mixture to the butter and sugar, alternately, with three-fourths a cup of milk. Add one cup of chopped nut meats and the whites of four eggs, beaten dry.

Delicate White Cake

Beat three-fourths a cup of butter to a cream and gradually beat in two cups of sugar. Sift together, two or three times, three cups of sifted flour and two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder; beat the whites of six eggs dry; add half a cup of milk to the butter and sugar, alternately, with three cups of sifted flour. Lastly, add the beaten whites and half a teaspoonful of almond extract.

QUERY 1385. — Mrs. T. B. W., San Bernardino, Cal.: "How can Saratoga Chips be fried that they may be puffed? What is a Chinese Sauce and how is it made? What is meant by the expressions, 'add a teaspoonful of fine herbs,' and 'salad chiffonade or panaché?'" What are romaine, escarole and chervil?"

Soufflé Potatoes

Pare the potatoes, then slice evenly and very thin; let the slices stand in ice-water two hours or longer. Have ready two kettles of hot fat. Dry a

dozen or more slices of the prepared potatoes on a soft cloth and put them into a frying basket; lower the basket into the coolest of the kettles of fat and let cook about three minutes; remove the potatoes, let drain and cool a moment, then plunge into the second kettle of fat to puff and finish cooking. Cooling the potato when partly cooked causes it to puff when returned to the hot fat. Not all of the slices will puff. Some varieties of potatoes, as the small German potatoes, imported for use in salads, will give better results than others.

Chinese Sauce

The great Chinese sauce is "soy," made from the soy bean and various other ingredients. We are unable to supply a recipe for this sauce.

A "Teaspoon of Fine Herbs"

By "fine herbs" is meant a mixture of fine-chopped tarragon, parsley, chervil, shallots, chives, basil and mushrooms, simmered or "sweated" (cooked slowly in a covered dish) in a little oil, butter or other fat. Fine Herbs Omelet is the usual French omelet, to which the prepared herbs are added before cooking. Fine Herbs Sauce is an Espagnole sauce, to which the prepared herbs are added.

Romaine, Escarole and Chervil

Romaine is the name given to a variety of straight-leaved lettuce; the inner leaves are usually blanched by tying up the mass of leaves. Escarole is a variety of salad plant, quite similar to romaine and endive, but is more thoroughly blanched than either of the former. In appearance it is similar to a short head of celery, but without the green tips seen on celery. Chervil is an aromatic herb much used on the Continent of Europe in soups and sauces. It is one of the herbs that forms the combination known as "fine herbs."



"Pure Lard" Doesn't Mean Leaf Lard

A lard can be labeled "Pure Lard" even though it is made from various hog fats. Lard made entirely from hog fat is pure lard. Suet and tallow are both beef fats, yet there's a vast difference. There is just as great difference between "Pure Lard" and "Leaf Lard."

"Leaf Brand" Doesn't Mean Leaf Lard

Such-and-Such "Leaf Brand" means simply a brand of ordinary lard. It is to leaf lard what skimmed milk is to cream. When a maker gives you real leaf lard, be sure he will say "Leaf Lard" on the label. He will never say "Leaf Brand."

How to be Sure of Leaf Lard

There is not enough leaf lard produced to supply one-tenth of the people.

It is made from that flaky bit of fat which surrounds the hog's kidneys.

There is plenty of other fat in a hog, but only this trifle of leaf fat.

So it goes only to those who insist on it.

Leaf fat is to other hog fat what beef suet is to tallow. Suet is the kidney fat of beef—leaf, the kidney fat of hogs.

You wouldn't accept tallow if you wanted beef suet.

Be just as sure, when you want leaf lard, that you don't get common lard.

Labels Cannot Lie

You can know leaf lard by the label.

Any lard which is Government inspected must be branded correctly. Labels today can't lie.

But be sure that the label says "Leaf Lard"—"Armour's 'Simon Pure' Leaf Lard."

"Pure Lard" doesn't mean leaf lard. It means simply a lard made from various hog fats.

"Leaf Brand" doesn't mean leaf lard. It means simply a brand of common lard.

Be sure that the maker who gives you leaf lard will say "Leaf Lard" on the label.

Like Mother's

Some of our mothers, back on the farm, made a lard that we remember. They used only leaf fat. They knew.

Thousands of women say today, "I wish I could get that old-fashioned lard now."

But you can get it. It was simply leaf fat, refined in an open kettle.

So is Armour's "Simon Pure." But our open kettles have steam jackets, and we employ infinite skill. So our lard has an exquisite flavor which farm-made lard always lacked.

It pays to be careful, for leaf is the cream of lards.

Leaf lard makes flaky, delicious pastry such as common lard can't make. Leaf lard has the flavor.

It is even most economical, for one needs to use only two-thirds as much.

For cooking, it is even better than butter, because it doesn't cook so dry.

But you don't get such lard unless you insist on it. You don't get leaf lard from a tub.

The label plainly says:



The only lard which reaches the housewife with U.S. Government seal unbroken. Sold in air-tight pails—3's, 5's and 10's.

Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard

Salad Chiffonade

A salad, chiffonade style, is one in which the various ingredients are cut into shreds or rags. Usually each variety of these shreds is dressed and disposed in a pile by itself. Lettuce often forms the bed on which the various vegetables set. If the salad is composed of but two varieties of shredded vegetable (besides the lettuce) it is called salad panaché. French dressing is usually preferred for these salads.

QUERY 1386. — Sister —, St. Joseph Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.: "Recipe for Mint Jelly of a clear, delicate green color, served with roast lamb."

Clear Mint Jelly

For recipe of this jelly see answer to query 1378.

QUERY 1387. — Mrs. J. B. S., Pittsburg, Pa.: "Recipes for Baked Beans and Rhubarb Pie."

Baked Beans and Pork, New York Style

Let a pint of pea beans soak over night in water to cover generously. In the morning drain off the water; add fresh water and wash and rub the beans through the hands in the water. Turn the beans into a colander and let cold water run through them. Then cover with cold water and put over the fire to cook. Dip one-fourth a pound of salt pork into boiling water, and scrape the outer surface, including the rind, thoroughly, then put the pork into the beans to cook. When the skins of the beans are easily pierced, remove them from the fire, add a teaspoonful of salt and turn them into a rather shallow baking dish (a tin or agate dish answers nicely). Score the rind of the pork, for cutting into slices, and press it down into the beans in the middle of the dish, cover with an agate plate and bake in a

moderate oven from four to six hours. Add boiling water as needed during the first of the cooking. Do not add water during the last hour. Just before the last hour, remove the cover, to brown the top of the beans and pork. Serve hot with tomato catsup, mustard pickles and the like.



Health and Income

Both Kept up on Scientific Food

Good sturdy health helps one a lot to make money.

With the loss of health one's income is liable to shrink, if not entirely dwindle away.

When a young lady has to make her own living, good health is her best asset.

"I am alone in the world," writes a Chicago girl, "dependent on my own efforts for my living. I am a clerk, and about two years ago through close application to work and a boarding-house diet, I became a nervous invalid, and got so bad off it was almost impossible for me to stay in the office a half day at a time.

"A friend suggested to me the idea of trying Grape-Nuts which I did, making this food a large part of at least two meals a day.

"Today I am free from brain-tire, dyspepsia and all the ills of an over-worked and improperly nourished brain and body. To Grape-Nuts I owe the recovery of my health, and the ability to retain my position and income." "There's a reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.



Chafing Dish Cooking

Many dainty dishes can be prepared in a chafing dish.

Fish, Shrimps, Oysters, Clams and Lobsters; Frogs' Legs and Welsh Rarebit are given an appetizing and delicate relish by its use.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, N. Y.

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THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Make Your Own Ice-cream WITH JUNKET TABLETS

REQUIRES no eggs, corn-starch, or gelatine, and only one part cream and three parts pure milk. The Junket process makes an exquisitely delicious, smooth, velvety ice-cream at half the usual cost.

A charming little booklet containing many recipes, among them one for Junket Ice-cream with strawberries, by Janet McKenzie Hill, the famous lecturer and editor of *The Boston Cooking-School Magazine*, comes free with every package. Sold by all grocers or mailed postpaid for ten cents.

CHR. HANSEN'S LABORATORY
Box 2507 Little Falls, N.Y.

*Junket
Ice
Cream
with
strawberries*



Boston Baked Beans

Let one pint of pea beans soak in cold water over night. In the morning wash and rinse in several waters. Then parboil until they may be pierced with a pin. Change the water during the parboiling, adding a teaspoonful of soda with the last water. Rinse thoroughly in hot water. Put one-half of the beans into the bean pot. Pour scalding water over one-fourth a pound of salt pork and, after scraping the rind thoroughly, score it in half-inch strips. Lay the pork on the beans in the pot, and turn in the rest of the beans. Mix two tablespoonfuls of molasses and one teaspoonful, each, of mustard and salt, with hot water to pour, and turn over the beans. Then add boiling water to cover. Bake about eight hours in a moderate oven. Keep the beans covered with water and the cover on the pot until the last hour. Then remove the cover, and bring the pork to the top, to brown the rind. Beans are better, baked in large quantities, and the size of the pot should correspond to the quantity baked.

Less than a pint of beans cannot be baked very successfully. When properly baked the beans are neither dry nor sloppy, and each bean is whole yet tender.

Rhubarb Pie

Line a plate with good pastry. Have ready a pint of rhubarb cut in thin slices. Beat an egg, and into it beat one cup and a fourth of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of flour and a scant half a teaspoonful of salt mixed together, and stir the rhubarb into the mixture. Turn into the lined plate, dot with bits of butter, and cover with pastry. Brush the lower edge of paste with water, before setting the upper layer of paste in place, press the edges together and brush them with water. Bake in a moderate oven until the

pastry is well browned. For a richer looking crust, brush over the top with milk or the beaten yolk of an egg diluted with milk, before baking.

A Food Drink

Which Brings Daily Enjoyment

A lady doctor writes:

"Though busy hourly with my own affairs, I will not deny myself the pleasure of taking a few minutes to tell of the enjoyment daily obtained from my morning cup of Postum. It is a food beverage, not a stimulant like coffee.

"I began to use Postum eight years ago, not because I wanted to, but because coffee, which I dearly loved, made my nights long weary periods to be dreaded and unfitting me for business during the day.

"On advice of a friend I first tried Postum, making it carefully, as suggested on the package. As I had always used 'cream and no sugar,' I mixed my Postum so. It looked good, was clear and fragrant, and it was a pleasure to see the cream color it as my Kentucky friend always wanted her coffee to look — 'like a new saddle.'

"Then I tasted it critically, and I was pleased, yes, satisfied, with my Postum in taste and effect, and am yet, being a constant user of it all these years.

"I continually assure my friends and acquaintances that they will like Postum in place of coffee, and receive benefit from its use. I have gained weight, can sleep, and am not nervous." "There's a reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

As an Ideal Food for Infants or for
General Household use

BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND Condensed Milk

HAS NO EQUAL

Made With Scrupulous Care for
Those Who Demand the Best

Send for "My Biography"

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO.

"Leaders of Quality"

Est. 1857

NEW YORK




MINUTE TAPIOCA

THE TAPIOCA
WITH THE
PICTURE OF
THE MINUTE MAN ON
THE PACKAGE

In how many ways have you used it, more than one or two? The Minute Cook Book gives 18 tested receipts for the use of Minute Tapioca. Start at the first one and go through the book. You will like them every one.

Bear in mind, too, that Minute Tapioca isn't simply a dessert article, but a wholesome, delicious food, and the more generally it can be used, the better for health. Requires no soaking. Quickly cooked.

If your grocer hasn't it, send his address and 4c. for enough to make one pint. Minute Cook Book FREE.

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HOSE SUPPORTER

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A Five-O'clock Wedding Breakfast

By Henrietta G. Gould

A FEW days ago I was called upon to prepare a wedding breakfast which was to be served at a very early hour. On account of the bride and groom leaving the city on a seven-o'clock train, the ceremony was performed at six o'clock and the breakfast was served an hour earlier.

There were twelve at the table and the menu was as follows:

Strawberries	Cream	Sugar
Maryland Chicken	Creamed Potatoes	
Baking Powder Biscuits		
Coffee		

The afternoon previous to the day of the wedding I prepared the chicken so that it was ready to be put into the dripping pan. Then I boiled the potatoes and cut them into dice, after which I mixed the flour and butter together for the white sauce; put the coffee, egg and cold water into the coffeepot; mixed the flour, salt and baking powder and measured the shortening for the biscuits.

I then gave my attention to the table, arranging the linen, silver and sugar bowls. A vase of flowers for the center of the table was arranged and placed in the cellar to keep cool.

The wedding cake was cut and put into small boxes which are made for that purpose.

This was all the preparation which could be made that afternoon.

The next morning I came down to the kitchen at half past three. After attending to the fire I put the chicken into the oven, made the white sauce, and poured it over the potatoes, keeping them in a double boiler so they would be hot. I then made the biscuits, putting them in the oven a little later so that they would be baked at just the right time.

The berries were then washed and drained and a dish of berries was placed on a small plate at each cover, where I also put a carnation and a box of cake. I then arranged the flowers in the center of the table.

I poured the boiling water into the coffeepot and let it boil for five minutes, when I added the remainder of the cold water and put it on the back of the range.

I placed the butter plates and filled the glasses, and the breakfast was ready to serve.

Each plate was served in the kitchen, the chicken being garnished with parsley. The coffee was poured in the kitchen, the cream and sugar passed at the table.

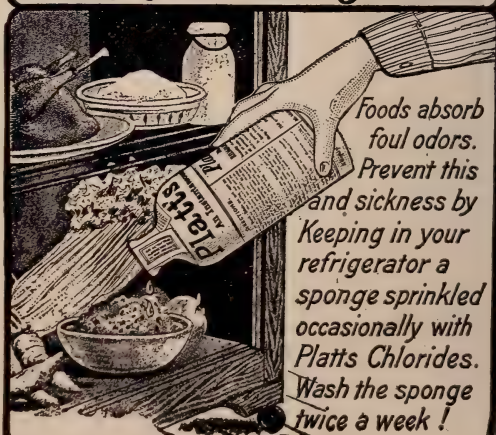
The serving in the dining-room was done by a friend of the bride.

Rhubarb Pie

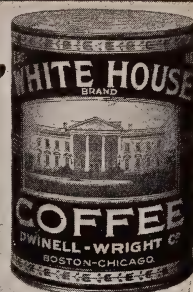
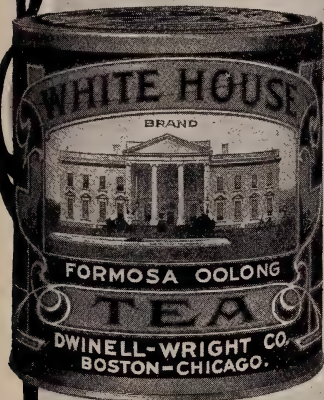
(Red Lion Inn, Stockbridge)

Cut in rather coarse pieces enough pie-plant, or rhubarb, to fill a cup. Beat one egg, add the pie-plant, one cup of sugar, two common crackers

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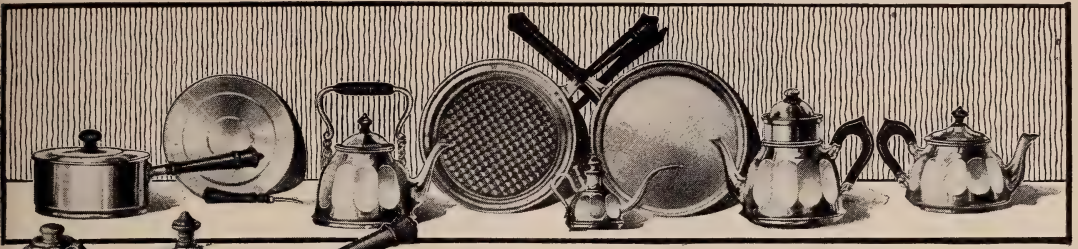
rolled fine, and one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt. Mix together thoroughly, and turn into a pie tin lined with pastry. Put a few bits of butter over it here and there. Add a grating of nutmeg, and bake as a tart pie. Bands of pastry may be laid over the top before baking.

Rhubarb Pie

Peel the rhubarb, and cut in pieces rather less than an inch in length. Cover these with boiling water, set over the fire, and quickly bring the whole to the boiling point. Let cook a moment, or until the rhubarb changes color, but without losing its shape, then drain, pressing out the liquid. Over a generous pint of the cooked rhubarb sprinkle a cup of sugar, sifted with three tablespoonfuls of flour and one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt. Add a tablespoonful of lemon juice or a grating of orange rind. Mix without breaking the rhubarb any more than is necessary, and turn into a plate lined with puff-paste. Lay narrow bands of pastry over the top of the filling, lattice-fashion, and finish with a broader band on the edge. Brush the paste with cold water before the bands are put in place. Bake about half an hour, or until the pastry is thoroughly baked and browned.

The revised edition of the Laboratory Manual of Food and Nutrition, by Miss Berier and Miss Usher of the University of Illinois, will be ready for fall use.

In the preparation of this manual the intention has not been to devise new and original experiments, but to select from the large body of experiments now offered in physiological chemistry those which in themselves, or in their applications, have a more or less direct bearing upon the principles governing the selection and preparation of food. In the revision the results of later investigations have been utilized. Price, \$1.00 net. Whitcomb & Barrows, publishers, Boston.



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The Judgment of God

God will give you the thing for which you faithfully work—health, prosperity, learning or any other of His gifts. What you sow that you shall reap. But it does not follow that you will be a happy man or a good man, or a man worthy of all respect and love. For these gifts of the spirit you must have your special preparation. God grants us our request, even when we pray for the wrong things, for hard work is strenuous prayer. But it does not follow that a man shall be satisfied with the result of his own prayer. With the splendid physique of an athlete he may be an ignorant fellow, out of place among cultivated people, embarrassed, good for nothing outside of athletic contests. He may be many times a millionaire, and yet a man of so few resources that life means little more to him than a good dinner and the ticker of the stock market. He may be a famous scientist and have classified a superb collection, and yet the man of him so withered and sapless that, as Emerson said, he is only fit to be put in some bottle and added to his own collection of beetles.

The judgment of God is strikingly in evidence. Men have prayed, or worked, just as you wish to state it, merely for animal health, or a million of money, or the details of some science, merely for them and nothing more. And God has given them their request, and sent leanness into their soul.

The severest judgment of God is letting people become just what they want to be,—ignorant, or grasping, or frivolous, or even vicious. They close their hearts to all noble, all generous, all broadening influences; they have no interest in the religious or social life of the day; they have neither the scholar's love of truth nor the reformer's enthusiasm for humanity; they are living merely

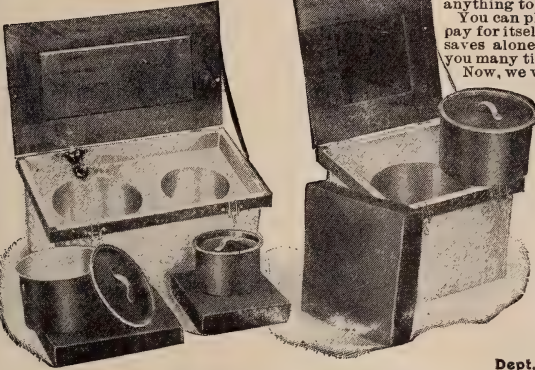
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What Might Have Been

[The San Francisco *Star* has the following sensible comments on the recent visit of the fleet:

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"That amount of money would build and equip a national telegraph and telephone system which, conducted for the people, would squeeze every drop of water out of the privately owned telegraph and telephone systems.

"That amount of money, properly spent, would go far toward relieving the people of the tremendous monopoly burden now resting on their backs.

"That amount of money would build from sixty to one hundred great electric-power plants for the people, and free them from a monopoly that is now skinning them.

"Instead of building more warships, isn't it time to call a halt? With tens of thousands of our citizens begging for an opportunity to earn a living, isn't it time to call a halt on this wicked waste of money and energy? If we are going more and more into the warship business, let



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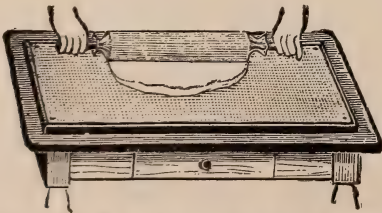
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us be honest and pull down our churches. If we are to glorify war, let us quit glorifying the Prince of peace. Let us quit being hypocrites."

Her Simple Life

Continued from page 77

was there. Had Mrs. Winters no regrets? Why, every one had. Was it merely the complex life and the simple life that made the difference? she asked herself again. Give Mrs. Winters wealth—she would be the same. Take away her father's millions—what he feared would have come upon him.

And yet there was something in the restfulness of the life. Madge would go to this woman and learn her secret. And the telephone? The girl tried it. She saw that she had never known prayer before. She asked for her father—that she might help him.

A few days later brought a large express package to Madge. She showed her cousin Books that she was going to take to Mrs. Winters. "I don't dare to offer her money," she said. She asked Clare to go with her, but the latter was well pleased to see the girl set off alone. Let her talk freely to this woman who lived the simple life.

As the girl's visits became more frequent, and the elder woman welcomed her with greater and greater pleasure, the intercourse between the two grew almost intimate. Mrs. Winters liked to hear about Madge's gayeties and laughed at her amusing accounts of persons and things. She also told incidents in her own life, especially things about her beautiful daughter; but whatever the subject, she was always cheerful, often witty—never "preachy."

Yet sitting in the very heart of nature and face to face with this woman made incidents in Madge's own life seem different to her, she could not tell how; she wondered if the simple

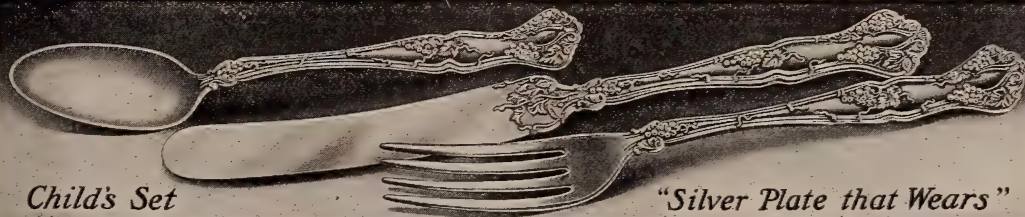
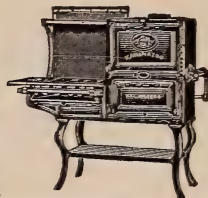
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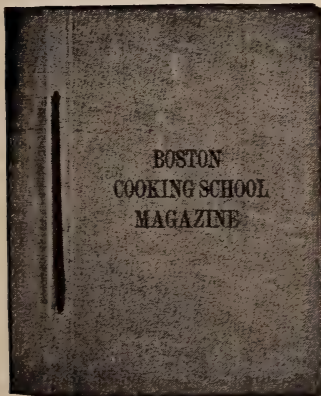
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Continued from page xxii

life, like mountain air, clarified objects and gave different perspectives and proportions. Things she had felt so important seemed to be losing somewhat of their grip, and those she had slighted to be gaining power. This was not all joy; the sorrow she had believed buried under wealth and ambition and what she called her common sense stirred in her heart again. She knew that had she always lived in this atmosphere that early love would not have died, but have grown so strong that she would have yielded to it. Would she have been happier? She was angry with herself for thinking of the matter at all and determined not to go to this too unworldly woman again. But it was a resolve she could not keep.

Mrs. Winters spoke not at all of her own family and her early days; to her second husband she scarcely referred. But of her first husband she spoke frequently in connection with events of her life, and most of all she dwelt upon the abilities and the great kindness of this husband's nephew, who in the midst of poverty and struggle to make his way in his profession had never failed to help toward her support. He had entered one of the most beautiful of the professions, she said, that of a physician, and it was his desire to make his life a ministry of blessing, not merely to rise and grow rich.

"He has had a great sorrow," said Mrs. Winters one day. "He has scarcely spoken of it to me, but I have gathered much from facts and hints. I pity him so. He has been severely chastened. But it must be for the best; only, he is of so tender a nature it will be hard for him to recover. But I am sure she would have been a stumbling-block in his way. You see, he fell in love with one of these very wealthy girls in the city where he was, and she lured him on, and then the whole family despised him for his poverty. I think they must have scoffed at him in some way, but I shall never know."

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This Cylinder Roaster turns and bastes the roast automatically with a simple turn of the handle. You do not have to take the roaster out of the oven and all the goodness of the meat is saved. Can be used on top of the stove, as well as in the oven. Takes less heat and you don't have to stay in the hot kitchen summer days. To baste the roast — an important advantage these hot Easily cleaned and will last a life-time.

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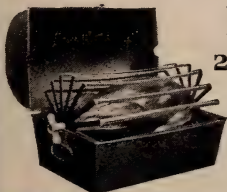
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Continued from page xxiv

Was it this story which had brought Madge's past so vividly to her mind? Her lover had been a physician, poor, and, she feared, scoffed at more than even she had known. Now she was looking at the other side of the matter. Would she have been a stumbling-block to his best life, like the young woman who had jilted this noble fellow she was learning about?

"Like the young woman?" A strange fancy had seized upon Madge as she sat listening to the speaker's comments upon her nephew and her regrets that he would have no time to make her even a flying visit before he settled in the West, which was to be his home—a strange fancy! She sat silent trying to control the trembling that she could not understand and at least to keep it out of her voice. Her training enabled her to do this as, at last, she looked up and said, "Mrs. Winters, do you know, you've never told me the name of this good nephew of yours? What is it?"

A surprise and sudden keenness flashed into the elder woman's eyes, then she dropped them upon her knitting as she answered, "I had n't noticed it. I—"

"Well, Aunt Rachel!" cried a man's voice as a man's step crossed the threshold of the little room, "here I am after all, come for—"

Step and voice halted in amazement. There was no need of telling Madge the name of the newcomer. In Mrs. Winter's nephew she was facing her lover—her former lover, she told herself.

She stood grasping the back of the chair for support.

His face was as pale as marble—and as cold.

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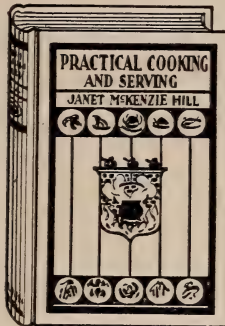
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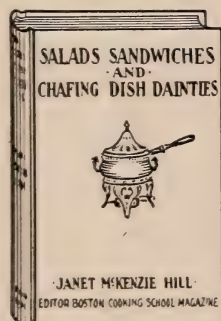
Salads, Sandwiches and Chafing-dish Dainties

By Mrs. JANET McKENZIE HILL, Editor The Boston Cooking-School Magazine

*A New and Revised Edition.
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SALADS and chafing-dish dainties are destined to receive in the future more attention from the progressive housekeeper than has as yet been accorded to them. In the past their composition and consumption has been left chiefly to that portion of the community "who cook to please themselves." But since women have become anxious to compete with men in every walk of life, they, too, are desirous to become adepts in tossing up an appetizing salad or in stirring a creamy rarebit. The author has aimed to make it the most practical and reliable treatise on these fascinating branches of the culinary art that has

yet been published. Due attention has been given to the a b c of the subjects, and great care exercised to meet the actual needs of those who wish to cultivate a taste for palatable and wholesome dishes, or to cater to the vagaries of the most capricious appetites. The illustrations are designed to accentuate, or make plain, a few of the artistic effects that may be produced by various groupings or combinations of simple and inexpensive materials.

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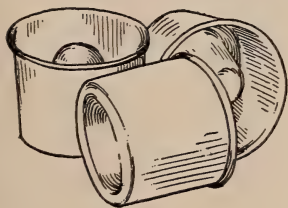
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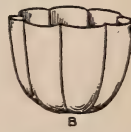
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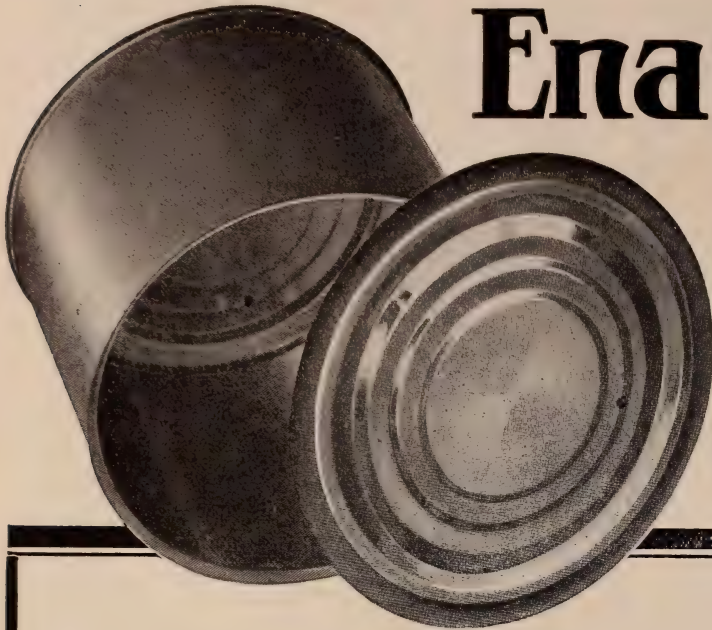
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are made of aluminum and are without seams. They can be used for countless things:

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A new container for Heinz Food Products—new in principle, new in method of construction—of proven superiority over any other form of container.

On the inside of this tin, which we make ourselves, is a coating of golden enamel, baked on by a special process. This enamel effectually protects the food from contact with the tin, thus preventing the corrosion and discoloration that usually develop in the common can. Neither can there be any ill-effects of solder, for the top and bottom are crimped on, no solder being used in sealing.

This tin is better than a glass container in that it admits no light and may be perfectly sterilized without breakage, not to mention its economy.

Thus does the Heinz Improved Tin bring you Heinz foods in all their fresh flavor and natural wholesomeness—the only tin worthy of

HEINZ 57

Among the varieties packed in Heinz Enameled Tin, Preserves, Apple Butter, Peach Butter, Plum Butter and Jellies are very popular with housekeepers just now. Try them—if you are not pleased with the package or its contents, grocers refund money.

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Only the finest selection of fruits are used for Heinz Preserves. These are prepared and cooked with the same cleanly, painstaking care you would exercise in your own kitchen; only it is more systematic, for Heinz workers are aided by facilities and equipment no home could possess.

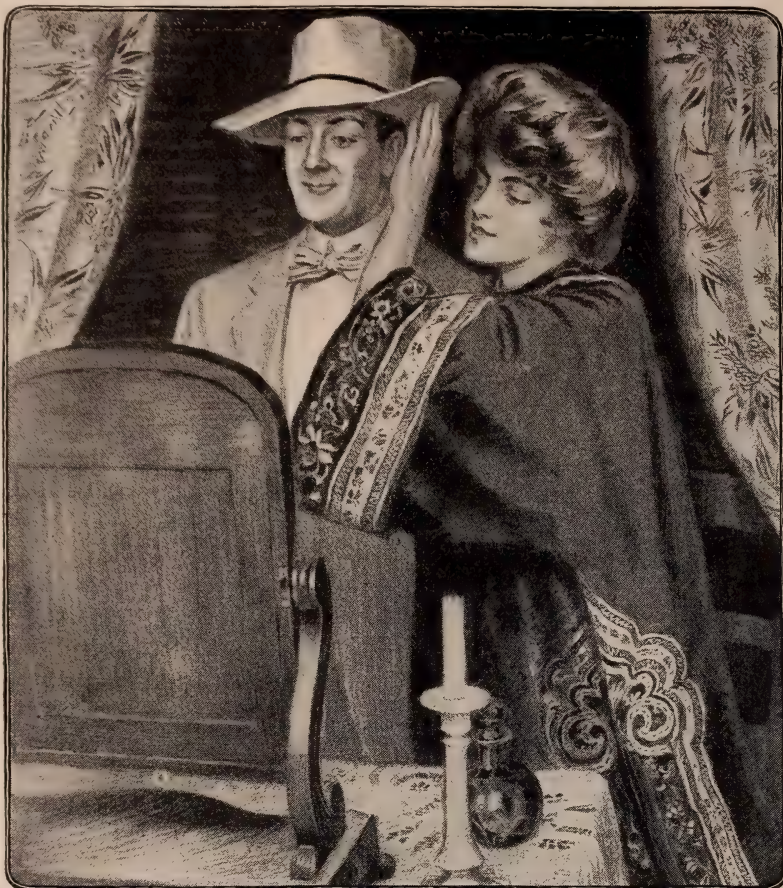
Nothing is added to the fruit but refined granulated sugar. No glucose, nor artificial colorings or preservatives, have a place in Heinz Kitchens.

Fresh from the polished kettles, the preserves are sealed in the Heinz Enamelled Tin which guarantees their wholesome purity and true fruit flavor when served at your table.

Get them any time; any grocer; any kind—pineapple, strawberry, cherry, peach, raspberry, damson, etc.

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THE STORY OF A STRAW HAT.

May 25—Bought by A Man.

June 1—Man caught in rain-storm.
Hat slightly soiled.

June 7—Wind-storm. Hat blown off
Man's head. Just misses mud-pud-
dle. Man very angry—not half as
proud of hat as when he bought it.

June 29—Another storm. Hat looks
considerably the worse for wear.
Man's wife comments on its appear-
ance. Asks him why he doesn't
wear his new hat. Man greatly mor-
tified. Leaves hat at home next day.

July 3—Wife finds hat in closet. Has

an idea. Why not clean it with Ivory
Soap? Gets a bowl of clean, luke-
warm water, a stiff brush, a drying
cloth and a cake of Ivory Soap. Goes
to work. Looks at hat, ten minutes
later and is delighted with it.

July 4—Hat so clean Man fails to re-
cognize it. Wife places it on his
head. Man delighted, too.

Aug. 4—Hat cleaned again with Ivory
Soap.

Sept. 4—Ditto.

Sept. 30—Ditto. And put away for the
winter.

Ivory Soap 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ Per Cent. Pure.

Menu for Formal Dinner in October

Tomato-and-Chicken Bouillon
Celery. Olives. Beaten Biscuit
Fried Fillets of Black Bass or Sea Trout (marinated), Sauce Tartare
Lady Finger Rolls
Ramequins-of-Oyster, Newburg
Guinea Hens, Roasted
Endive-and-Orange Salad
Sweet Potatoes, Southern Style
Cauliflower, Hollandaise Sauce
Fruit Cup
Swedish Sponge Cake
Turkish Paste (Raspberry and Mint flavors)
Coffee

Menu for Luncheon Party in October

Cream-of-Cauliflower Soup
Olives. Bread Sticks
Fillets of Sea Trout, Baked
Cucumber Salad (French Dressing with Onion Juice)
Fried Chicken, Maryland Style
(Corn-and-Oyster Fritters)
Sweet Pickled Peaches
Vanilla Ice Cream in halves of small Muskmelons
Turkish Mint Paste. Salted Pecan Nuts
Coffee



The Boston Cooking-School Magazine

VOL. XIII

OCTOBER, 1908

No. 3



EDINBURGH FROM CALTON HILL

From Edinburgh to London

By Mary H. Northend

THE view of Edinburgh from Calton Hill is always a favorite with the tourist, who visits for the first time the "Athens of the North." It is even more well beloved by him who revisits "Dunedin, the Maiden Town," as the Scottish Bards loved to call their capital.

Here is familiar, classic ground. Directly in front, in the middle distance, looms Castle Rock, rising boldly and abruptly from the town, and overlooking both the sea and the neighboring mountains. This is the oldest part of the city, fortified long before authentic history began. The most



MONUMENT TO SIR WALTER SCOTT

interesting room in the castle is the apartment known as the "Crown Room," where the visitor may see the discarded relics of Scotland's sovereignty,—the splendid crown jewels, the scepter, the sword of state, the crown of Scotland once worn by Robert Bruce. There is something profoundly pathetic in these memorials of Scottish royalty; the feeling is not lessened by remembering the fact that Scotland has never been conquered within the memory of man. Her union with England is simply an economic proposition.

To the right of the picture, the stately Gothic spire belongs to the monument erected in honor of Sir Walter Scott. It is more than two hundred feet high, and is composed of red sandstone. In its principal niches stand figures which represent well-known characters in Scott's writings; while in the center, under a canopy, is a marble statue of Sir Walter him-

self, with his favorite dog crouched by his side.

The city of Edinburgh consists of two towns, the Old and the New, presenting all the striking contrasts of crabbed age and golden youth, when linked together, as sung by old English poets. The old town covers a high, hogback ridge of basalt, which slopes eastward from Castle Rock, upon the west, to the foot of three hills,—Salisbury Craigs, Arthur's Seat, and Calton Hill. The new town, which is handsome, but not picturesque, is built upon a plain that slopes gently northward to the sea.

There can be no doubt concerning the attractiveness of Edinburgh. The late Mr. George Ticknor, who had seen many men and many cities, wrote in his diary, "Edinburgh is all beautiful. It is certainly one of the most beautiful cities in the world." A certain eminent sculptor has said, "The perfection of Edinburgh is the perfection

of a Venus, which requires that it be beautiful from all points, and that those be many."

From storied Edinburgh, its glamour and its glory, we turn to London, the world's metropolis. London is more than two thousand years old. When Julius Cæsar crossed the Channel to Britain, he found a thriving and long established town at London, on the Thames. It now has a population of nearly six millions, — more than all the New England states combined! — and contains, within the limits of this metropolis, more than seven thousand miles of streets.

When we consider the immensity of London and its constant traffic, we naturally expect the city to be a Babel of noise. In this we are happily disappointed. Of all great cities, London is the quietest, on account of her excellent system of thoroughfares. The

pavements, of wood or asphalt, are admirable and comparatively noiseless, and the regulation of traffic is as smooth as the pavements. Mansion House Street is representative of these thoroughfares. There are no tracks and no trolley-cars; hence the blocking of vehicles rarely occurs. Horses frequently fall upon the slippery pavement; but sand is stored at regular intervals, along the streets, and this is instantly scattered under the fallen animal, to assist him in scrambling to his feet. Policemen are plentiful and efficient. Enclosed spaces in the middle of the streets form harbors of refuge to pedestrians, in crossing the streets. The omnibus service is of the most competent kind, while the Underground Railway relieves congestion of the surface roads.

Trafalgar Square has been termed the "Heart of London." In its center



MANSION HOUSE



TRAFALGAR SQUARE AND NELSON COLUMN

stands the Nelson column, of fluted granite, topped by a colossal statue of the famous admiral who won the victory of Trafalgar. The bronze reliefs upon the pedestal were cast from French cannon, and great bronze lions, modeled by Sir Edwin Landseer, crouch at each corner of the square base. Scenes from the life of Nelson are depicted upon these bas-reliefs, and here we read the admiral's last command: "England expects every man to do his duty."

The building seen in the picture just behind the column is the National Gallery, concerning which a certain English writer has expressed himself thus:

"This unhappy structure may be said to have everything it ought not to have, and nothing which it ought to have. It possesses windows without glass, a cupola without size, a portico without height, pepper boxes without pepper, and the finest site in Europe without anything to show for it."

It is not to be denied that, architecturally, London is a failure and a disappointment. It has fine pavements and delightful parks; it has wonderful museums; it has an excellent equipment of low-priced cabs; it has perhaps the most admirable municipal government in the world; it is rich in priceless memories; but the man who hopes to find architectural beauties to admire in the public buildings of London is doomed to Disappointment, — spelled with a very large capital D!

If the city contains one imposing structure, that one is surely Saint Paul's. Here we have a great dome, one hundred and eighty feet in diameter, uplifted three hundred and sixty-five feet above the level of the street. Its architect was Sir Christopher Wren, who sleeps well, within the temple that he planned, beneath the epitaph, "If you seek his monument, look around you." The interior conveys the impression of immense space, but is bare and cheerless. We miss the polished

marbles, the mosaics, the stained glass, which should glorify a cathedral interior. Even the statues seem in questionable taste, and the great dome is dingy, gloomy, smoke-begrimed, and curtained in fog, which our Hawthorne dubbed "The spiritual medium of departed mud."

One Mecca of the tourist, however, and that one the leading object of interest in London, cannot fail to satisfy, architecturally or otherwise. I refer to the Tower of London, situated at the extreme eastern end of the Old City; for be it understood that the original city limits are yet strongly marked, and that the "City" proper is not the same as the municipality.

As will be seen, the "Tower," so called, is in reality a cluster of towers, built at different times, but forming one stronghold. The Thames River guards one side, and it has, upon the other three sides, a deep moat. The whole area occupied is twenty-six acres.

The most ancient portion is the famous "White Tower," the square structure seen in middle distance. Of buildings not ruined, this is the oldest palace-prison in the world. It was built in the days of William the Conqueror, upon the foundations of a Roman fortress, which preceded it. It is one hundred feet square and one hundred feet high. Its exterior walls are from twelve to fifteen feet thick, and ten-foot walls, rising from foundation to roof-tree, separate the apartments from one another. It is apparently as strong today as it was eight hundred years ago, and seems likely to show no weakness, when another eight hundred years shall have elapsed.

For six hundred years, the Tower was the home of English royalty. We forget that it was a palace, and remember only that it was a prison, dyed deeply with the blood of England's best and noblest. Here per-

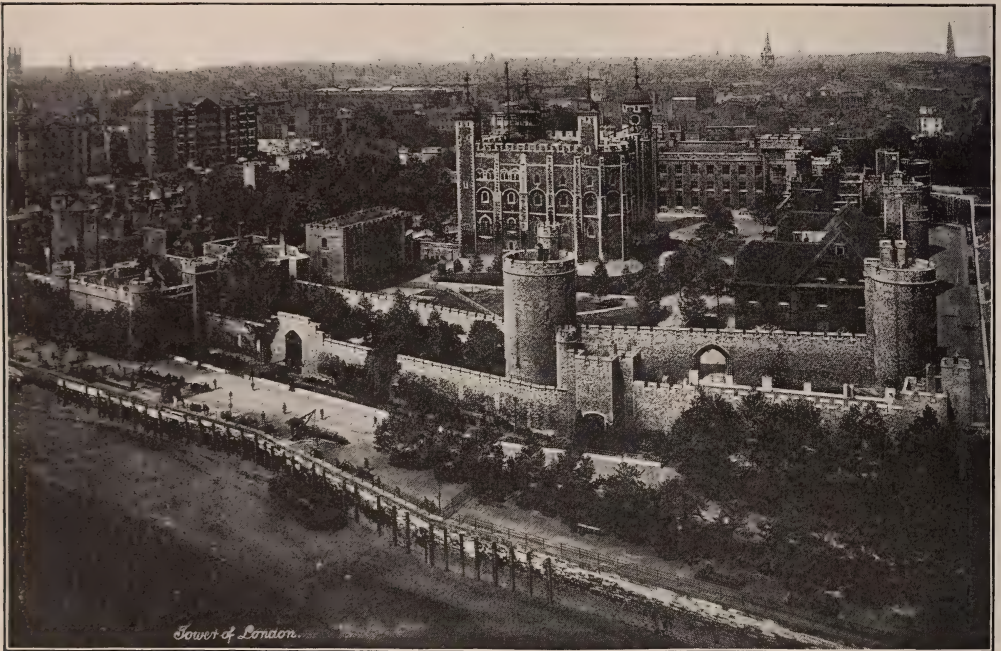


SAINT PAUL'S

ished the two little princes, Edward V and his brother Richard, and here was put to death the Duke of Clarence, brother of Edward IV, some say by being drowned in a cask of wine. Here died the Lady Arabella Stuart, and her lover, the last lord of Wilton. Tower Hill can count a long roll of martyrs, but not the least of them was the gallant and accomplished Sir Walter Raleigh, adventurer, no doubt; but every inch a man.

tears. The daughter was torn from her father's arms, and the good gray head of the benevolent old man, after being stricken off upon Tower Hill, was exposed to the elements upon London Bridge; whereupon the good daughter Margaret made haste to steal it, to embalm it, and lay it away in a silver case.

In the meantime the ghastly relic was missed from its place upon London Bridge. The daughter was sus-



TOWER OF LONDON

The Traitor's Gate was the old entrance to the Tower from the river. As a boat approached, bearing some hapless prisoner, the escort would carry the Ax of Office with its sharp edges turned toward him, if he had been doomed to death. As Sir Thomas More entered at this gate, his daughter Margaret perceived the fatal turning of the axe, dashed through the crowd, and threw herself upon her father's neck, with cries so pitiful that even the hardened guards were moved to

pected, arrested, and brought before the king who had murdered her father. She did not deny the possession of the head. She said that she was sitting in a boat below it, when it fell into her lap. Thus she shielded the accomplice who had dropped it down to her. One of the few decent acts of Henry VIII was that he dismissed the case, permitting her to keep her father's head, which we are told was afterward buried with her in her own coffin.

On Tower Hill died Lady Jane Grey

and her boy-husband. The poor young things cared not to reign, but the ambition of their parents was the doom of these blameless sufferers. Many an unhappy wretch here met an untimely fate, simply for being too closely related to the blood royal. The escape of Queen Elizabeth was little short of miraculous. As a princess, she was confined in the Tower, awaiting her death sentence, while her lover, Thomas Wyatt, who was probably the only man for whom she ever really cared, met his death on Tower Hill. Days and weeks and months passed by, and yet Elizabeth lived, expecting every day to be her last. When the death of her sister placed her upon the throne, she is said to have referred to her escape from death as being as strange as that of Daniel from the den of lions.

Sovereigns since the time of Elizabeth have not resided in the Tower. We can imagine that their dreams might be fully as pleasant elsewhere! The stronghold is now a vast armory, stocked with weapons enough to arm a quarter of a million men. In the Treasure Room lie the crown jewels, and the insignia of the kingdom. Here are baptismal fonts, for royal infants, and the splendid gold plate used in coronation banquets. Here are the coronation orb, the scepter, and the crown. Here are necklaces, spurs, and swords, the whole collection valued at fifteen millions of dollars. It is guarded by armed attendants, and protected by an iron screen; but for some reason it utterly failed to impress me with awe and veneration, as did the crown jewels of Scotland, in the castle, at Edinburgh.

Philippine Glimpses

By Mary E. Walton

ALMOST every army officer who has served two terms in the Philippine Islands has had during the four or five years the usual quota of thrilling adventures by land and sea, of narrow escapes from bolo knives and Mauser bullets, of "hikes" in the blazing sun and drenching rain, of unpleasant proximity to all sorts of hideous diseases, including leprosy, of daily and nightly warfare, not only with sneaking hordes of bloodthirsty mountain savages, but with rats and mildew, with ravenous ants and malarial mosquitoes.

Meanwhile the wives and families of the officers are having their own experiences, some of which are quite as interesting, even if less thrilling. These stories are rehearsed to friends

and relatives, at the fireside "in the gloaming," at afternoon teas and at dinners, during the home visits, and often give, in detail, new views of life in the far-away Philippines.

Inhabiting these islands are innumerable tribes whose customs and languages differ greatly: those of the mountain districts seeming more like wild animals than human beings. The Filipinos we are most familiar with live in the small seaport towns and smaller inland hamlets near by, and are in many ways quite civilized. Their houses are nipa huts, such as have been shown in numerous exhibitions of recent years.

Army officers, on going to a new post in one of these miniature towns, are usually able to find a few larger,

two-story frame structures, in which to live temporarily. These, while they are better than the native huts, are not commodious, comfortable or convenient. They are so squarely built they remind one of old-time "block-houses." Only the second floor of such a house can be used by white people, it being considered dangerous to health to live on the ground floor, which is, literally, the ground and is given over to pigs, chickens and Chinamen.

During the rainy season, when for a few hours each afternoon the floodgates of heaven seem opened, the rain pours down through the thatched roofs in streams, often flooding the living rooms and making life quite exciting for an American housekeeper, though the natives do not seem to mind it.

These huts are mere shells with few rooms, often separated by such thin partitions that a finger can easily be pushed through them, and every word spoken in one room can be heard in the adjoining. Occasionally a chair is carelessly pushed against one of these partitions, penetrating into the next room and making a hole not needed for ventilation.

There is an entire absence of ordinary modern conveniences, in these houses, and an army bride, fresh from her father's luxurious home, finds house-keeping in the small Philippine towns quite a problem. Huts are, however, often the only quarters to be found for officers and their families, at first; in fact, one such house is often shared by two or more families for months at a time, until a new post is built. These new posts, built as soon as possible, have very comfortable houses suited to the climate, with wide piazzas, which, with potted plants, and netting or screens to keep out the mosquitoes, make ideal living-rooms.

One such post, just completed, has a ballroom for the semi-monthly "hops," so constructed that its four

walls, hinged at the top, can be swung out and hooked up to the roof of the wide verandas, making an open-air pavilion, with merely a roof and floor, which is an ideal arrangement for a hot night.

In the larger posts there is the same round of dinners, hops and card parties that make army life in the States so gay. The occupants of "Officers' Row" seem like one big family, having the same interests and daily experiences, and the advent of a guest in one household is the signal for a new round of entertainments in all the others. The same atmosphere of sociability and hospitality prevails in the islands as at the stations nearer home.

Yet life in the Philippines is not all gayety. I know of at least one brave, young army wife who, having accompanied her husband to the interior of the island of Panay, did not see a white woman for six months! She and her husband shared the daily rations of the enlisted men, and at one time had only one cup, plate and spoon between them. Doubtless many another officer's wife could tell of similar experiences and greater privations.

Distances in the Philippines are far greater than is generally realized, and the country and climate vary greatly in different parts of the islands. From Manila to Zamboango, one of the southern seaports of Mindanao, the distance is nearly eight hundred miles, though on the map it looks as if you might step from one island to another. From interior towns the mail is carried on the backs of natives to the nearest seaport, where it is put on the occasional steamer or transport and taken to Manila, from which central point it starts on the long journey across the ocean. From these out-of-the-way seaports it takes letters six weeks to make the trip to the United States, and owing to various delays they are not infrequently seventy, eighty or even

ninety days old when they reach their destination.

The whole country has been priest-ridden for centuries and all sorts of abuses have been perpetrated in the name of religion. Our missionaries will need time and patience unlimited before they can secure the confidence of the natives in any form of priesthood. Under the old *régime* the padre, or priest, had almost supreme control of the time, property and lives of his parishioners. His word was law from which there was no appeal.

These padres have frequently pretended friendship for the Americans, only to betray the post to the insurgents, allowing officers and men to be killed while trusting to their protection. Now and then one of these priests really did seem to try to be neutral, but it was a dangerous thing to do; as was shown in one case I will mention. The padre of a small inland town, on the island of Panay, became friendly with the young officer in charge of the post to the extent of exchanging visits and autographs. This was all; yet when the Philippine hordes swooped down on that town, the autograph was found and cost the padre his life! His head was cut off and placed on a pole at the gate of the town, with a warning to all who dared to befriend Americans.

The better classes, who are part Spanish, in the larger towns, have far better homes than the nipa huts of the ordinary natives. They live in a certain pretentious style, with many servants, fine furniture and equipages, and are wonderfully fond of music. A single family will often possess as many as three pianos, and each member of the wealthier families plays some instrument.

The women of this class wear long-trained brocaded gowns on formal occasions; in fact, the wearing of a train betokens high station, none of the lower classes being allowed such grandeur.

These wealthy Filipinos used to travel extensively in the islands, many having summer homes in the mountains to which they retreated in the hottest weather. In former days they also spent much time in Spain, for education and pleasure, and brought home wonderful souvenirs in the form of furniture, bric-a-brac and toys. One mansion in Iloilo, a summer residence, entered, but left undisturbed by our officers, was a veritable museum, so full was it of curious things. It had been hastily deserted as our troops approached the town, and was left so suddenly that the table was still spread, as at the last meal. In the parlor were the inevitable piano and various other musical instruments, and an enormous Russian sleigh,—a great curiosity, doubtless, in this tropical country, but rather a bulky parlor ornament! The sideboards were filled with beautiful china and many sets of Bohemian and cut glass. Some of the wineglasses had cunningly concealed music-boxes in their stems, and when lifted gave out sweet music. There were menu cards, evidently left from some banquet, which, when set up like small easels, also played strains of music. In a cabinet were found a number of large mechanical toys, which, when wound up, meandered over the beautiful dark polished floor and played sweet tunes. These toys must have cost a small fortune, even in Paris!

The floors in these houses are of the native woods, hard as ivory and most beautifully grained. They are kept highly polished by Filipino servants—boys—who daily skate over their surfaces in thick soft shoes kept for that purpose.

A gift is always presented by a Philippine woman when paying a first call, and one is expected by her when the call is returned. A marvelous wreath of artificial flowers, with tiny white doves (made of the pith of some

plant) posed gracefully here and there among the pink and white blossoms, all under glass and in a heavy wood frame, is now one of my treasured possessions. It was presented to me by a dusky young Filipino whose handiwork it was, even to the frame, and it cost me an American handkerchief when I returned the visit.

On receiving visitors of importance the ladies never appear promptly — that would not be good form! They send word by a servant that they will be down as soon as they have dressed their hair with cocoanut oil! This is considered a marked compliment to the guests, who are expected to wait patiently the half-hour or more required by the ceremonial. Then the ladies sweep into the room, in their brocaded satin and silk gowns, followed by several servants carrying silver trays on which are wines and cakes for the refreshment of the fatigued guests.

A large dinner party in one of these houses is an elaborate, long-drawn-out affair, with six or eight different meats, — nearly all of them floating in oils! — served in courses. The native guests slip off their low loose shoes at meals, and it is a funny sight, at its close, when they fish around under the table trying to find the lost shoes.

All Filipinos are fond of dancing, and their balls are very elaborate, with extensive refreshments, including wines and all sorts of sweets, served during the entire evening. At these functions one never knows where to find one's hostess, it never seeming to occur to her to be on hand to greet and welcome the guests as they enter.

At a large reception in Iloilo, given by one of the wealthiest residents, one officer had a somewhat unique experience. The daughter of the house, eighteen years old, had so evidently been weeping that the Captain, who had frequently met her, was moved to express a hope, in his very best Spanish, that she was not ill. Bursting into

tears she said, "No, but my doll is broken! she is dead!" The Captain hid his surprise and assured her he was very sorry — could not something be done? Perhaps he could mend it. He had often mended his sister's dolls. She brightened up at once and said she would be enraptured and eternally grateful if indeed he could! And she would send it over to the Captain soon — very soon — which in fact she did, that very night. Full of hope and quite comforted, the girl then entered into the pleasures of the evening and danced as joyously as any till the "wee sma' hours" of the morning.

Soon after the Captain and his wife reached their home a servant arrived bringing the broken doll on a beautiful little brass bed, with thanks "if the Captain would be so kind." Next morning another servant came with a small trunk filled with clothes for the doll, and a quaint little note in Spanish from the young lady, saying as the little invalid would doubtless be in the hospital for a few days, she herewith sent some fresh clothing, as she might like to have a change. *This* from a grown-up young lady for a *doll*! Happily the Captain was able to mend the doll and consequently the broken heart, receiving in return an effusive letter of gratitude worthy a better cause. The girls play with dolls till they marry and have real live babies to fondle.

The mention of clean clothing reminds me that the only laundry of the natives is the bank of a stream, and washing consists of swishing the clothes up and down in the river and then beating them with sticks on the grass. After this they are smoothed out on the ground by hand or by a hollow iron in which a fire is built. Washings are not heavy, for the children of even the "well-to-do" go about almost in a state of nature! Yet the best gowns of their mothers and grown-up sisters, worn on formal occasions, often cost

fifteen hundred or two thousand dollars apiece! Surely it is a country of sharp contrasts!

On the island of Panay two or three kinds of cloth are woven by the natives. The piña-cloth, exquisitely fine and delicate, is made of the fiber of the pineapple. The jusi is a mixture of fine hemp fiber and Chinese silk. Coarser cloth for native costumes is also made of hemp. The native women wear a piece of cloth wound around the waist and falling somewhat in the form of a skirt, with a large fichu or shawl-like affair around the shoulders, worn low and crossed in front, and sometimes having wide flowing sleeves.

Rice is the diet of the lower classes, and the women squat around, outside the huts, pounding the rice in large stone bowls, hour after hour. When they cook it they stir it with long-handled spoons, the bowls of which are made of a quarter section of a coconut shell.

The natives are wonderfully superstitious, ascribing all uncomprehended sights and sounds to supernatural causes. When the first phonograph was taken to Capiz, on the island of Panay, natives went out as usual in small boats to meet the incoming steamer. As they neared the vessel they heard the phonograph, which happened to be giving a band selection. Boarding the steamer, they wandered over it, looking in vain for the band. When finally convinced that the sounds came from the queer-looking little machine they were panic-stricken, declared it must be the Evil One, made a dash for the deck, jumped overboard and swam ashore. When they saw the first thrashing machine at work thrashing rice, and noted the rapidity and perfection of its work, they declared the devil must be in it! Their method had always been to thrash the rice by treading it out with their bare feet or by driving water buffaloes back and forth over it.

These methods were slow and very wasteful, to say nothing of the uncleanliness thereof. No Filipino, however, will accept anything on hearsay. He has to see it demonstrated to believe, but he is quick to adopt a machine or an improvement when once he sees it really works. Several of those who watched the thrashing machine at first with fear, then with doubt and amazement, ended by ordering them for use on their own rice farms.

Perhaps this is the keynote to success in teaching the Filipinos. When they see the fruits of our religion and civilization in the better lives of our missionaries and the "white brothers," they may accept both as readily as they did the rice thrasher. But they must first see it work. After all this is only going back to the old Bible text of, "By their fruits ye shall know them!" Our missionaries will find the people naturally devout, after a fashion of their own, but, owing to centuries of oppression and deceit in the name of the Church, they are slow to believe in the honesty of purpose of those who preach to them the new doctrine of the Golden Rule. For generations they have given their money, their crops and their labor willingly to the padres, women esteeming it a privilege to be allowed to scrub the floors of the priests' palaces. It remains to be seen whether they will care for a purer religion, when they find it takes away their cockfights, gives them no "fiestas," and even removes the fascinating fiction of evil spirits inhabiting the inanimate objects around them.

These are a few of the odd phases of character and life in the Philippine Islands, which, while they might be multiplied indefinitely by each individual experience, may yet give some slight idea of the contradictory conditions existing at the present time in what has been aptly called "Uncle Sam's Conundrum."

The Way of Madame Poularde

By Helen Campbell

TO the tourist making the regulation short trip in Europe, ninety days the utmost time allowed, Mont Saint Michel is too entirely off the beaten track to include more than, it may be, vague knowledge of its existence. Once seen, however, it is never forgotten, and the old traveler returns to it, drawn by some irresistible force. Nothing in all France holds so strongly the spirit of the Middle Ages, and the noble architecture of the Abbey Church rises on a site of beauty never to be forgotten.

There are two phases of this beauty, high tide and low tide, with a thousand shifting and varying ones between, marking the difference between each. At high tide the great rock, on which the will and hand of man have set the seal of possession, rises out of the sea a gleaming, shimmering, tossing surface, its waves hiding the buried forest, while beyond are the shores of Normandy, from which countless pilgrims have for centuries made pilgrimage to the shrine. At low tide is another aspect, and miles of yellow sands, bared to the sun and hard and firm under the feet of those who cross them, stretch away gleaming as if actual gold were in the shining grains. The old fortress, through whose gate one passes to the Abbey Church, shadows the long stairs up which one must climb, flight after flight, till the portal of the fortress is reached and, beyond, the Hall of the Knights, still a wonder no less than all the work that hand of builder and sculptor and carver has left for the pilgrim of today. There is the narrowest of streets, a miracle that houses can rise on either side, and in one of them it is that Madame Poularde has made her name a synonym for all that

the weary traveler finds most happily to be remembered.

It is the Poularde Ainé that for many a year knew her gracious and effective ministration, and in its little café were to be met world-renowned personages, who had come to love the little town built along a series of stairways. The two inns, Poularde Ainé and Poularde Jeune, represented a family quarrel never made up yet calmly ignored by Madame Poularde herself, who, as the guests appeared in the narrow street, a mere lane, stepped smilingly out of her kitchen and with a gracious cordiality greeted the arrivals so charmingly that naturally they followed her beckoning hand and found themselves on a little terrace, vine-hung and holding small tables, where one took the morning coffee and rolls. But for luncheon or dinner one descended to a lower house, by an inner gate, finding Madame Poularde its soul and her stamp on every feature. Tall and dark, suave and gracious, her French spoken so slowly that the veriest tyro in languages felt himself a master and listened with delight; she was mistress, also, of every tradition the old town knew, and was never weary of telling the story of the past.

This was one phase. The other was summed up in a knowledge of cookery of an inspired order, her omelets famous throughout Europe, her soups and relèves no less famous, every dish served inspected by her vigilant eyes, and even the best chef employed realizing that here was one to whom he must defer and defer gladly, since each dish was a triumph and each guest a proclaimer of that fact.

The day's menu was simple, if tested by the profusion of the modern hotel, but he who partook of it realized

suddenly what perfection of preparation and flavor meant, and left sorrowful that never elsewhere could he find a counterpart.

"Why, why cannot this sort of thing be found in other places?" many a guest asked, but Madame Poularde's dark eyes remained inscrutable, her "Why indeed?" never the reply desired. In fact it held a supreme indifference, veiled by her utter courtesy to each guest of the house. She was the reason and she knew it, her absolute genius for both oversight and personal handling long known and unquestioned. She held saucepan or basting spoon with a grand air, as a queen might hold her scepter; the work never a trade but an art, every touch of her skilled hands as definite and precise as that of the practised artist who, while apparently merely slapping on the paint, knows to a hair's breadth just what every stroke stands for. Her resignation of these duties is said to have filled all Europe with dismay — such portion of Europe, that is, as had sat at the little tables and known the delights of her sauces. Successors may be, but with never an inheritance of her

marvelous skill, and many a hungry traveler, drawn by memory of past delights, will turn away sorrowful, and refuse to be comforted by any less fascinating combinations.

Poularde Ainé may keep its name, but its soul has passed from it, and who shall say that, in this modern generation, a successor could be found who, with all the grace of the old, all the science of the new, could add to the dish that subtle something which is as much the soul of the great cook's productions as is the magic coloring that of the great artist? His trick of handling makes the picture unforgettable.

There is mourning for Madame Poularde, but her generation is passing and soon she will be but a memory; though France honors her famous cooks, the masters past and present, as no other country has dreamed of doing, and, by and by, may even erect a monument on the great rock to one whose lifelong work drew, year by year, innumerable guests, who smiled with joy as they consumed the fruit of her skillful hands, yet sighed that there were none others like them.

The End of Summer

By Henry Meade Bland

Sweep on, O tide, across the yellow sands,
And rock the birds, and flash the autumn moon!
No more the long unbroken summer dream.
The days are gone, too soon! too soon!

And thou, O wave, upon the distant crag
Splash till thy flood is turned to lightest down!
No more, at morn, thy rolling crest I'll ride;
The oar is lost, the rudder gone!

And thou, my most beloved, who changest not
Like foamy tide or briny summer wind,
This is the bourn I consecrate to thee,
The inland of contented mind!

Marriage or Business Success

By Kate Gannett Wells

IN the unadulterated state of natural affection, if ever such blissful ignorance can again exist, girls take to marriage as a pleasant matter-of-course happening. But in these modern days, when a woman is rated by her economic efficiency, she applies the double-entry system of accounts to her affections, and adjusts the balance in favor of remaining single, because she is successful as an "economic unit." Her business enterprise is the rival of her lover, if she has one, for the ultimatum of success is pitted against the finality, man. She is just in love with her business. She delights in her efficiency. She enjoys the responsibilities and secrets of being a confidential clerk. Unaware of it, she is in reality standing off from herself and viewing herself as an object of esteem, upon which business has set its mark of approbation.

Not long ago it was only a few women who were successful in business. Today it is hundreds of women. Tomorrow it will be thousands, because the industrial education of women is fitting them to be independent, economic factors, instead of earning their way as wives. This is not saying that any woman may not at any moment fall in love. It is merely venturing to think that industrial education does not put her in a state of preparedness, of being ready to fall in love, if occasion should offer.

Peculiarly is this the case in our country as contrasted with Europe. In Germany, girls are taught industrially, with the thought of marriage influencing the training they receive as home keepers and home helpers. Or if, as in France, the women do go into business, they unite such pursuit with marriage, which is founded on the

"dot." Not alone is the foreign viewpoint different from ours, but also the terms used, as that of "housewifery," indicate this taken-for-granted relation of the pupils to their own homes as married women. The fact that in many European schools "domestic science" is taught to two classes of women, those who expect to use their knowledge as wives and mothers and those who intend to go out to service as hired girls, hints again at this underlying thought of marriage.

With us girls are industrially trained with the idea of *competition* running throughout their education, future commercial work always being preferred to manual work. In the training, even of domestic science, their calling as wives is not so much suggested as is the need of an all-round, general education, which any woman should have, married or unmarried. That such regard for the universal feminine need of domestic science is right does not negative the tendency to disregard marriage in choosing a vocation. But why should not the man, who desires to rear a family, also take a short course in household management, at least in cookery?

It is not, however, domestic science which becomes the latent animus against marriage, but commercial and trade school instruction. The serious work that it requires means good pay later. The business methods taught mean employment as clerks, saleswomen, etc., at high salaries. Moreover the girls, who have had any previous intellectual training, find that the academic work insisted upon in many trade schools increases their economic and personal value and enables them to take advanced business courses, as they realize that it is not manual

dexterity alone, but mental ability, which regulates the amount of handicraft skill one possesses.

A girl, earning \$16.00 a week at some trade, hesitates to accept a position as wife to a man earning but \$2.00 more, though, if he be a carpenter, the cleanliness of his trade may be an inducement to marry him. Gail Hamilton gave the preference in husbands to carpenters, her special workman having "gentleness, grace, refinement"; very useful home qualities, provided one also has energy.

So is it that more and more the acquirement of expert skill, gained by industrial training, is establishing itself as sentinel over marriage, and fortunate is it that this is so. Foolish is the woman, even if much in love, who does not count the cost before being married. Pitiably she may become, if she does not agree upon some financial arrangement with her lover before he becomes her husband. No fair-minded girl sits down supinely expecting to be supported. She knows she has her part to do in the home and outside of it, if her man falls sick. But as long as he is able-bodied, she should insist upon having some of his earnings for her personal use, all hers, as well as for home supplies and children's needs. There may be, in consequence of such stipulations, fewer marriages and fewer children. All the better, then, for when marriages are just and happy they insure children better born and educated, who, in turn, contribute more as economic factors to the state than if they be anæmic, feeble-minded and pauperized.

But girls often are so afraid of being considered mean, if they insist on money values, or of being supposed to marry for money, instead of for love; they forget that forethought is the acquisition of a trained mind and that "there is no small economy." We all have our pet ways of saving, — paper,

strings, scraps, minutes, — and are the richer for them.

Apart from the economic side of industrial training, and as the real offset to marriage, is the professional (it should not be called by any less name) delight which a girl takes in her success. Then it is much easier to look forward to being a little lonely, when one is past the age of earning (which nowadays comes all too soon), if one has acquired a modest competence. What that is is relative to all that has gone before. It is a real comfort to look back upon one's success, no matter how humble, as innuendoes, anent "old maids" who could not get married, change into assertions that they could have been married any time if they had wished. Acknowledgment of their prerogative of choice is gratifying.

Living on one's income, factory work, industrial, trade or commercial pursuits, domestic service, and marriage are the five general divisions of women's work. Always will the last be the best, all other things being equal.

Yet, as in marriage there often comes the necessity for domestic service, the question of mutual rights between employer and employee calls for some pleasanter name for such service. Where but one girl is employed ("kept" is an offensive word) mutual rights too often get one-sided, and the girl has a hard time "keeping at it." Also the term savors of class distinction in the home. Perhaps, partly for this reason, "domestic science" has become the phrase under which one learns how "to go out to service," as well as how to become teachers and matrons of institutions. But why has not Household Science or Household Arts a more agreeable significance, since beauty always implies utility? Either term stipulates for special trained skill. Cookery, above all, is an independent and peculiar art; witness the number of well-to-do women and girls who,

though good organizers of a home, attend cooking schools, to learn how to do the one most essential thing in the care of a family.

Industrial training has come to stay and to increase, because civilization demands expert service in specialties. That its effect is wide disinclination to marriage is largely true, and, also, that on marriage depends the continuance of civilization, are reasons for upholding marriage, when rightly managed, as the employment most productive of

happiness. Still it must be managed. *How* this shall be done is the secret before which all general rules are like the unsatisfactory, old-fashioned books on the etiquette of a lady. But any one who is successful in managing marriage (he is married just as much as she) should tell the girls that no amount of industrial success is half so good as having a husband, who is a perpetual lover and an all-the-year-round employed worker, at some lucrative occupation.

The Little German Band

By Lalia Mitchell

They journey up and down the street,
The village urchins at their heels,
Discoursing music, blithe or sweet,
That through the hum of traffic steals,
With potency to touch the heart,
With power one cannot understand,
Since theirs is but an humble art —
The dusty, little German band.

They play the tunes that once we knew,
Ben Bolt and Kate and Sweet Marie,
And somehow, ere the strain is through,
Our hearts are throbbing to be free;
And we are longing for the days
When some one reached to clasp our hand,
And we are treading woodland ways
Behind the little German band.

Short is their stay and they are gone,
To play a block or more away;
We hear them in the early dawn,
We hear them at the close of day,
Yet ever in our souls they wake
A thrill we cannot understand,
And we are better for their sake,
The dusty little German band.

Her Simple Life

By Frances Campbell Sparhawk

Part III

MADGE was the first to recover. "How do you do, Dr. Sedgwick?" she said, beginning to hold out her hand, but dropping it again as she saw his stiffly at his side when he turned from greeting his aunt. "Your aunt has been telling me about you, and I am so glad you could come to see her — and glad to have the opportunity to wish you success in your new field. Mrs. Winters says that you are going West?" Madge scorned her own inanity. Why would not her wits obey her will?

Scoffing — then patronage! "Yes, Miss Alden," he answered with another bow stiffer than the first. "Thank you for your good wishes." Then silence.

The girl was furious with herself. What was all her social training worth that she could not command her resources of ease and fluency? Why was her tongue glued to her lips? Of course, she must go at once, but first she might say a word to show that she remembered that they had been friends, that they were still friends. And, at last, with her will came the power. With a gentleness that he had never seen in her she asked him of himself and his work, saying just the few words needed and going away in the breath of them. She would not hear of Mrs. Winters' suggestion that Dr. Sedgwick should walk to Mrs. Lyle's with her; every moment of his belonged to his aunt. She would have given much, to be sure that he himself had intended to offer this; if so, he had certainly hesitated a little.

"Thank you, Clare," she said that evening, when her cousin proposed going to a friend's house, "but if you'll

excuse me, I'll stay at home this evening. But don't let me keep you; I have a headache, and if you don't mind, I'll go to bed early."

Mrs. Lyle and her husband, returning, saw Madge sitting at her window in the moonlight; and, if they had watched, they would have seen her there well into the small hours. For she could not sleep; she was remembering everything and reviewing it with new perceptions. Eight years ago! It was strange he had even recognized her. He was still angry with her; he had come to hate her. An iceberg could not have been more chilling. What had her father said to him? Something worse than she had dreamed, Madge feared.

How he had developed! How strong he was in bearing and character! And how handsome he had grown, with a look of power in his face which none of her suitors had! And over this look of power and the strength and purpose of his life, as Mrs. Winters had told her, Madge's thoughts lingered long. The summer dawn was beginning when she crept into bed.

"I gave the wrong place for my ache; I'm afraid it's in my heart," she said. Then she braced herself. "That which is without remedy should be without regard," she quoted. "What's done is done — and nothing is more manifest than that this is done. I'll go to sleep."

And she did, although with troubled dreams.

Madge was in a dilemma. The following day Mr. Alden was coming for a flying visit to Mrs. Lyle, his wife's cousin, although much younger

than Mrs. Alden would have been if living then. Madge was afraid of outstaying her welcome and meant to go away with her father. But she had told him much about Mrs. Winters and her simple life, and wrested from him a promise that when he came he would pay a visit to this woman who interested his daughter so deeply.

That evening her father would arrive. The next day he must be taken to the little house on the hill — if taken at all. And there was Dr. Sedgwick! She could not meet him again. She could not speak of him to her father — or she would not. But Mrs. Winters had spoken of his not being able to come at all. Surely, his visit must be brief; before Madge and her father went to the cottage, nearly forty-eight hours after Sedgwick's arrival, he would be gone again. Anyway, it must be risked.

But as father and daughter walked up the hill to the little home, Madge was not in so tranquil a frame of mind as she would have liked, or as she appeared to Mr. Alden. Yet she told him more freely than she would have spoken to any other of her visits to the two-roomed cottage and of the fearless heart of the woman who here lived the simple life — the life of trust for which it seemed to her, although she did not say so, her father would have been ready to barter his millions.

He laughed at her a little as he listened. "Ah, ha, Madge," he said, "you've not yet outgrown the age of fairy tales; I envy you."

"Her telephone goes farther than yours or mine," repeated the girl; "and," she added softly, "I suspect it receives far fuller answers."

"It may be so," returned Mr. Alden gravely, for the moment, his heart full of regret for the thing that could never now be remedied, for that which had mingled its bitterness with many of the sweet moments of life. "Lead

on, little girl," he aded, his mood changing again to lightness.

Madge's eyes and ears were on picket duty. But she saw no one about the cottage, nor did she hear voices within. So the father and daughter drew near and knocked at the open door.

"Come in!" called the owner's cheerful tones as she came forward to meet her guests.

Mr. Alden started at the voice and stood glancing first at his daughter, and then staring straight at the speaker, his eyes dark and large, his lips apart, his breathing suspended, until at last with effort he uttered one word, "Rachel!"

But with Mrs. Winters, although she had not expected to see him, there was no surprise at his identity. "Henry!" she answered. "I have long known through your daughter that it was you. It is you who have all this time forgotten me."

"Never, Rachel!" he cried. "It was all a mistake — no, no, it was bitterly my fault also, and bitterly have I suffered for it, and believed it never possible to be made right — believed you dead. You have much to forgive, Rachel, but, indeed, I never meant all this. At first I was absorbed, selfishly, wickedly absorbed, I own, but later I sought you a long time in vain —"

"As carefully as you sought your millions?" questioned Rachel in an incisive voice.

"It was to my sorrow that I could not find you, Rachel," he answered, after a pause which tacitly admitted the justice of her question: "and that sorrow grew with the years."

Ah! Here, Madge perceived, was the unending regret of which he had once spoken to her. Was Mrs. Winters an old love of her father's? she asked herself. She was older than he.

"Let me explain to you, Rachel," he added, going toward the woman, whom for the first time Madge saw

cold and haughty. The next moment he had reached her, had taken her reluctant hands, had folded her, shrinking, in his arms. "My sister!" he said, "to whom in reality I owe all that I am and all that I have. My ill-treated sister, ungratefully deserted in return for a devotion I have never known equaled! The others died, but I should have remembered and rewarded you — as well as I could reward what was above price. And I meant to do it — when I had made my pile. If you cannot forgive me, do not hate me."

As Mrs. Winters released herself not unkindly from her brother's embrace, Madge's arms stole about her neck. "And are you my father's sister, my very own aunt?" she said softly. "Am I so rich as that?"

The elder woman turned suddenly and clasped the girl in her arms. Tears stood in her eyes.

"I thank you, Rachel," said the father, "for not poisoning my daughter's heart against me."

"Oh, Henry!" she cried, at last, holding out her hand to him with a smile Madge never forgot, "what a sin it would be to poison such a heart as she has! She makes your peace."

"I believe she has something of you in her — happy child!" said Mr. Alden with a brightness in his face new to his daughter.

"She has a heart! She has something of her aunt in her! — she, cold and hard as the gold she is so vain of!" murmured under his breath a watcher who, coming up unheard, at that moment reached the window and through it saw the picture within and heard words amazing to him. Had his instincts told him true when he had loved her, he wondered? Had she been overborne by others, possibly misrepresented? Or was she what for almost eight years he had believed her? Most assuredly she was, he told himself, remembering looks and smiles

and half scornful words. Why had he remembered her at all? How hard it was that the memory of her, much as he hated it, stood between him and any future joy! For because of Madge Alden he could not love another, sweeter woman, truly as he had tried to do this.

At the moment of this thought he fixed his eyes upon the face of Madge as she stood looking at her aunt. No, the other woman was not sweeter than this one could be, he had never seen her half so lovely. But this was not for him. It never would be. Unexpectedly, before going West he had found it possible to spend a week with his aunt. He was boarding at one of the houses not far away and visiting with her almost continually. It was on his return from a long walk that, on his way to the cottage door, he had heard voices and glanced in at the open window. He had meant to go away again at once.

But he was riveted there. He forgot that he was looking, he forgot that he was listening; he was living over the past in the revelations of the present. Possibilities of character undreamed of were before his eyes; he forgot all that he had called dead; every nerve thrilled with the vision before him, the vision of a beautiful, beloved face, instinct with a tenderness that made it seem to him divine — a tenderness for a woman, poor and unknown, except to the angels. Her aunt, had the girl said? Did such blood as that run in Madge's veins? He could not take his eyes from her.

"You will come and live with us, Rachel," said Mr. Alden in that tone of certainty with which he was wont to arrange his affairs. "Why should you not come home with us at once?"

She shook her head. "This is home to me, Henry," she answered him. "I love it."

"Then I'll build you a charming

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OLD AND NEW

THE most striking feature of the times is the fact that people do not believe in so very many things which they once held to be true. Belief, as well as practice, is undergoing constant change. For instance, that might makes right, from an ethical point of view, is not now regarded as sound or justifiable philosophy. Time was when the mightiest man became, in accordance with the law of natural selection, leader. His word was authoritative and final, and he ruled by right divine. To rid the earth of this idea and the evils it entailed has been a long and grievous process. But the idea of the divine right of kings, as that

of human infallibility, is now wellnigh outgrown. In the future, more and more, the people are destined to choose and appoint those who are to execute the laws of the land. Save by truth and justice, there are no means of satisfying the human conscience. Correlative with force is fear, and fear, as a motive in human conduct, no longer holds the place it once held. We do right because it is right.

Again, the idea of ruling classes, a chosen people, a favored few, long since in disfavor, is now discarded. To be sure, man everywhere must be estimated according to his real worth or character. It is said our theological and medical schools are sadly wanting in pupils. If this be true, it is because people are thinking for themselves and outside the old courses. At any rate, faith in the efficacy of drugs, as curative of disorders, is dying out. Man is learning how to feed his body properly; that is, he is learning how to select, combine and proportion his food so as to produce harmony in the stomach. This means normal digestion, assimilation and perfect health. The natural or scientific method, in everyday matters, as in those of deepest concern, has become more widely prevalent. Cheerfulness is the leading characteristic of modern life.

In short, people are thinking for themselves and in ever-broadening lines of thought. To enhance the comfort and well-being of mankind, subways and elevated roads have been invented. Ocean cables and wireless telegraphy are in full operation, while submarines and airships are in process of successful development. These things are only indicative of a like advancement of thought in other than material affairs.

Hence, in living up to the best light that has been given to us, while fulfilling our part in life's procession, we may do well ever to remember that fifty years hence, perhaps, people will

look upon our ideas and ways of living as old-fashioned and out of date. For is it not strictly true that "man is constantly growing in power, wisdom, excellence and worth"?

INDUSTRIAL WRONGS

THIS subject is today foremost in the interests of every man and woman in the land, perhaps in the world. We give the following paragraphs in full from the editorial columns of the *Christian Register*. In them the writer gives expression to one view of the subject in far better manner than we could hope to do:

"What are the wrongs in our present industrial system that occasion so much revolt and unrest? The grievance alleged is mainly that of unjust distribution of the fruits of the earth and the products of human toil. It is agreed that the earth brings forth sufficient food to nourish all her children, and that enough is or can be produced so that all may be comfortably clothed and housed. Yet in the midst of this plenty there are many who often suffer from hunger and cold.

"How many thus suffer unjustly, it is difficult to say; though, if there be but few, it is a wrong that should be set right if one knew how to apply the remedy. In our part of the world all who are regularly enlisted in the great industrial army, without doubt, have enough to eat and to wear. There is always a certain element of society whose disposition is that of the tramp, and who do not wish to work. Nobody cares very much, therefore, whether or not they are sufficiently fed. But there is another class of people, possessing no great skill of brain or hand, whose place in the industrial army is always somewhat insecure. When changes occur they are easily thrown out of employment, and they are likely to suffer much lack before they find another place in the

ranks. The fortunes of this class are unstable, not only because of those disturbances which affect the business world, but also through the caprice of the employers of labor. As they are by no means necessary to the enterprises with which they are connected and as their places are easily filled, slight causes may lead to their dismissal.

"This is the class most deserving of sympathy and help, because their need is greatest. They, more than others, feel the pinch of social inequality and injustice. It is their case, above all, for which some remedy is demanded.

"But it is said that the laboring man, who gets enough out of the common store to supply in some fashion the physical wants of himself and his family, is still deprived of a large part of his just due. This perhaps is what most rankles in the common mind. Hand labor does not get its fair share of those good things which it helps to produce. Capital and business skill take more than rightfully belong to them, leaving the wage-earner to put up with a pitiful remainder. This is the charge now made continually, upon which the attempt to reach some new kind of industrial system chiefly rests.

"It may be granted that the common laborer nowhere receives what a generous mind would wish him to have. One would be glad to see the wages of all that work for hire much increased. But, as a matter of justice, who can say what is any man's due as a servant of society other than that he is entitled to a comfortable living? What measure is there of the value of such service, as any of us can render that enables us to say with precision what portion of that which the labor of all produces he should receive as his share? Some contribute more than others to the general prosperity. But who can apportion to each his reward in accordance with the worth of what he has done?

"In point of fact there is no such way of measuring the value of any man's work. One may say and believe that great injustice is done him in that so little is doled out to him. But the disadvantage of his situation is that he is utterly unable to prove this at the bar of public opinion. There is no way to decide what his share should be, as a matter of right and justice. He and those who believe with him may combine to enforce a larger recompense; but no one can say whether an old wrong is thus redressed or a new one is created. They have simply done, in their turn, what they complain was done against them; they have used power to get for themselves all they could out of the common stock. Perhaps they get too much, perhaps not enough. Who knows?

"Some persons appear to think that all these matters are to be set right by the invention of a new industrial system. It is difficult to see how, unless we acquire some method, which all can accept, for measuring the value of the work which each person does. So long as the market price for labor, like everything else, has to be what it will bring or can be made to bring, what higher degree of equity can a new system reach? And, where there is confessed inequality of service, on what basis shall that inequality be accurately computed and recompensed? Alleviations of obviously oppressive conditions may be found in various ways. But what final cure is there for any industrial wrong save through the growth of knowledge and character?

"We can emancipate the slave; but we do not thereby solve his life-problem for him. On the contrary, we introduce him to a new set of problems from which slavery was his shield. We can stop some abuses by legislation; but it is a good deal like cutting down a bush which springs up with new vigor from its old roots.

"The truth is that, when men ob-

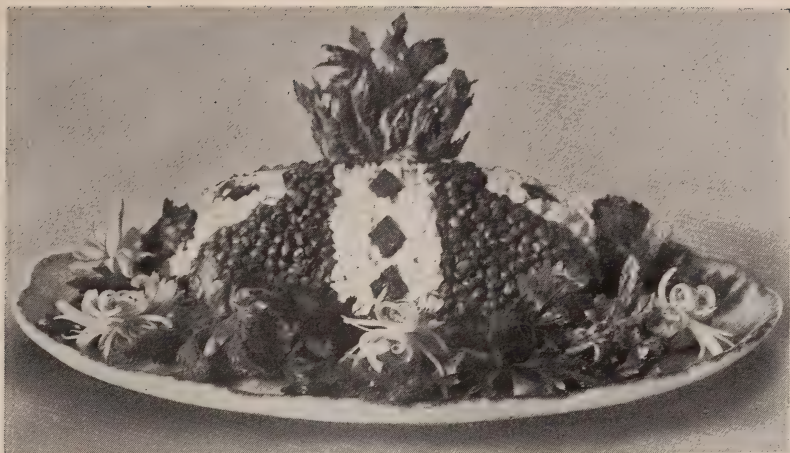
tain sufficient enlightenment and acquire sufficient moral stature, they no longer try to oppress each other or to steal from each other. Their effort then goes in the opposite direction, and they will be as generous in all their dealings as prudence will allow. But, until they come to that point of mental and spiritual development, they are very certain to try to get out of their neighbor all they can; and there is no way by which their grasping endeavor can be very much frustrated. So long and so far as men want to grab, and think it necessary to grab, life is sure to be a grab game. That game will always be played at the expense of the ignorant and the weak."

WOMEN IN POLITICS

"THE Republican national committee is not unmindful of woman's influence in politics. The gentle allies are being thoroughly organized and are to be given a prominent place in the campaign. There will be women on the stump and rallies for women. And why not? Do not the welfare of the nation and the wisdom of its policies at home and abroad concern the women as much as they do the men? And, if the women are interested, why should they not be allowed to vote? But, of course, that is a different question."

After the summer vacation come the opening of schools, fairs, the November elections and resumption of business of all kinds. Work begins in earnest, playtime is over for half the world, and these happy ones will buckle to and be glad of it. Let others amuse themselves. Who cares!

"Nothing is done without enthusiasm. It is heart that wins, not head, the round world over."



CHICKEN SALAD MASKED WITH MAYONNAISE, COVERED WITH CAPERS,
CHOPPED WHITE OF EGG AND DIAMONDS OF PICKLED BEET
BORDER OF CELERY LEAVES AND CURLED CELERY

Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

IN all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. When flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or a teaspoonful of any designated material is a *level* spoonful of such material.

Fillets of Sea Trout, Baked

SKIN one large or two small sea trout, then carefully "lift" or push the flesh from the bones in two long fillets or strips; cut these into pieces suitable for serving, having all of same shape and size, also about twice as long as wide. Fold the fillets and trim them to a point at one end. Butter an agate or similar baking dish; spread over the bottom a small onion, two tomatoes, freed from the skin and with seeds pressed out, and half a green or red sweet pepper, all chopped fine. On this bed set the fillets; cover with a buttered paper and set aside in a cool place. Put the skin, the bones, broken into several pieces, and the

heads in a saucepan and cover with cold water; add part of an onion and two sprigs of parsley and let cook until time to cook the fillets. Then take up the buttered paper and pour in about three-fourths a cup of the fish stock and half a cup of sauterne; sprinkle the fish with salt, return the buttered paper to place and let cook in a moderate oven about twenty minutes. Remove the fillets to a hot dish and cover, to keep hot. Strain the sauce; add half a cup of thick, hot tomato purée and beat in the yolks of two eggs, beaten into one-fourth a cup of creamed butter. Season as needed with salt and pepper, and pour over the fish. Serve at once. The sauce must not boil after the addition of the yolks of eggs or it will curdle.

Fried Chicken, Maryland Style

Singe and clean, then separate a young chicken weighing about two pounds and a half into pieces at the joints; divide the breast and the back to make with the others about twelve pieces in all; roll these lightly in flour, seasoned with salt and pepper, then in a beaten egg, diluted with two or three tablespoonfuls of milk or water, and then in sifted bread crumbs. Cut half a pound or more of fat salt pork into bits and cook these in an iron frying pan until the fat is well tried out; skim out the scraps of pork. Put the prepared chicken into the hot fat and let cook slowly about one hour, turning the pieces as needed to cook all sides evenly. If the chicken be cooked too fast, it will be dry and too

Corn-and-Oyster Fritters

These fritters may be made with either fresh or canned corn. If fresh corn be used, score the rows of kernels, lengthwise, on the cob, then press out all the pulp. For a cup of pulp beat an egg very light; add the corn pulp, half a teaspoonful of salt, pepper to taste, one-third a cup of cream and half a cup of sifted pastry flour, sifted again with half a teaspoonful of baking powder. Bring as many oysters as there are pieces of chicken to the boiling point over a quick fire; cover and let steam one moment, then remove from the fire and drain on a soft cloth. Take a little of the fritter batter in a tablespoon, on it lay an oyster, season with salt and pepper, then cover it with batter; with a teaspoon scrape



FRIED CHICKEN, MARYLAND STYLE

brown. When the chicken is cooked pour off the fat, leaving about three tablespoonfuls in the pan; to this add three tablespoonfuls of flour, a scant half a teaspoonful of salt and a little pepper; stir and cook until frothy, then add one cup and a half of cream, and cook and stir until boiling. Dispose the chicken on a hot serving dish, surround it with corn-and-oyster fritters and bacon rolls. Serve the sauce in a sauce boat.

the oyster and batter into a little hot fat in a frying pan. Proceed in the same manner until the pan is filled. Let the fritters cook until browned on one side, then turn, to brown the other side. A slice of thin, mild-cured bacon may be cooked for each service and the fat used for frying the fritters, or, the slices of bacon, rolled and fastened with a wooden toothpick, may be fried in deep fat. In the latter case, remove the toothpicks when the bacon is fried.

Corn Fritters with Creamed Chicken

This dish may be made of fresh or canned corn. Beat one egg until very light; add one cup of corn pulp, half a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of black pepper, a slice of green or red pepper, chopped very fine, one-third a cup of milk, one tablespoonful of melted butter and half a cup of sifted pastry flour, sifted again with a level teaspoonful of baking powder. Mix all together thoroughly. Have ready a frying pan holding hot, salt-pork fat, butter or olive oil; in this cook the batter as griddlecakes. Serve with a heaping spoonful of creamed chicken, lobster or crab flakes above each fritter.

Creamed Chicken

Have a cup and a half of cooked chicken cut in small cubes (half-inch). Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook two tablespoonfuls of flour and one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper; add one cup of milk or thin cream and stir until boiling; add the beaten yolks of one or two eggs, and stir, without boiling, until the egg is set; add the chicken and let stand over hot water until very hot.

Veal Cutlets

For nine or ten cutlets purchase about a pound and a half of veal from the leg. Free the meat from fat and skin, then put it through a meat

chopper several times; add to the meat about three ounces of butter (one-third a cup), one-fourth a cup of thick cream, twenty drops of onion juice, a teaspoonful of fine-chopped parsley, half a teaspoonful of salt and a dash



CORN FRITTERS WITH CREAMED CHICKEN

of pepper. With a pestle pound the whole to a smooth paste in a chopping bowl. Form the mixture into cutlet-shapes. The mixture may be shaped with ease. Let the cutlets be shaped large and thin, less than half an inch, as they contract and puff up in cooking. Beat an egg with two tablespoonfuls of milk or water and with it brush over each cutlet, to coat it completely with egg; roll each cutlet as soon as it is "egged" in sifted bread crumbs.



VEAL CUTLETS WITH MASHED POTATO

Fry in deep fat five or six minutes. The fat should not be as hot as for croquettes or other cooked mixtures. Earlier in the day pour hot, cooked breakfast cereal, made pretty stiff, into a pointed (Chinese) strainer, set in a dish that will hold it level, and let it become cold and hard. Unmold on a chop dish, brush over with a little of the egg to be used in "egging" the cutlets and sprinkle thickly with fine-chopped parsley. Set a bit of parsley or a paper aigrette in the top of the "mound" of mush and also in the top of the cutlets. Have ready hot, mashed potato (either white or sweet). Dispose the cutlets around and against the mound, piping the potato at the base to hold them in place.

Pecan-Nut Cutlets

Chop fine one cup of nut meats. Pecan-nut meats are particularly good, but any nuts, as hickory, butternut, walnut, etc., may be used. Press enough bread, from the center of the loaf, through a colander to measure two cups. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook two tablespoonfuls of flour and one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper; add one cup of milk and stir until boiling; add one

turn onto a plate to cool. When cold form into cutlet shapes; dip these in an egg, beaten with two tablespoonfuls of cold water, then roll in sifted bread crumbs and fry in deep fat. Serve with bread or tomato sauce.

Bread Sauce

Press five or six cloves into a peeled onion; put the onion and half a cup of sifted bread crumbs, taken from within the crust of a loaf of stale bread, into a pint of milk and let cook about an hour in a double boiler. Remove the onion and cloves, and beat in half a teaspoonful of salt, two or three tablespoonfuls of butter and paprika to taste.

Tomato Sauce

Cook two slices of onion, a piece of green pepper pod, and a sprig of parsley in two tablespoonfuls of melted butter; add three tablespoonfuls of flour and cook until browned; then add half a cup of brown stock or beef broth and half a cup of tomato purée, and stir until boiling; strain and add one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt.

Chicken Salad, Autumn Style

Have ready one pint of cold, cooked chicken, cut in half-inch cubes, two



CHICKEN SALAD, AUTUMN STYLE

egg, beaten light, and let cook, without boiling, until the egg is set, then add the nut meat, crumbs and a tablespoonful of onion juice. Mix thoroughly and

hard-cooked eggs, cut in tiny cubes, one cup of cold, cooked string beans, two dozen noisette nut-meats (hazelnuts) cut in quarters, and the tender

inner stalks of one head (not bunch) of celery, cut in slices. There should be less than a cup of the celery. Mix the whole with enough mayonnaise dressing to hold it together, and serve at once. Or, dress the chicken with French dressing—four tablespoonfuls of oil, two of vinegar, half a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper—and, after it has stood an hour, turn onto a serving dish and dispose the string beans above; over the beans, leaving an edge of chicken, set the celery; above the celery dispose the egg, above the egg, the nuts. Send to the table with mayonnaise in a bowl.

Swiss Chard as Asparagus

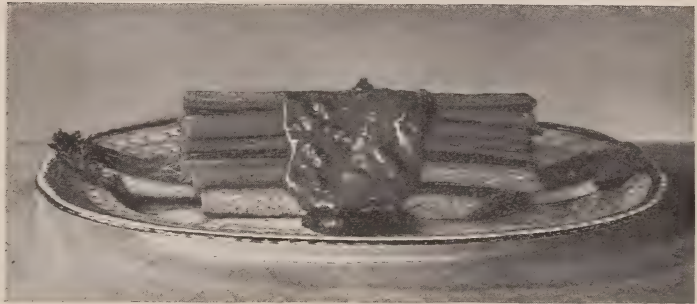
Cut the leaves from the stalks of chard. Cook the leaves as spinach. Tie the carefully washed stalks in one or two bunches and trim the ends evenly. Cook in boiling water until nearly tender, then add salt and finish the cooking. Have ready some slices and also triangles of toast. Butter these slices, dispose the drained chard upon them and pour Hollandaise sauce over them. Dip the pointed edges of the triangles of toast in white of egg, and then in fine-chopped parsley and use as a garnish to the dish.

Mock

Hollandaise Sauce

Melt half a tablespoonful of butter; in it cook half a tablespoonful of flour and one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper; add half a cup of broth or water and cook until boiling. Have ready one-fourth a cup of butter,

creamed, then mixed with the beaten yolks of three eggs; beat this, little by little, into the hot sauce, letting the dish of sauce stand in a saucepan of boiling



SWISS CHARD SERVED AS ASPARAGUS

water, meantime. Add more salt and pepper if needed.

Tomatoes Baked with Swiss Chard

Boil a generous quart of chard leaves, stripped from the leaf stalk, in salted water about half an hour, then drain in a colander, pressing out all the water possible. Chop the chard fine; return to a saucepan with the beaten yolk of an egg, a scant half a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of paprika and two tablespoonfuls of butter; stir over the fire until the whole is well blended. As soon as the chard is set to cook, remove a piece from the stem end of five or six ripe tomatoes, and with a spoon free the tomatoes from seeds. Turn the tomatoes, cut side down,



TOMATOES READY TO BAKE WITH SWISS CHARD

and let stand in a cool place till the chard is ready. Fill the open spaces in the tomatoes with the chard; set the to-

matoes into a buttered baking dish, put a bit of butter above the chard in each tomato and let cook in the oven about twenty minutes.



READY TO MAKE BREAD

Endive-and-Orange Salad

Wash the bleached endive, dry and set aside to chill. When ready to serve dispose the endive in a salad bowl; above set peeled oranges, sliced lengthwise of the orange, and over all pour a French dressing, made of six tablespoonfuls of oil, two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, two tablespoonfuls of claret wine and half a teaspoonful of salt. Toss together and serve. This is particularly good with game, or with any roast meat.

cooked. When the potatoes are cooked, drained and chilled, cut them in half-inch cubes. Have ready a bowl that has been rubbed over with a clove of garlic, cut in halves; put in the prepared potato. For a quart of potato, chop fine eight or ten green mustard leaves, three or four sprigs of parsley, a generous slice of onion and about half a green pepper pod, from which the seeds have been taken. The green ingredients should be chopped very fine, indeed; to these add the sifted yolks and chopped whites

of two "hard-cooked" eggs. Mix the whole through the potato. Pour on about six tablespoonfuls of oil, then turn the potato over and over; add more oil if needed, and turn again; then add three or four tablespoonfuls of vinegar and again mix thoroughly. From two to four tablespoonfuls of fine-chopped cucumber pickle, olives or capers may be added if desired. Chill thoroughly before serving; then, if the potato looks dry, add more oil and vinegar. Use about one-third as much vinegar as oil.



ENDIVE-AND-ORANGE SALAD, SHOWN BY COURTESY OF MRS. LOCKE

New Potato Salad

Boil the pared potatoes in water in which corned beef or tongue has been

Scalloped Salsify

Scrape the salsify roots, and, as scraped, drop into cold water, to which

two tablespoonfuls of vinegar has been added. Stir a tablespoonful of flour to a smooth, thin paste with cold water, then stir while gradually pouring on a quart or more of boiling water; let the whole boil, then add the prepared salsify, a teaspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of vinegar. Cook the salsify until tender, replenishing the saucepan with boiling water as needed. Drain the vegetable and press it through a sieve. To

each cup of salsify add a teaspoonful of butter, one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt, a little pepper, the beaten yolk of an egg and a little cream. Mix all together thoroughly, then dispose in buttered shells (individual) or a baking dish. Stir two-thirds a cup of cracker crumbs into one-third a cup of melted butter and spread over the top of the salsify preparation. Set into a hot oven, to brown the crumbs.

Turkish Mint Paste

Pour half a cup of cold water over three tablespoonfuls of granulated gelatine, and let stand until the water is fully absorbed. Pour half a cup of cold water over two cups of granulated sugar, and when the sugar is dissolved

of lemon juice, four tablespoonfuls of crème-de-menthe and green color-paste, to tint to a delicate green. Turn into an unbuttered bread pan to stand until



MADE WITH ONE CAKE OF COMPRESSED YEAST

cold and firm, preferably over night. To unmold, loosen with the point of a knife at the edge, then gently pull from the pan to a paper spread with sifted confectioners' sugar; cut into squares, roll each square in sifted sugar.

Turkish Raspberry Paste

Pour half a cup of raspberry juice over three tablespoonfuls of granulated gelatine and let stand until the gelatine has absorbed the liquid. Heat two cups of sugar and half a cup of raspberry juice to the boiling point, then add the softened gelatine and let boil twenty minutes after boiling begins. Add two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, and if desired a little rose color-paste, and turn into a bread pan. When cold



TURKISH MINT AND RASPBERRY PASTE

heat to the boiling point, then add the softened gelatine and let cook twenty minutes after boiling begins. Remove from the fire; add two tablespoonfuls

turn onto a paper, over which confectioners' sugar has been sifted; cut into squares and roll each square in sugar. To tint the paste, add a little to a

tablespoonful of the cooked paste, mix evenly and stir into the rest of the hot mixture. Repeat until the correct shade is secured.



MADE WITH ONE CAKE OF COMPRESSED YEAST

Raspberry Parfait

Beat one cup and three-fourths of cream until firm to the bottom of the bowl. Soften one level tablespoonful (scant measure) of granulated gelatine in three or four tablespoonfuls of cold water and dissolve by setting the dish in hot water. To the dissolved gelatine add one cup of raspberry juice (canned or fresh), the juice of half a lemon and three-fourths a cup of sugar; stir until the sugar is dissolved, then

neatly lined with paper, standing in equal measures of salt and crushed ice; turn the mixture into the mould, filling it to overflow, cover with paper, set the cover in place and finish packing the mould in equal measures of salt and ice. Let stand about two hours. Then repack, if necessary, using but little salt. In canning fruit juice for use in ices, etc., no sugar should be used.

Fudge Cake with Whipped Cream

Beat half a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in one cup of sugar, the beaten yolks of two eggs, three ounces, or squares, of chocolate melted over hot water, half a cup of molasses, half a cup of sour milk, half a cup of hot water, and then two cups and one-half of sifted pastry flour, sifted again with one teaspoonful of soda. Bake in a hot, well-buttered muffin pan, and serve hot, with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored with vanilla or powdered cinnamon.



FUDGE CAKE WITH WHIPPED CREAM

set the mixture into a dish of ice and water, and stir constantly until the mixture begins to thicken, then fold in the cream. Have a quart mould

The recipe makes about eighteen cakes. Part of it may be baked in a layer, and the layer be cut into halves and put together with a little white icing.

Simple Dishes for Children of School Age

Avoid interrupting the breakfast by a mad rush for the cars or school.

Breakfast

Cereal with Top Milk
Hot Cereal, Sliced Bananas, Top Milk
Cereal cooked with Seedless Raisins, Top Milk
Cereal with Hot Dates, Top Milk
Creamed Salt Codfish (yolk of egg added). Baked Potatoes
Bacon, Broiled in the Oven. Baked Potatoes
Lamb-and-Potato Hash, with or without Poached Egg
Hashed Lamb on Toast
Eggs, poached in Top Milk, on Toast
Eggs, poached in Broth, on Toast, Broth thickened and poured over
Eggs, Scrambled, Modern Style, (in hot milk)
Fresh Fish, Broiled, Creamed Potatoes
Creamed Celery on Toast, Poached Egg above
Corn Meal Muffins
Parker House Rolls, Reheated. Currant Buns, Reheated
Bread and Butter. Cream Toast
Fried Corn-Meal Mush, Hominy or Rice, Syrup
Cocoa. Cereal Coffee

Dinner

Lamb Broth with Tomato and Julienne Vegetables
Chicken Broth with Rice
Cottage Pie (neck of lamb, bones removed, when meat is tender)
Steamed Shoulder of Lamb
Broiled Beef Steak. Broiled Lamb Chops
Hamburg Steak, Broiled (same thickness at edge as in center)
Fresh Fish, Boiled (whitefish), Egg Sauce
Fresh Fish, Baked (whitefish)
Fresh Fish, Broiled
Squash, Boiled, Steamed, Baked
Celery, Raw, Cooked and Creamed
Purée of Onions. Late Peas
Green-Corn-Pulp Custard. Spinach (hot or cold)
Leaves of Swiss Chard. Stewed Tomatoes
Sliced Tomatoes, French Dressing
Boiled Rice, Chocolate Sauce
Cornstarch Pudding (hot). Cornstarch Blancmange
Gelatine Blancmange. Fruit Sponges
Queen of Puddings. Tapioca Cream
Baked Tapioca Pudding (custard)
Poor Man's Rice Pudding
Apple or Peach Tapioca Pudding
Baked Apple Dumpling

Supper

Fresh Fish Chowder
Cream Soups (corn, spinach, celery, tomato, onion, potato, etc.)
Rice, Cooked in Broth with Tomato, Onion, etc.
Frizzled Dried Beef. Rice and Milk
Cracker and Milk. Bread and Butter
Cream Toast. Toasted Crackers
Stewed Fruit. Potato Sponge Cake
Water or Milk Sponge Cake. Sponge Rusk
Pulled Bread. Cocoa

Menus for a Week in October

If we want wholesome, beautiful children, we will follow the breakfast with a short period of leisure, and then go serenely about the day's work. — HENDERSON.

SUNDAY	Breakfast Cereal, Cream Sweet Apples (baked) Fresh Eggs, cooked in the Shell Parker House Rolls. Coffee Dinner Casserole of Chicken. Endive Salad French Dressing with Fine-Chopped Mustard Leaves, Parsley, Onion and Green Pepper. Graham Bread Raspberry Parfait Half Cups of Coffee Supper Welsh Rabbit. Olives. Celery Sliced Peaches Swedish Sponge Cake	Breakfast Cereal (top milk) Broiled Bacon. Baked Potatoes Green Corn Fritters, Maple Syrup Cereal Coffee Dinner Fillets of Sea Trout Baked Mashed Potatoes New Pickles (Gherkins) Scalloped Salsify Hot Apple Pie, Cream Cheese Half Cups of Coffee Supper Lettuce-and-Fish Salad Bread and Butter Chocolate Eclairs. Tea	WEDNESDAY
	Breakfast Cereal, Cream (top milk) Corn Fritters with Creamed Chicken Sliced Tomatoes Bread and Butter. Coffee Dinner Boiled Breast of Lamb, Caper Sauce Boiled Potatoes. Mashed Turnips Swiss Chard as Greens Baked Apple Dumpling, Hard Sauce Half Cups of Coffee Supper Stewed Lima Beans Baking Powder Biscuit Baked Pears Cookies. Tea	Breakfast Cereal (top milk). Broiled Lamb Chops French Fried Potatoes Glazed Currant Buns. Cocoa. Coffee Dinner Cream-of-Celery Soup. Croutons Roast Veal with Bread Stuffing Franconia Potatoes. Fried Egg Plant Stewed Tomatoes Apple Fritters, Lemon or Wine Sauce Browned Crackers. Camembert Cheese Olives. Half Cups of Coffee Supper Hot, Boiled Rice (top milk) Apple Sauce. Dried Beef Bread and Butter. Cocoa	
MONDAY	Breakfast Shredded Wheat Biscuit; Cream Lamb-and-Potato Hash Scrambled Eggs. Corn Meal Muffins Grapes. Coffee Dinner (guests) Roast Chickens. Candied Sweet Potatoes Cranberry Sauce. Spoon Corn Bread Celery-and-Sweet-Pepper Salad Browned Crackers. Fudge Cake with Whipped Cream. Half Cups of Coffee Supper Cream-of-Celery Soup New Potato Salad Cold, Boiled Pickled Tongue, Sliced Thin Bread and Butter. Ginger Cookies. Tea	Breakfast Cereal (top milk) Salt Mackerel, Baked in Milk Baked Potatoes. Sliced Tomatoes Corn Meal Muffins. Coffee Dinner Fresh Fish Chowder New Pickles (Gherkins) Gnocchi à la Romaine Celery, French Dressing Lady Finger Rolls. Half Cups of Coffee Supper Stewed Lima Beans Graham Bread and Butter Quince Preserves Swedish Sponge Cake. Cocoa. Tea	THURSDAY
	Breakfast Hashed Veal on Toast Hot Apple Sauce Fried Rice, Maple Syrup Coffee	Dinner Scalloped Oysters Baking Powder Biscuit Celery-and-Apple Salad Squash Pie Half Cups of Coffee	
TUESDAY	Breakfast Hashed Veal on Toast Hot Apple Sauce Fried Rice, Maple Syrup Coffee	Dinner Scalloped Oysters Baking Powder Biscuit Celery-and-Apple Salad Squash Pie Half Cups of Coffee	FRIDAY
	Breakfast Hashed Veal on Toast Hot Apple Sauce Fried Rice, Maple Syrup Coffee	Dinner Scalloped Oysters Baking Powder Biscuit Celery-and-Apple Salad Squash Pie Half Cups of Coffee	
SATURDAY	Breakfast Hashed Veal on Toast Hot Apple Sauce Fried Rice, Maple Syrup Coffee	Dinner Scalloped Oysters Baking Powder Biscuit Celery-and-Apple Salad Squash Pie Half Cups of Coffee	
	Breakfast Hashed Veal on Toast Hot Apple Sauce Fried Rice, Maple Syrup Coffee	Dinner Scalloped Oysters Baking Powder Biscuit Celery-and-Apple Salad Squash Pie Half Cups of Coffee	



Cookery for Young Housekeepers

By Janet M. Hill

Lesson XIV

Bread and Other Yeast Mixtures

The Ingredients for Bread Making

THE ingredients required for making yeast bread are: flour, yeast, salt and liquid. Sugar is sometimes used.

Proportions of the Ingredients

The quantity of liquid used determines the size of the finished loaf. One cup of liquid with one-fourth a cup of liquid yeast (or compressed or dry yeast diluted with one-fourth a cup of liquid) will make one loaf of bread of a size to bake in what is known as a "brick-loaf pan"; or it will make about one and three-fourths pounds of bread dough. The quantity of flour used, together with the manipulation of the ingredients, has much to do with the texture of the bread. For a firm, fine-grained loaf from three to four and more measures of flour to one of liquid are needed. For bread of more open texture from two and one-half to three measures of flour to one of liquid will suffice. Take half a teaspoonful of salt for each loaf of bread. A tablespoonful of butter or other shortening to each cup of liquid will make the bread more tender. The quantity of yeast to be used will depend upon the

time given to the process and the temperature at which the dough is kept. For bread mixed at night, to be baked in the morning, one-third a cake of compressed yeast will be required for each pint of liquid. A larger proportion, accordingly, of yeast, as one-fourth a cake is necessary when but one loaf is made.

Yeast

Floating everywhere around us in the air are microscopic organisms that more nearly resemble plant than animal life. To certain of these organisms the name yeast is applied. These organisms, in a suitable environment, feed on sweet and nitrogenous bodies, or substances, and grow and multiply very rapidly. Chemical change (fermentation) is the result of this growth. The conditions essential to the growth of these minute plant organisms are warmth, moisture, air and something sweet and nitrogenous to feed upon. All these conditions may be secured when the plants are mixed in moistened flour and left in a temperature between 75° to 95° Fah. As the plants feed upon the sweet substances in the flour a rearrangement of the molecules of flour takes place, the sugar in composition is

broken up and alcohol and carbon dioxide are foimed. The carbon dioxide lightens the dough.

In any variety of yeast used we have a collection of yeast plants massed together in such a manner that the life of the plants may be preserved for a time.

Dry, home-made and compressed yeast, all will give good results, but as compressed yeast can now be purchased almost everywhere, the recipes will be written for this form of yeast. In using home-made yeast allow half a cup to each pint of liquid to be used in making bread. Compressed yeast may be kept for several days or a week; dry yeast for a much longer time, but eventually the plants will die.

Effect of Heat and Cold on Yeast Plants

In working with yeast mixtures we must keep in mind that we are dealing with plant life and treat the mixtures accordingly. If you pour boiling water over a sprouting seed or a young plant, you would not expect it to continue to grow. Yeast plants are of the same nature, and if you pour boiling water or scalding hot milk over a yeast cake to soften it, you need not expect the plants to grow and multiply and thus lighten the mixture into which you stir them. When the properly treated plants have done their work and you have no longer use for them, then the heat of the oven is needed to drive off the alcohol and carbon dioxide and to set the glutinous cell walls, to keep the dough light.

Yeast plants bear cold much better than heat; life is kept in a dormant state at about 30° Fah. Thus yeast cakes may be kept in good condition some days in a refrigerator. In a refrigerator bread and rolls about ready for the oven may be kept in that condition some hours or over night, and be ready for baking at any moment.

In practice, when set into the refrig-

erator, bread should not be quite as light as rolls or bread in individual portions, for some time must elapse before the cold penetrates entirely through the loaf, and during this time the loaf will be growing lighter or more porous.

The Kind of Flour for Bread Making

A bread flour is one that takes up a large quantity of liquid; a pastry flour, one that takes up but little liquid. Then less in quantity of bread flour than of pastry flour would be needed with one cup of liquid, the measure for a loaf of bread. With a little experience one may easily learn to distinguish these flours. Bread flour is granular and goes through the sieve easily. Pastry flour is more solid, is oily and keeps its shape when pressed in the hand. As to variety, rye, graham, whole wheat (brown in color) and corn flour, as also rye and oat meal may be used in bread, but for the best results white flour should be combined with these. The proportion of white flour may be varied from time to time, but it should never be less than one-fourth of the full amount taken.

Utensils for Bread Making

A knife is the proper utensil for mixing dough. An earthen bowl is easily cleaned, and for evident reasons is to be desired when mixing is to be done with a knife. A close-fitting tin cover, with three or four tiny holes in the top, through which gases may escape, with a brick-loaf tin for baking, complete the list of necessary utensils. For cutting biscuit and Parker House rolls a round cutter with sharp edge is desirable, but the cover of a baking powder box, in which a few holes have been made with a nail and a hammer, will answer the purpose. Many rolls are shaped with the hands. That measuring cups and spoons are needful ought to be a foregone conclusion,

understood by the time one essays her first loaf of bread.

Mixing the Dough

In making bread with compressed yeast it is customary to add all the flour to the liquid, that is, the mixing of the bread is completed at once. In making biscuit or rolls, in which shortening, sugar, etc., are used, a "sponge" is first made, and when fermentation is assured, the shortening, sugar and rest of the flour are added and the mixture is again set to rise. Thus bread dough rises twice, once after mixing and again after it is set in the baking pan, while biscuit dough rises three and sometimes four times. The repetition of the fermenting process affects the flavor of the finished product, and thus gives an opportunity to diversify the flavor of yeast mixtures. This fact should receive due attention, for bread is a very important staple in our food supply.

In the recipes two varieties of "sponge" will be noted. As salt, sugar and fat retard the growth of the yeast plants, none of these are added until the "sponge" is light. Sometimes we take all the liquid that is to be used in making the bread or rolls, and into this stir and beat the softened yeast and enough flour to make a batter. Cover the batter and let it stand until puffy and well filled with bubbles. As there is only a small quantity of flour for the plants to feed upon, the sponge is soon ready for use. After the rest of the flour has been added, the mixture will soon double in bulk, which is the sign that a dough is ready to be cut down and made ready for the oven. Another way of making a "sponge" is to soften the yeast in the quantity of water required (one-fourth a cup for one loaf of bread), and into this stir flour to make a stiff dough; knead this, then set it into the warm liquid of which the bread is to be made; when the little ball of dough floats on

the liquid, a light and puffy "sponge," add the rest of the ingredients and mix the whole to a dough.

Kneading the Dough

Learn to knead dough without pushing the fingers into it or scattering flour, etc., over the table and floor. Keep the crust that forms on the surface of the dough, while it is in motion, intact. Keep the dough moving, bring it forward, by turning it at the back with the tips of the fingers, press down upon it with the hand just above the wrist, push it back, then repeat; bring forward, press down and push back, occasionally turning halfway round, until the surface is filled with tiny blisters and the mass is round and smooth. Then return to the bowl, cover closely and set aside out of all drafts, until the mass has doubled in bulk.

Shaping Bread Dough

Divide the dough made with one cup of milk into two pieces; knead each, one at a time, into a smooth, round ball; take up in the hands, and with the fingers work out the creases on the under side as much as possible. The perfect loaf shows no creases when baked. Set the balls of dough, side by side, in a buttered pan, cover with a cloth and when nearly doubled in bulk the dough is ready to bake. The dough may be shaped in one oval piece, but the slices will be of more uniform size, if it be shaped in two pieces.

Shaping Biscuit and Roll Dough

When round biscuit are desired, the dough may be carefully turned from the bowl, upside down, upon a board lightly floured. With the rolling pin press the dough into a sheet half or three-fourths an inch thick, then cut it into rounds. Set these in buttered pans, close together or some distance apart, according as a soft or crusty exterior is desired. If the rounds are

set close together, lightly brush the edges that will come in contact with a brush dipped in melted butter, that the biscuit may be easily separated after baking. Or, pieces weighing about two ounces each may be pulled from the dough; knead these into round balls and set them into the buttered pans as before. The first way is employed, when Parker House rolls are to be made, the second, when salad, lady fingers and other fancy-shaped rolls are to be shaped.

Baking Bread and Rolls

Bread to be baked in individual portions requires a hotter oven than full-sized loaves. The general directions are the same for both bread and biscuit. Divide the time of baking into quarters; in the first quarter the dough should spring, or grow light, a little, and should color in spots and cease to rise. By the end of the second quarter the bread should be of a delicate brown; during the next quarter the baking is practically finished; the heat should be lowered during the last quarter. Loaves of bread of the size indicated should bake in about one hour, biscuits and rolls in about half an hour.

One Loaf of White Bread

(Mixed at night)

One cup of liquid (milk or water, or part of each). One tablespoonful of shortening. One-half a teaspoonful of salt. One tablespoonful of sugar. One-fourth a cake of compressed yeast mixed with one-fourth a cup of liquid, about four cups of white bread flour.

If milk be used, scald it, then let cool to a lukewarm temperature. Let boil and cool the water. Add the butter, salt and sugar to the hot liquid. Mix the piece of yeast cake with the quantity of liquid designated. Add this to the other liquid ingredients when all are at the proper temperature.

Then stir in about four cups of white flour. When all the ingredients are thoroughly mixed together and the sides of the bowl are free from dough, turn the mass onto a board lightly dredged with flour; knead until the dough is elastic and tiny white blisters are seen on the surface, then return to the bowl, cover closely, to avoid the formation of a crust, and let stand out of a draft until morning. The temperature for the first two or three hours should be about 70° Fah. After this time, fermentation (growth and reproduction of the yeast plants) being well established, the temperature may be lowered to 40° or 50° Fah. without disturbance to the process. In the morning the dough should have "doubled in bulk." If so, repeatedly cut through and turn it over with a knife, to let out the gas. The dough may be covered again and left until it is again doubled in bulk, or it may be shaped into a loaf at once.

One Loaf of White Bread

(Mixed in the morning)

One cup of liquid milk or water, or part of each. One tablespoonful of shortening. One-half a teaspoonful of salt. One tablespoonful of sugar. One cake of compressed yeast mixed with one-fourth a cup of liquid. About four cups of flour.

Glazing Bread and Rolls

If a crisp crust is desired, brush over the surface of the bread or rolls, near the close of baking, with white of egg slightly beaten. If a soft crust is desired, use a cooked paste made of two teaspoonfuls of cornstarch diluted with cold water and cooked ten minutes with a cup of boiling water. The applications of egg or starch may be repeated several times. For buns, German coffee cake and the like use the paste and dredge with sugar, or sugar and cinnamon, after each application of paste.

A Flower Party

By Agnes B. Ormsbee

ONE of the prettiest of novel ways to make an afternoon pass pleasantly is to have a flower party, which can be adapted for adults or made attractive to children. Like all entertainments, where flowers are to be the chief ornaments as well as the means of amusing the guests, the ideal time is a June day when a mild air and plenty of sunlight make the piazza a possible place for the refreshment table. But a flower party can be arranged nicely for parlors in midwinter, substituting evergreens, ferns and palms for the decorations, and using a few cut flowers only for the center of the tea-table. If the party be for the daughter of the family, she can send dainty notes to her dearest ten or twenty friends and say, "Won't you come and be a flower at my party on Tuesday at three o'clock? I think you would be lovely as a rose, but choose some flower and come."

The costumes are not difficult to arrange with the aid of crepe paper, cambric, tarleton, muslin or delicately tinted cheese cloth. The color of the gown for a rose, by way of example, might be white, pink or pale yellow, with a leaf-like frill of pretty green around the skirt and neck, and then trimmed with artificial roses of the color chosen. If boys are to be included among the guests, their costumes should be made of medium dark shades of green, to form a contrast to the girls' gayer dresses, and with the flower of their choice in the buttonhole of the coat or stuck jauntily in the cap.

The parlors in winter or the verandas in summer can be decorated as profusely as may be wished. The evergreens of winter together with potted plants give the plainest rooms a festive

air, while woodbine, virgin's bower, buttercups, swamp pinks, daisies, cherry or apple blossoms or even the goldenrod and early asters of August can change the simplest piazza into a bower of beauty. If the wind is likely to be annoying, screens of rattan, an awning, or even half-worn curtains, window shades, or sheets should be fastened over the exposed place or places, and then be counted another means of decoration and be draped with vines or covered with sprays of leaves.

The principal amusement of the guests should be the floral guessing contest. For this contest there should be prepared a series of cards, numbered, and on these cards should be pictures in which the names of flowers can be cunningly hidden, or by a play upon words the pictures be made to represent common flowers. A list of flowers inserted here will give an idea of the possible combinations, and any one who is at all quick-witted may be able to add many more.

1, Tulips; 2, Water Lilies; 3, Buttercups; 4, London Pride; 5, Pansies; 6, Mignonette; 7, Foxglove; 8, Morning Glories; 9, Passion Flower; 10, Blue-eyed Grass; 11, Catchfly; 12, Cherry; 13, Goldenrod; 14, Candytuft; 15, Indian Pipe; 16, Dogwood; 17, Love-lies-bleeding; 18, Bachelor's Button; 19, Hollyhock; 20, Love-in-the-Mist; 21, Golden Glow; 22, Aster; 23, Lady's Slipper.

For number one cut out a picture of two children kissing each other, with pretty accessories about them. Number two will require a figure of a young woman with her watering pot and a jar of lilies, or a country view with pond lilies nestling on the surface of the water. For buttercups cut out of a paper the market report of dairy

products, and beside it place a tea-table with cups upon it and a gay group around it. London pride will be well hidden in one of those picture postals of the famous Beef-eater Guards mounted before the Tower of London. The picture of a little, smiling child sitting up in bed, or a colored postal of sunrise in California will make morning glory sufficiently obvious, while a small square of fly paper, wreathed around with ivy or other leaves, will raise a laugh for catchfly. Surrounded by flowers a young lady holds a letter, and on it a tiny red heart trickles a drop or two of blood, while Cupid hovers near by, his bow and arrow dropped and his wings drooping. This is love-lies-bleeding. Another card should bear a wreath or branch of holly and with it should be a picture of a pawnbroker's window, which will perhaps be guessed as hollyhock. Passion flower will be hidden, if you can secure a picture of a street full of boys playing and in the foreground two boys fighting. Mignonette will be more obscure in the pictured face of the prettiest little baby girl you know, for in the end all must confess she is a "little darling," the meaning of mignonette.

The lists can be varied according to the taste and skill of the originator of the cards, which can be made exceedingly pretty with colored pictures wherever possible. Pictorial advertising matter, now so common and pretty, is a great aid in making such little conceits. The use of water colors or pen-and-ink sketches gives ample opportunity for artistic fingers, but at least each card should be decorated with flowers, cut and pasted on, in addition to the significant figures. This is not only for ornament, but to puzzle the guessers.

Each guest should be provided with a small blank card with her name and the numbers on it corresponding to the numbers of floral designs. Attached

to the individual card should be a small pencil tied by narrow ribbon or silken cord. The length of time allowed for the contest should be arranged after the contestants have indicated their skill at guessing and generally should not exceed three-quarters of an hour. The prizes should be either cut flowers or potted plants in bloom, and the gift of a small bouquet to each guest at her departure would be a graceful addition to the pleasures of the party. If it is desired to elaborate the entertainment, a short cotillion with ropes of flowers and ferns and crepe flowers for favors may be added, or a genuine May-pole dance on the lawn with as many colored streamers to the pole as there are guests.

The refreshments should follow as far as possible the floral idea. The table should be decorated with cut flowers of one variety and ferns. The icings, the ices and the candies should be of the same color as the flowers. If only ice cream, cake and candies are served, the cream should be in individual moulds of flower form. The rose, the lily and the daisy lend themselves most easily to this use.

If it is wished to add a salad, it should be served in paper cases, hidden in the petals of a flower that matches the table decorations and the sandwiches should be cut leaf-shaped with a cooky-cutter. The cup of cocoa, which is a nourishing feature of such a tea for young people, may bear on its whipped cream a candied violet, a rose or an apple blossom. The glowing splendor of the nasturtium adapts it uncommonly well for beautifying such a feast. A large bowl of them should stand in the middle of the table and the cool, green, shield-like leaves should be used as doilies on the plates. The sandwiches may be rolled and a blossom be run through them. The cream may be ordered in leaf-shapes, white underneath and green surface, and on the cream should be

set a flower. Little cakes with white and green frosting should accompany the cream, and the paper cases for the salad should be made of green and crowned with a blossom after the salad

has been placed within. Pussy willow is a very unique flower for such an occasion, but, of course, this necessitates that the flower party be early in springtime and an indoor affair.

The Old Rag Doll

By Agnes Lockhart Hughes

"How homely you are!" said the new French doll,
With her blue eyes opened wide,
And she gazed with scorn at the poor rag doll,
All crumpled and torn, at her side.

The lamb, the tiger, the horse and the dog
Thought the joke a good one, indeed;
While the old stuffed cat to the rag doll purred, —
"Trust me, when a friend you need."

Then, over the sill of the nursery door,
Came a sweet-faced, winsome maid,
And gazing with pride at the great French doll, —
"What a beauty you are!" she said.

Then, stooping, she gathered the old rag doll
Close to her warm little breast.
"Oh! Peggy!" she whispered, "how battered you are,
Yet, somehow, I love you the best."

To the French doll then she softly cooed:
"You are lovely to look at, sweet miss,
But my old rag doll is dearer by far
To romp with, and fondle, and kiss."

The nursery door closed, and the toys all laughed,
But Miss Doll was too proud to weep,
So shutting her eyes, off to dreamland she sailed,
And forgot all her sorrow in sleep.



Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

Hints on Washing Laces

IT is not at all difficult, as most people seem to think, to wash laces, if a few general rules are followed, and it is not necessary to ruin the laces, no matter how dainty; and soiled laces are exceedingly unsightly.

If laces are not very much soiled, put them in a box with powdered magnesia sprinkled generously over them; let them remain for two days, giving the box a vigorous shake several times a day, and at the end of the allotted time they will look clean; remove the articles from their powder bath, shake and brush well, to rid them of the magnesia, hang in the air awhile, then press gently on the wrong side with a warm iron. This mode of freshening may be indulged in as often as necessary.

Before washing delicate old lace, a wise plan is to baste it carefully to strips of muslin; make a suds of good soap and lukewarm water; let it soak half an hour or so in this, then shake it rapidly; repeat until the lace is perfectly clean; rinse in clean water until all traces of soap are gone.

Do not wring lace, simply squeeze the water out, and never rub soap on lace; sometimes it gets into the mesh, and really cannot be gotten out.

When narrow lace is nearly dry, if you sit in the sun, or before a radiator, and pull it gently into shape with the fingers, it will not need ironing. In ironing lace the point of the iron

should never be run from side to side; iron in a direct line, and along the selvage edge first, for best results.

To stiffen laces a weak solution of powdered gum-arabic is the nicest thing I have found, and especially so for lace neckwear; it is far preferable to starch.

When washing ecru lace, if the last rinsing is done in very weak tea, with a few grains of gum arabic in it, the lace will look almost like new, and will not have any odor, such as coffee always leaves when used for such purposes.

Ecru lace or net waists, also batiste (ecru), come out beautifully when treated as above suggested. L. N.

AURORA, ILL.

Editor Cooking School Magazine:

Query No. 1365, made by Mrs. W. F. S. of Englewood, N.J., has arrested my attention.

I have had an experience of fifteen years or longer in the use of aluminum cooking utensils, and have tried many recommended articles, or substances, for cleaning this ware. Most of them are worthless. It is nearly impossible to bring aluminum to its original brightness after it has been cooked in. For several years I could not discover or learn how to keep it looking even clean.

As the result of recent experiments, I now wash my utensils, including baking pans, in hot water made very soft with radax. Soap may be used, but is not always necessary. Occasional scouring with whiting is desirable. Sapolio should never be used on

so soft a metal. Whiting is more effective and is harmless.

Unfortunately radax is not sold everywhere yet. It cuts grease far better than sal soda or any alkali I have ever used, yet it is milder than borax, so mild and pleasant as to be a valuable toilet article. It costs less than borax. I buy a box of twenty-five pounds for \$2.50.

I could tell where it is procurable in Chicago, but the best I can do for eastern people is to give you the address of the makers.

With radax, whiting, Sunny Monday Soap and Old Dutch Cleanser I feel that I have a stock of the best cleansing agents now in the market. They are entirely different, each from the others, but all of high value. A. F.

End of the Season Pickle

TWO quarts of green tomatoes, one quart of red tomatoes, three small bunches of celery, three red sweet peppers, three green sweet peppers, three large onions, one small head of cabbage, one large ripe cucumber, one-half coffeecup of salt.

Chop the vegetables, cover with salt and let stand over night. Drain well in the morning. Add three pints of vinegar, two pounds of dark brown sugar, one teaspoonful of mustard, one teaspoonful of pepper. Cook until clear (about one hour), then seal.

Delicious and pretty to look at.

A. C. H.

Novel Brown Bread and an Easy Way to Cook it

MY recipe for brown bread calls for one cup of molasses, but the other day when making it I had only half a cup, so I filled the cup up with maple syrup; the result was such delicious bread that I changed my recipe!

Put the bread mixture into three well-greased baking-powder (one-pound)

tins; set these into a large tin pail (I use a ten-pound lard pail), and fill two-thirds full of boiling water, cover tightly, and set in the oven with your beans. If put in at about two o'clock, they will be done by six, and you will have three pretty little loaves convenient for slicing, and it will not have been necessary to look at them even once while they were cooking.

W. L. D.

A Decorative Dish

AN exceedingly pretty dish and one that nearly every one likes may be made from cottage cheese, or smear-case. After seasoning, mold it into balls with the hands, make them pear-shaped or perfectly round, and stick into the top a spray of parsley. These forms may be placed in individual dishes or put upon a platter garnished with the parsley. If preferred, each may be placed daintily upon a lettuce leaf.

Corn Soup

WHEN roasting ears become too old and tough to cook, do not throw them away, but split the grains open with a sharp knife and scrape the pulp from the cob. Put over the fire with a good deal of water, and let cook slowly an hour. A bit of celery may be added, also a little parsley, bay leaf, tomato, or whatever one likes. Season with pepper, salt, butter and a tablespoonful of flour mixed with a little cold milk, and whatever milk you desire. This is delicious soup.

The Turn of a Phrase

ATINY girl tripped into a room where many grown people had gathered about a friendly fireplace. She went blithely around the circle, holding out a small box of chocolates, lisping, "Take two."

So accustomed are we to the stereotyped, "Have one," that the wee

maid's words almost startled us, and then we smiled at the wisdom back of the bit of training. "Take one" is sufficiently polite; but "Take two" is generosity.

L. M. C.

Economy in Fruit Canning

IF those who buy both fruit and sugar for canning would consider the cost of one season's fruit, without the additional expense of new rubbers, new can tops, gas or gasoline, and possibly extra help, the result might surprise them. Upon reflection they would discover that even the sugar they put into it would provide a large part of the fresh fruit, such as oranges and bananas, that could be substituted for it next winter. Oranges and bananas are best served in their natural shape without sugar, and are thus better for the system and more economical. They are also a better food than canned fruit, regardless of the labor saved.

Yet there are few thrifty housewives who would be willing to forego canned fruit entirely; and so far as ordinary canning is concerned, it is not of so much trouble as the canning of jams, butters and jellies. It is usually very hot weather when fruit is ready for preservation, and to make delicious dishes to advantage one must run the coal range, no matter if the temperature of the kitchen be one hundred. Why not try this method: heat the fruit, put it into cans without sugar, and next winter, when one is confined to the house perforce, and the range is running all day, open a can and cook with sugar. Sugar is cheaper in the winter; you can cook the fruit as needed, for it will keep a long time at this time of year without being again canned, and you will never miss the time spent making it. Here is another point: the juice can be strained and made into jelly, and the fresh jelly is ever so much better than old

jelly; in fact, many epicurean cooks are learning this, and making the jelly as needed for this reason alone.

There is another point of economy that can be practised if desired: apples are usually cheaper than other fruits and more plenty, and the juice of strawberries, plums or grapes gives its flavor to a much larger amount of apple juice and is sure to make jelly of nice consistency.

Cherries canned without sugar have the flavor of fresh cherries when opened, heated and sweetened. Pies made from these cherries cannot be distinguished from those made of fresh fruit. Blackberries should be canned without sugar, it is said, because the sugar toughens the seeds. All fruits should be cooked until tender before adding the sugar, and, after it has been added, only left on the stove long enough to dissolve it.

Whatever method of preserving fruits for the winter's use is adopted, it is important that the mistress oversee this work herself, and since it comes at a time when it is so much pleasanter to work among the flowers, or walk or drive, or do nothing, a housekeeper need not feel guilty who does not provide long shelves of fruit ready for the winter. The dried fruits are most excellent if properly treated, and can be used in various ways. They make excellent butters, and the sweet pickles made from those great silver prunes or the best quality of dried peaches can not be surpassed by any made from fresh fruit. These fruits need scarcely any sugar and can be used to advantage for pies and any variety of puddings and desserts. Dried peaches served with whipped cream make a dessert fit for a king.

Then, besides all the others, one can almost always have fresh apples, and a fresh apple or two is better any time than the best of canned fruit, and apples will save many a doctor's bill.

G. F. L.

One Woman's Way

SHE had had a long, hard day making jelly, and when night overtook her there were quarts and quarts of liquid that refused to jell.

It had never happened before in all her fifteen years of housekeeping.

What should she do? It seemed as if she never wanted to set eyes on jelly again.

Every glass and fruit can were filled, and every dish in the house seemed dirty.

After the six-o'clock dinner was over and things were cleared away, and it seemed as if every nerve in her tired body was jumping, the children, who seldom disagreed, had a very noisy squabble.

This was the last straw to the worn-out mother, and as she closed her eyes, after a most trying and unsatisfactory day, a plan suggested itself to her.

Why not run away from the scene of disorder and chaos and spend a quiet day in absolute rest with some congenial friends?

The children were self-reliant and fully equal to looking after things for one day, and their father was always willing to help.

At breakfast, when she announced her plan and stated that the two children were expected to do up the breakfast dishes and prepare their meals for the day, there was a troubled look on the thirteen-year-old lad's face.

Mamma had never run away from home in quite the same way. What could it mean?

At eight o'clock she boarded the electric car and spent a long, quiet day in the country.

It proved the one thing most needed, and when she returned at sunset she felt amply repaid.

She could look at life from a different view-point. Her head was clear, and her nerves were no longer in evidence.

She found the family ready to welcome her, and the house in order, and only the jelly remained to tell the story of the day before, but even that did not seem so great a bugbear as it had the night before.

The following day she pared and cooked some fine tart apples, and, after pressing through a jelly bag, added the juice to the grape juice, and once more put it over the stove.

This time it jellied perfectly, and was a delight to look upon. C. M. A.

I found the following recipe in a very old paper (1858), and it is so delicious that it deserves being perpetuated:

"Mixed Spice for General Use

"This is an old New England rule, belonging to a family noted for its plum cake, plum pudding and mince pies.

"Take two tablespoonfuls of powdered cinnamon, one tablespoonful of powdered cloves, one tablespoonful of powdered allspice, two teaspoonfuls of powdered mace and one grated nutmeg. Mix thoroughly and sift twice. Put away in a tight glass jar or tin box, and keep ready for use.

"The flavor of this becomes very fine by long standing, and the quantity, many times repeated, is a valuable addition to the cook's stores. When some one flavor is desired to predominate, it can be made a foundation, and the others added at the time of using."

A SUBSCRIBER.

In response to Inquiry 1365, concerning care of aluminum ware: Our dealer told me to let the article stand in a solution of oxalic acid, rather strong, for twenty-four hours. If that doesn't accomplish the result, try it in a new solution. I found it whitened mine out nicely, especially the inside of my coffee-pot. Sapolio or any such thing is bound to leave its scratches. A. C. D.

Queries and Answers

THIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economies in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. For menus remit \$1.00. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answer by mail, please enclose postage stamps. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, Editor, BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

QUERY 1388. — E. C., Milwaukee, Wis.: "Is there any method by which ordinary cream may be whipped, or beaten, to a stiff froth?"

To Thicken Thin Cream

Pasteurized or other thin cream may be thickened by a solution of lime in sugar (viscogen). The subject was considered quite fully on page 341 of our February, 1908, issue. For the past four or five months the Editor has been living in the country where only separator cream, or cream taken from milk that had been standing over night, was available, but by the use of viscogen either variety of this cream could be quickly beaten firm with a Dover egg beater. To make the viscogen, dissolve five ounces of sugar in ten ounces of water. Add six ounces of cold water to two ounces of quicklime, and let it gradually slake; then strain through a fine sieve to remove unslaked particles; combine the two liquids and shake occasionally for two hours. In three hours set the mixture aside to settle, then siphon, or pour off, the clear liquid. Store in small bottles, filling each full and stoppering tightly. The liquid absorbs carbonic acid from the air, thus darkening the color and reducing the strength. Use one-fourth a teaspoonful of viscogen to three-fourths a cup of cream.

QUERY 1389. — I. R. C.: "Can the recipe given for crystallizing cherries and pineapple be used for crystallizing angelica?"

Recipe for Crystallization

The same recipe may be used for all such purposes.

QUERY 1390. — Mrs. J. E. G., Salt Lake City, Utah: "Recipe for rich Butter Cookies, such as are seen at confectioners', made without baking powder; also recipes for other easy, individual cakes suitable for afternoon teas."

Wafer Jumbles

Beat half a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in a scant half-cup of sugar, an egg, beaten light without separating the white and yolk, the grated yellow rind of a lemon and one cup and a fourth of flour. Put the mixture into a pastry bag, with star tube attached, and dispose on buttered baking sheets in rings or figures the shape of the letter S. Bake in a rather hot oven.

Walnut Cookies

Beat one cup of butter to a cream; beat in one cup and a half of sugar, three well-beaten eggs, one cup and a half of flour, sifted with one teaspoonful of soda and half a teaspoonful of salt, two cups of nut-meats broken in pieces or chopped, and a second cup and

a half of flour. Drop by spoonfuls, some distance apart, on buttered tins; decorate the top of each cooky with a nut, sift granulated sugar over the whole, and bake in a moderate oven.

German Crisps

Beat half a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in one cup of sugar, one egg and the yolk of another, beaten light, the grated rind and juice of half a lemon, and flour enough to form a dough that may be kneaded. Roll the dough into a thin sheet; cut into rounds, hearts, diamonds, etc., set into buttered tins, brush the top of the cakes with the white of egg (reserved for the purpose), beaten a little, decorate with sultana raisins (four on each), halves of blanched almonds, pieces of candied fruit, fine-chopped pistachio nuts, etc. Dredge lightly with granulated sugar. Bake to a delicate straw color. Cakes cut in diamond shapes, decorated with four sultana raisins or four halves of almonds meeting at the center, are very pretty. The cakes should retain their shape perfectly and not spread in baking. If they spread, add more flour. These are easily made and very pretty.

QUERY 1391. — N. S., Milwaukee, Wis.: "Recipe for Champagne Frappé."

Champagne Frappé

Freezing wine takes away from its body and flavor, and a half-frozen champagne is not as good as one chilled to about 35 degrees Fahr. To chill the wine, an hour before it is to be served, lay the bottles in a cooler or basin, put ice, broken in pieces, on them, being careful to keep the necks of the bottles free from ice; then cover the whole with a piece of flannel wet in cold water. Turn the bottles occasionally, to chill uniformly.

QUERY 1392. — M. R., Norwich, N.Y.: "Will you give the name of an oven thermometer that may be used in roasting meats

and baking bread, etc.? I keep a fire in my range all the time on account of hot water, and we have a great deal of trouble with the oven. Should bread, biscuit, fowl and meats be put into the oven at the top or the bottom? In using paraffine in sealing jellies, etc., should the article be hot or cold when the paraffine is used?"

Oven Thermometer

At the present time ovens of nearly all the first-class cookstoves are supplied with "heat indicators." These are helpful in all oven processes. A firm in Connecticut makes an oven thermometer that may be attached to the door of most any range. We have not at hand the address of this firm. Probably the address may be secured on application to the makers of the Magee range.

Place in Oven for Roasts, Bread, etc.

If water be drawn constantly from a boiler attached to a cooking range, the heating of the oven will be a troublesome matter. The cold water, let in to take the place of the hot water drawn off, keeps the fuel cool and in no condition to burn well. Also a freshly built fire burns more freely than one clogged with cinders, and, if a fire is to be kept up continuously, it will need considerable special attention. As a rule, an oven is of such heat that all articles are set to cook on the floor of the oven. Occasionally the under heat of an oven is so strong that a grate is needed directly over the floor. In some ovens a second grate, set midway the oven, is used to sear over a small roast, to brown cookies, or to glaze biscuits.

Sealing Glasses of Jelly with Paraffine

When the jelly is cooled and set, turn over it the melted paraffine.

QUERY 1393. — K. M. P.: "Recipes for Pin Money Pickles, Pin Money Mangoes and a delicate Indian Soufflé to be eaten with Brandy Sauce."

Delicate Indian Soufflé

Stir one tablespoonful of flour, two tablespoonfuls of Indian meal and half a teaspoonful of salt with one-fourth a cup of cold milk, then stir the whole into a cup of milk, scalded over hot water; continue stirring until the mixture thickens, then cover and let cook half an hour. Add three tablespoonfuls of butter. Beat the yolks of four eggs; gradually beat in one-fourth a cup of sugar, and stir into the hot mixture, then fold in the whites of four eggs, beaten dry. Turn into a buttered baking dish, and bake about twenty-five minutes in a moderate oven. Serve from the dish. This, like all soufflés, must be served the instant it is cooked.

Brandy Sauce

Sift together one-fourth a cup of flour and one cup of sugar; stir in a pint of boiling water, and let cook fifteen minutes; continue stirring until the mixture boils, then stir occasionally. When about ready to serve beat in one-fourth a cup of butter, adding it a little at a time. Flavor with brandy to taste. A teaspoonful of vanilla may take the place of the brandy. We are unable to supply, at present, the other recipes desired.

QUERY 1394. — Mrs. M. G. F., Danville, Ky.: "Where may a complete set of tubes for ornamental icing be secured? Kindly publish recipes for Burnt Leather Cake and and Divinity Candy."

Tubes for Ornamental Icing

A set of tubes for ornamental icing may be found at almost any city store where kitchen supplies are kept. See our advertising pages for such a store. A complete set of copper tubes with bag costs about \$1.50.

Burnt Leather Cake

We would be pleased to receive a recipe for this cake, which is unknown to us.

"Divinity" Candy

Boil three cups of brown sugar, one-third a cup of corn syrup and two-thirds a cup of water until, when tested in cold water, a soft ball may be formed. Have ready the whites of two eggs, beaten dry; onto these gradually pour the hot syrup, beating constantly meanwhile; continue the beating until the mixture begins to harden, then beat in a cup of nut-meats and pour the whole into a buttered pan. Before the candy becomes cold cut it into squares.

QUERY 1395. — Subscriber, Chicago, Ill.: "Recipes for Chocolate Sauce to be served with ice cream and Maraschino Cherries."

Chocolate Sauce for Ice Cream

Melt one ounce of chocolate over hot water; add three tablespoonfuls of sugar and half a cup of boiling water; stir while heating to the boiling point, then add two cups of sugar (less the three tablespoonfuls used previously), and a second half cup of water, and let boil six minutes after boiling begins. If not smooth, strain through a cheese cloth and let become cold; add a teaspoonful of vanilla or a little cinnamon before serving. An amateur will not be very successful in preparing maraschino cherries.

QUERY 1396. — Mrs. M. E. W., Little Falls, N.Y.: "We use a recipe of my grandmother's for Old-fashioned Hard Gingerbread that we like very much; the recipe calls for one teaspoonful of alum. Why is alum used? Can it be left out?"

Alum in Gingerbread

Substitute cream-of-tartar for the alum, using the same quantity. If the gingerbread should not be satisfactory, kindly advise us of the fact.

QUERY 1397. — Miss E. H. W., Hamilton, Ontario: "Tell us something of Planked Dishes and the use of a Casserole."



These Six Silver Butter-Spreaders Free

They are marked Wm. Rogers & Son, AA. That means their famous Extra Plate, with a base of highest grade of Nickel Silver.

The design is new and original, known as the Armour Lily Pattern.

You will find individual spreaders in the best jewelry stores, and the price will be \$3, or more, for the six.

They are worth it. One can't find a design, even in solid silver, more chastely artistic. And no better plate is obtainable.

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We want you to use a little Armour's Extract of Beef—just enough to know it. We don't want to give you a jar—that would cheapen it. It is good enough to buy, and we ask you to buy it.

ard silver for 60 cents, simply by proving, for your good and ours, the merits of Armour's Extract of Beef.

The spreaders, of course, have no advertisement on them. They bear only the name of Rogers, the maker, as you find them in jewelry stores.

One object is this: There are numerous extracts of beef on the market not nearly so good as ours.

Perhaps they cost a little less. You may buy them on that account. But, even with the best of them, you are obliged to use four times as much as you do of Armour's.

We want you to prove that—in your own home.

Then judge for yourself if you want an extract four times as good as the common.

Armour's Extract of Beef

But we are going to give you, for a little time, a present worth more than you pay. That is this individual butter-spreader—the most popular silver table article sold in the stores today.

Our offer is this: Send us the metal cap from the jar that you buy. Or send us the paper certificate under the cap.

Send with it ten cents to pay cost of carriage and packing. We will then send you one of these butter spreaders.

You will want a whole set when you see it. So we are going to supply you enough for your table—all on the same terms.

Send us one cap or certificate for each spreader you want. Send them any time—just as you buy the Extract. Send with each cap the carriage and packing cost—ten cents—and we will send you one spreader for each.

Our usual limit is six to a family, but we will send up to twelve if you need them.

That means you can get \$3 worth of stand-

Another object is this: American cooks have not yet learned the hundred uses of Armour's Extract of Beef. German cooks use fifty times as much.

The making of beef tea is one of the least of its uses. Any meat dish that needs more flavor calls for extract of beef.

You need it in gravies—in soups—to reinforce sauces. You need it to utilize left-overs. It makes left-overs appetizing and gives them a savor. You can save in this way a vast amount of waste.

This is why we offer these individual butter spreaders. We are willing to give back more than you spend—for a little time—to show you what Armour's Extract of Beef means to you. Then you will use it forever, and use it in a hundred ways.

Please order one jar—now before you forget it. Then send the cap with ten cents to Armour & Company, Chicago, Dept. O.

Sold by grocers and druggists everywhere.

CHICAGO

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

CHICAGO

Planked Dishes

The serving of "planked" dishes originated in the cooking of fish before an open fire near the stream where they were caught. Hard wood "planks" or boards were heated, and the fish tacked to them. The planks were then set up (with a long stick or some other appliance behind them, to keep them in place, until the fish was cooked. New planks were taken each time fish was to be cooked. Planked fish proved so satisfactory that slices of bear steak and venison were tried in the same way. Then came the attempt to carry out something of the same idea in the kitchen. Fish, chops, steak and young chickens may be very satisfactorily "planked" under the oven burner of a gas range. Lacking a gas range, the fish may be broiled over the coals, a steak is seared over upon the outside over the coals, then the cooking is completed in the oven, the broiler being set over a dripping-pan. After cooking the article is removed to a hot plank. The edge of the plank is decorated with mashed potato, set in place with a pastry bag, to which a star tube is attached. The potato is brushed over lightly with the beaten yolk of an egg, diluted with two or three tablespoonfuls of milk, and the plank is set into a very hot oven, to brown the edges of the potato. The spaces between the fish or meat and the potato are filled in with cooked vegetables. A brown mushroom sauce is served in a gravy boat. With fish, asparagus, peas and onions are usually selected; with steak, onions, stuffed tomatoes, cauliflower, and a macedoine of vegetables, as peas, flageolet, string beans, carrots, turnip balls, etc., are used. The cooked vegetables are kept hot, seasoned with salt, pepper and butter, and disposed on the plank after the potato is browned. When onions are used, they may be set in place and browned on the edges, when

the mashed potato is browned. Illustrations and special recipes have been given in back numbers of the magazine. Planked Sirloin, on page 456 of Volume VIII; Planked Halibut Steaks, on page 412 and the cover of Volume IX; Planked Chicken, page 180, Volume XII.

Casserole Cookery

The principal use of a casserole is in the preparation of articles that require slow cooking for either a short or a long time. Birds, chicken, fowl, game, chops and steak are the viands usually selected for such cookery. To intensify the natural flavor, the article is often browned in hot fat in a frying pan before being set to cook in the casserole. The casserole is supplied with a cover, which keeps in the flavor and aroma during the cooking. Small onions, potatoes and carrots, cut in fancy shapes, and all blanched, fresh mushrooms and wine are added in time to be cooked, when the main article is ready. Salt and pepper with flour and water for thickening may be added at this time. Then a strip of cloth, spread with a paste of flour and water, is pressed over the joining of dish and cover, and the heat of the oven finishes the sealing of the dish. When ready to serve the dish the strip of cloth is removed, but the cover should not be lifted until the dish is set upon the table. Recipes for cooking Fish, Beef Balls and Spaghetti, Sirloin Steak and Pigeons, en casserole, were given in the March number, Volume XI, of this magazine. We give a recipe as a sample to show the manner of cooking, but variations to suit individual taste are always in order.

Veal Cutlets en Casserole

Have slices of veal cut from the leg. Cut about a pound and a half of such veal into pieces suitable for serving individually, remove all unedible portions, and draw into each two short



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Cheese is delicious.
It adds zest to
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Chefs, Cooks & Housekeepers for
delicately flavoring Dressings
for Poultry, Game, Meats, Fish.
Insist on **BELL'S** the original.



ESCALLOPED OYSTERS.—Toast to a crisp 2 slices of white bread. Break in pieces, and place in a deep dish. Add $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of cracker crumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted butter, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt, 1 even teaspoon of Bell's Seasoning, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water, and mix thoroughly. Place in bottom of shallow buttered baking dish a thin layer of bread crumbs, then a layer consisting of $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of oysters, 2 tablespoons of oyster liquor, and 2 tablespoons of cream or milk. Cover with the dressing compounded as above. Add another half pint of oysters, 2 tablespoons of oyster liquor, 3 tablespoons of cream or milk, evenly distributed. Sprinkle with browned buttered cracker crumbs. Bake 30 minutes.

OF YOUR GROCER. The small, or 10c can will flavor the dressing for 100 lbs. of meat, game, fish or poultry; the large, or 25c can for 300 lbs. The 1-lb. and 5-lb. cans are purchased by all first-class hotels and restaurants.

FOR SAUSAGES, USE BELL'S SAUSAGE SEASONING

Put up in 25c and 50c cans; 6, 12 and 25 lb. boxes; 50, 75 and 100 lb. drums.

strips (lardoons) of fat salt pork. Or, the pieces of pork may be put into the casserole. Dredge the meat with flour and cook it in a frying pan with a little salt pork or bacon fat, olive oil or butter, until nicely browned, then transfer the meat to a casserole, turn a pint of hot water or white broth into the frying pan to melt the glaze from the pan, then turn the liquid over the meat, cover the dish and let cook in the oven about an hour. In the mean while prepare as many small onions as there are persons to serve, let these boil half an hour or longer, then drain, rinse in cold water and drain again, when they are ready for the casserole. Have ready five or six potato balls for each service, let these be about one inch in diameter; also have tiny carrots, one each, or several slices of larger carrots for each service. These also should be parboiled, rinsed and drained. Peel for each service one or more mushroom caps, and sauté these in a little butter. About twenty minutes before the dish is to be served add the vegetables to the casserole, also broth if needed, salt and pepper, with half a cup of sherry wine or tomato purée, and, if desired, two or three tablespoonfuls of flour mixed to a paste with water. Cover and bind with a strip of cloth as described above. Then finish the cooking.

QUERY 1398. — Mrs. R. H. B., Kansas City, Kansas: "Recipe for Raised Doughnuts. Why are my Swedish Timbale cases, made by your recipe, invariably soggy?"

Raised Doughnuts

At about eight o'clock in the evening stir half a cake of compressed yeast into one-fourth a cup of lukewarm water; then stir in enough bread flour to make a dough that can be kneaded; knead until the dough is very elastic; cut it across the top in both directions, then put it into a bowl of tepid water to stand until very light and puffy. With a skimmer remove "the sponge" to a

mixing bowl; add a teaspoonful of salt, a cup of scalded milk, cooled to a lukewarm temperature, one-third a cup of melted butter, two eggs, three-fourths a cup of sugar, and a scant half a teaspoonful of mace; mix all together thoroughly, then stir in bread flour to make a soft dough. It will take about four cups of flour. Knead the dough about fifteen minutes, return to the mixing bowl, cover and set aside until morning. The temperature should be about sixty degrees Fahrenheit. In the morning the dough should be light and puffy; turn it upside down onto a moulding board and roll into a sheet half an inch thick. With a sharp knife cut the dough into strips about five-eighths of an inch wide; twist and shape these into the figure 8, and set to rise on a floured board, closely covered. When light fry in deep fat, drain on soft paper and roll in powdered sugar. These doughnuts require longer cooking than do those made with baking powder or soda.

Trouble with Swedish Timbale Cases

Probably the batter is too thick; a little more milk is needed. When properly mixed the cases will be almost as thin as paper.

The incumbent of an old church in Wales asked a party of Americans to visit his parochial school. After a recitation he invited them to question the scholars, and one of the party accepted the invitation. "Little boy," said he to a rosy-faced lad, "can you tell me who George Washington was?" "Iss, surr," was the smiling reply. "'E was a 'Merican gen'ral." "Quite right. And can you tell me what George Washington was remarkable for?" "Iss, surr. 'E was remarkable 'cos 'e was a 'Merican an' told the trewth." The rest was silence. — *Cassell's Journal*.

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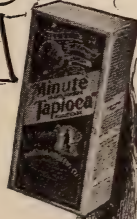
NEW YORK



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THE MINUTE MAN ON
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Possessions

From the Christian World

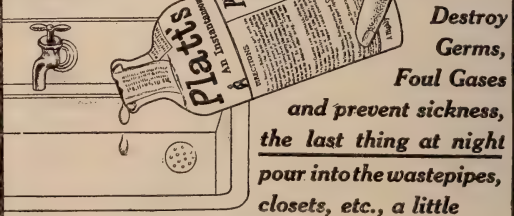
What, after all, *is* possession? It is worth while trying to clarify our ideas on a subject which does not seem to be too well understood. We are put on the track by remembering what is the law of the land as to the transfer of property. A man ceases to possess when he dies. The moment the breath is out of his body his estate passes to other owners. Which means, in other words, that life is the one supreme and absolute condition of wealth. Everybody understands that, when it is brought up in this straight-down and concrete fashion. The strange thing is that people fail so often to understand the inference from it. They see in this one instance that life is possession and death the absence and voidance of it. What they do not see is the corollary, that highest life is the highest possession, and that in proportion as life is lowered, weakened, and made inferior, in that proportion is possession a lessened and weakened thing. Possession is a feeling, a knowing, a using, that and nothing else, and it is just in your quality here, your quality of feeling, of thought, and of action that you have, or ever can have, anything at all.

When we have grasped that as a fundamental principle, we shall, in the light of it, see our way out of some confusions. It is, for instance, salutary for us to realize that the only thing we really possess is our own soul, in the present moment of its consciousness. We speak of the vast inequality of men's fortunes, but fundamentally we are all on a level. Ask your Croesus with his hundred thousand a year what he owns. He owns just his "now." So far as outside things are concerned, he has lost all his past. He cannot get back his state, his magnificence of ten years ago, any more than you can. And what of these ex-

ternal treasures he now has are just according to his perceptive and receptive power, his way of looking at them. It may be that in passing his estate yesterday the fine rapture which filled you in the sense of its beauty, the glow with which the sunshine on it thrilled you, the revelation it offered you of a world where God is, made for you a rental which he has never drawn. He has pocketed his cheques quarterly, but of this hidden wealth he has received so much less than you! Was there not a hint of the eternal truth of things here in that marvelous word which Jasper the gypsy uttered to George Borrow? "Life is sweet, brother." "Do you think so?" "Think so! There's night and day, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon and stars, brother, all sweet things; there's likewise a wind on the heath. Life is very sweet, brother." It was this sense, of the real possession in things, that made Renan link himself with Francis of Assisi. "Without possessing anything of our own, we both found ourselves wealthy. God gave us the usufruct of the universe, and

Purify your Waste-pipes!

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RISING-SUN STOVE POLISH



The durability of the lustre produced by RISING SUN Stove Polish is what delights the housekeeper. Under the heat of the stove it is so much more durable than any other that there is no comparison. Mix it with water and apply evenly with a cloth or brush to a cold or luke-warm (not hot) stove. Polish with a dry brush. The brilliant lustre will come out mirror-smooth and stay there. Just what you want. We know it. You will know it when you use it. Ask your grocer for it.

In paste form SUN PASTE Stove Polish.

MORSE BROTHERS, Proprietors
Canton, Mass., U. S. A.



Rae's Lucca Oil

"THE PERFECTION OF OLIVE OIL"

Pressed from sound, ripe olives grown in Tuscany, "The Garden of Italy." Its ABSOLUTE PURITY is vouched for by United States Government analysis

SOLD IN BOTTLES AND TINS
OF VARIOUS SIZES

S. RAE & CO.

LEGHORN, TUSCANY, ITALY



There may be Better Ranges than

The Monarch Hub

EBONY FINISH

but you can't make New England people believe it. The Monarch HUB stands at the head of all others in that section.

¶ If New England cooking is the best, then HUB Ranges must have made it so, for the best cooks got their training on HUB Ranges, at the Boston, New York and other Cooking Schools where HUB Ranges were used exclusively. Here is what the world's most noted Cooking School says:

"Your Hub Ranges, which I use both in Class and Lecture work, are giving such complete satisfaction that it is my pleasure to highly recommend them. Never before have I been able to do so large an amount of work with so small an amount of fuel.—Boston Cooking School, Fannie Merritt Farmer, Principal."

¶ Write us for a copy of "Range Talk."

¶ Hub Ranges are sold by Leading Furniture and Stove Dealers everywhere.

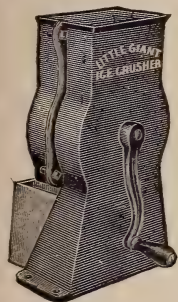
SMITH & ANTHONY CO.
MAKERS
52-54 Union Street, Boston, Mass.

we have been contented to enjoy without possessing it."

Our real possessions are always hidden, hidden away in the secret recesses of our life. Note this in the relation of our present to our past. We spoke just now of the millionaire and his estate of ten years ago. That, we said, is all lost to him. He cannot buy it back at any price. His holding there is as completely gone as if he were dead. And yet he is drawing a revenue from his past, but it is not from his estate. It is just that which his past consciousness, his past deed passes on to his present moment. His thinking and working ten years ago and since, whether good or bad, are the streams which feed his "now" and make it rich or poor, sweet or bitter. The carry forward of the income is undoubtedly something, — much indeed. But what is more is the handing on of the life processes. Has our man lived in the open, filled mind and body with God's fresh air, enlarged his soul, mastered his passions, gained the insight which purity gives? To answer these questions is to reach the precise size and quality of his "now." Modern psychology, with its doctrine of the subliminal self, brings a new contribution to this argument. It shows our revenue from the past to be so much greater than we think. "Our personality," says Maxwell, in his "Metapsychical Phenomena," "does not burden itself with all the souvenirs which our general consciousness appears to possess. . . . The personal consciousness is only a facet of that more general consciousness existing in us, a consciousness (this last) where all antecedent experiences are piled up, where all our sensations are registered, be our personal consciousness aware or unaware of them." If this be so, we are accumulating volumes which it will take eternity to read. The wealth hidden in us is like that of the earth outside, an unmeasured and measureless quantity.

THE BEST AND LEAST COSTLY WAY TO GET CRUSHED ICE

Whenever you need cracked ice—for ice-cream, or for butter, or the sick-room—how do you get it? Do you ruin your table linen, table napkins, or your kitchen towels, smashing big chunks of ice small with an axe or a hammer, or do you crack your fingers with the ice pick, break bowls, and such, trying to break ice in your hands? If you are trying to make crushed ice either way, you're doing it in the most cumbersome, inconvenient, troublesome, and **EXPENSIVE** way you can. And what you should have is a Little Giant Ice Crusher, then all you have to do is to place a piece of ice in the crusher, turn the handle a few times, and behold, you have the finest, cleanest, most uniform crushed ice that you could possibly have! And the first cost isn't much either—only \$7.50 for a Little Giant Ice Crusher, substantially built,—good for many years of service, convenient, easily set up and can be placed anywhere.



CHOICE RECIPE BOOK FREE

See the Little Giant Ice Crusher at your dealer's—or if he hasn't one in stock, write us, giving us his name and address, and enclosing \$7.50, and we'll ship you your Little Giant Ice Crusher direct, and we'll send you our little book on the Little Giant Ice Crusher, containing some choice recipes for Sherbets and Ices. This is a really splendid recipe book—it costs us a good deal of money to prepare, yet we'll send it to you free of charge. Address

Davenport Ice Chipping Machine Company
1378 West Third Street, Davenport, Iowa.

Tarnished Silver is Unlovely Silver

The newest and the oldest will shine with the same lovely lustre if cleaned and polished with

ELECTRO SILICON

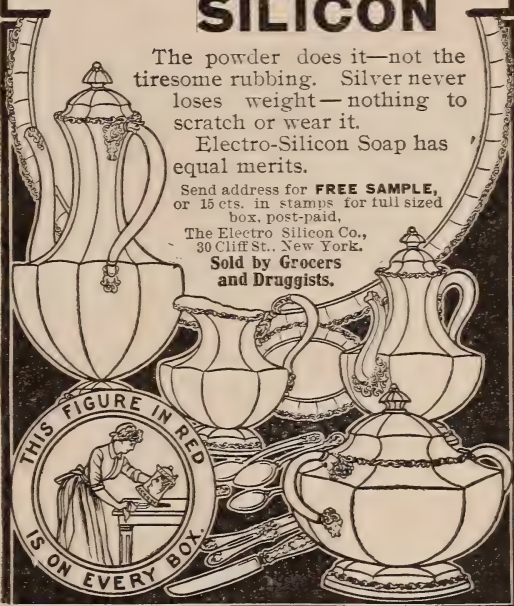
The powder does it—not the tiresome rubbing. Silver never loses weight—nothing to scratch or wear it.

Electro-Silicon Soap has equal merits.

Send address for **FREE SAMPLE**, or 15 cts. in stamps for full sized box, post-paid.

The Electro Silicon Co.,
30 Cliff St., New York.

**Sold by Grocers
and Druggists.**



Send us two (2) **NEW** yearly subscriptions at \$1.00 each, and we will renew your own subscription for one (1) year as a premium.

Boston Cooking-School
Magazine Co.
Boston, Mass.

PETER COOPER'S

CLARIFIED

GELATINE

A Pure, Wholesome Food.

For Table Jellies,
Blanc Mange, Charlotte Russe, etc.

Our Gelatine is pulverized and dissolves quickly. It is therefore the most convenient form for family use.

FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

California Christmas Box

SOMETHING WORTH WHILE
DIRECT TO YOU

or to any point in the country on your order, with holly berry label with Merry Christmas and your name.

THIS BOX COSTS \$7.50, and contains **DRIED FRUIT**, 25 lbs., fine quality, put up in 2 lb. cartons. **CANNED FRUIT**, 12 cans, put up in heavy cane syrup. Figs, Prunes, Peaches, Apricots, Pears, Muscatel, also seedless and seeded Raisins, Plums, Grapes. **NUTS**, 8 lbs., Almonds and Walnuts. **ORANGE-SAGE HONEY**, $\frac{1}{2}$ gal. All guaranteed first-class and this year's crop.

We Pay the Freight

Our Reference: First National Bank, Colton, California.

TWO OF OUR REGULAR ASSORTMENTS

50 lbs. Dried Fruit, 6 kinds, packed in 2 lb. cartons, \$6.00 box.

Canned Fruit Assortment — Fancy fruit, put up in heavy cane syrup, 24 cans, 5 kinds, \$4.75.

Combination — 50 lbs. Dried Fruit, 24 cans Canned Fruit, all for \$10.50.

WE PAY THE FREIGHT

Write for price list and full particulars of all assortments; also **THREE COLORED SOUVENIR POST CARDS FREE.**

CALIFORNIA FRUIT PRODUCTS CO.

Avenue 18, COLTON, CALIFORNIA



SANITARY COFFEE MAKER

Fits any coffee pot and makes 10 cups pure coffee at a time; needs no settler; saves twice its cost in two weeks. **Agents** write for terms; sample 15c. Sells at every house.

DR. LYONS, 128 Day St., Pekin, Ill.



Old Colonial

Perhaps you have lifted the lid of your great-grandmother's cedar chest. The dainty linen breathes out a perfume—even the fleecy blankets show no touch of age. The genuine Southern Red Cedar of which our many styles of chests are made is absolute protection against moths, dust and dampness. The Old Colonial Chests are trimmed with copper bands—studded with old-fashioned, flat-headed, copper nails. Such chests are gifts of sentiment and usefulness for Birthdays, Weddings and Christmas. Send for catalog. After you select a chest we prepay transportation. If it is not satisfactory we prepay return charges. Piedmont Red Cedar Chest Co., Dept. 65, Statesville, N. C.

Cedar Chest

Her Simple Life

Continued from page 133

house here, and you shall have servants—”

“Add a few rooms to this cottage, and let me have, sometimes, the attendance of a young woman in the neighborhood, and I will say, ‘thank you, Henry.’”

“Be sure you put on a room for me when I come to visit you, Aunt Rachel,” said Madge. “You have taught me to see the beauties of the simple life. I love it.”

As she spoke, her eyes turned from her aunt and rested upon her father's face with an eager entreaty. He, too, must learn this divine secret. She would help him, her face said, — she, Madge Alden, the haughtiest woman Sedgwick had ever known!

As he looked at her, his heart swelled so that speech almost burst from him. Oh, that he — Sedgwick — might live such a life with her! The wildness of the thought but added to its intensity; to ask her was impossible; even to dream the dream was a madness.

But the wild joy of it was in his face; the question seemed to tremble upon his half-parted lips; the daring of love dominant was in his eyes fastened upon the face of Madge.

It was in that instant that she turned and saw him, and read all.

The flash of an answering love kindled in her eyes; she could not have helped it if she would, and she would not. As she had read her heart in the midnight silences, so now he read it in the sunlight and in the red flag of joy that flamed over cheek and brow and neck before her sweet eyelids dropped their white flag of surrender.

Sedgwick gazed, spellbound. Then he turned, and came into the cottage.

[THE END]



Here's THE Great FIRELESS COOKER So Much Talked About

Write for Low Price
Direct to You

COOKING teachers are lecturing about THE Fireless Cooker—Magazines are printing articles about it—it is talked about everywhere as one of the greatest inventions that was ever granted to woman-kind—and THE Fireless Cooker is a proved success.

Get either a 1 or 2 or 3-compartment Fireless Cooker according to your needs. Each is shipped Complete READY TO USE in cooking your meals at once.

Each includes Imported Agate Ware Cooking Utensils with Patented Locking, Non-Rusting Aluminum Covers and Non-Rusting Metal Compartments which are easily kept perfectly clean. Everything absolutely Sanitary.



Here is one of thousands of voluntary testimonial letters received from customers who are using our Fireless Cookers. Joseph W. Estabrook, Treas. of Brotherhood Accident Co. of Boston, writes:

"We immediately made use of the cooker as soon as it was delivered to us, and it certainly has proved ten times its worth at the present time. My wife would not take \$100.00 for it if she could not replace same. It is doing all that you have advertised to do, in the most satisfactory manner. Meats and vegetables both retain their flavor and are cooked in better shape than could be done on a coal or gas fire. You can use my name in this matter if you so desire."

ALL we ask is permission to let THE Fireless Cooker prove itself, in your own home, that it will—save three-fourths of your fuel bills—

—save three-fourths of your time—
—save your cooking utensils and your food—
—make your food twice as delicious and nutritious—
—keep odors of cooking food from circulating through your home—

—keep your kitchen many degrees cooler on hot days—
—do away with practically all of the trouble, hard work, worry, care and inconvenience of hot fire cooking—

With our genuine Fireless Cooker boiling, steaming or stewing food becomes thoroughly done in the airtight metal compartments without watching—without fuel and without trouble—it is impossible for anything to spoil, burn, or boil dry.

You can plainly see that THE Fireless Cooker will pay for itself in a very short time on the fuel it saves alone, and then it will pay back its cost to you many times over every year.

Now, we want to send you THE Fireless Cooker

**Direct From the Factory
At Lowest Wholesale
Prices**

**With Complete Cooking Utensils
On 30 Days' Free Trial**

—and then if you think you can afford to keep house without it, we will take it back and refund every penny you have paid us. Simply send us your name and address on a postal and we will send you absolutely free, postpaid, a book on Fireless Cookery, with recipes, prepared expressly for us by a Culinary Expert. Every housewife needs to know the things this book tells. Address now—

THE FIRELESS COOKER CO., Ill.
Dept. T 156 Wabash Ave. Chicago, Ill.

The Best Premium Offer We Ever Made



**Every one who
has received
one of these
chafing dishes**

has been delighted with it, and surprised how easily the necessary subscriptions were secured. Have you obtained one yet? If not start to-day to get the subscriptions, and within three or four days you will be enjoying the dish.

This Chafer is a full-size, three-pint, nickel dish, with all the latest improvements, including handles on the hot water pan. It is the dish that sells for \$5.00.

We will send this chafing-dish, as premium, to any present subscriber who sends us six (6) NEW yearly subscriptions at \$1.00 each. The express charges are to be paid by the receiver. The tray is not included.

Address

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ALUMINUM INDIVIDUAL JELLY AND TIMBAL MOULDS

1-6 of a pint each

Will chill more quickly than copper. Packed 1 doz. assorted styles in a box.

PRICE \$1.50 A DOZEN, POSTPAID

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Personal Influence
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Concentration and
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PREMIUMS for ONE SUBSCRIPTION

¶ To any present subscriber who sends us one *NEW Yearly* subscription at \$1.00, we will send, *postpaid*, choice of one of the following, as payment for securing the subscription:

"Canning and Preserving," by Mrs. Rorer.

"Bread and Bread Making," by Mrs. Rorer.

The Hill Egg Beater.

Practical Binder for Cooking-School Magazine.

Set of Swedish Rosette Irons.

Set of Magic Covers for Rolling-Pin and Moulding Board.

¶ No premium given for a renewal or with a new subscription. Address _____

Boston Cooking-School Magazine Co.
BOSTON, MASS.

Good Fare from the Home Farm

MANY persons who have been tied at home all through the hot months are now getting into the country for visits. To these the ripening apples and last yields of the garden, which have satiated the owners for weeks, seem like great riches, especially to women who have to count their pennies, and who must buy every apple, potato and tomato.


One hard-working woman said her family laugh at her zeal when she gets back to the home farm, for every pumpkin or quart of nuts is such a treasure to her. Such thrifty persons gladly pick the wild grapes and nuts, and garner from the tilled fields all the material for pickle and chili sauce, and delight to return cityward laden with apple butter and fresh eggs. Grapes can be taken as they are gathered, and put up at home, for this is easier than to make jelly or preserves and send so many glass jars.

In Pennsylvania the women, who go back to the home farm after settled cold weather has come, like to collect jars of fresh lard, links of sausage, liver pudding and scrapple, and other products of that animal known in the West as the "mortgage lifter."

Even woodpiles elicit sighs from those who can only indulge in wood for kindling.

Country produce may be offered to all classes of city people without offence, for who will refuse nice fresh eggs and plump chickens? A bottle of good catsup and a half dozen glasses of different kinds of jellies, or a loaf of pound or fruit cake form a gift worth having, and a kind that often comes within the means and taste of the dweller in the country. It is more desirable than needlework or books, such as she cannot secure, unless she comes into the city to get them.

It is well to know, when a person is intending to take back edibles to the city, that there is no need of buying a special trunk, or of sending the box




EVANGELINE

VISIT THE
BEAUTIFUL
"LAND of
EVANGELINE"

NOVA SCOTIA

DOMINION
ATLANTIC
RAILWAY
LINE
BOSTON TO
YARMOUTH
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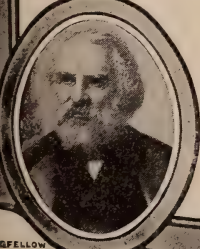


S.S. PRINCE GEORGE

THE main highway of travel
from Boston to all points in
the Maritime Provinces is
via Yarmouth, Nova Scotia.
Daily service from Long Wharf
(foot State Street) (Except Saturday),
in effect about June 21, the mag-
nificent steamers "Prince George,"
"Prince Arthur" and "Boston" in
commission. Meantime, sailings,
Tuesday and Friday at 1 P.M. Send
four cents in stamps for all infor-
mation, rates, folders, tours, etc.,
particularly illustrated booklets,
"Summer Homes in Nova Scotia"
and "Vacation days in Nova Scotia" to

J. F. MASTERS,
New England Supt.
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LONGFELLOW

CRYSTAL

Domino

SUGAR

5^{lb} Sealed Boxes Only !

Best Sugar for Tea and Coffee!

By Grocers Everywhere!



PACKED ESPECIALLY FOR YOU

Gold Bond Pure Food Sea Products packed for you to order and delivered at your home by express, **Charges Prepaid.**

☐ The choicest and most select line of fresh caught Mackerel and Codfish.

☐ Special packs of shrimp, oysters, salmon, sardines, and a full line of imported canned goods.

☐ A postal from you will bring you full particulars and our Free cook book.

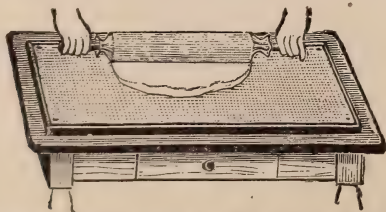
Gold Bond Packing Co.
GLOUCESTER, MASS.

TEDDY-BEAR PINCUSHION

in color pleases the little folks, useful for everybody. This souvenir and Mrs. Alice G. Kirk's Famous Recipes sent free on request, together with information on Never-Break Cooking Utensils.

AVERY STAMPING CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

If your dealer does not handle "Never Break" STEEL SPIDERS, we will send you a No. 8 Spider, all charges prepaid, upon receipt of money order for 75 cents.



MAGIC COVER

Magic Cover for Pastry Board and Rolling Pin; chemically treated and hygienic; recommended by leading teachers of cooking. By mail 60c.

F. A. WALKER & CO.

83-85 Cornhill, Scollay Square, Boston, Mass.

by express, for a common grocer's box well packed may be checked, *provided it has handles.* And these handles may be easily and cheaply attached.

Simply bore two holes a hand's-width apart on the sides of the box, and knot a small rope on the inside for the handles before packing the box. Leather handles may be made from old reins or traces, and nailed on.

Such a box may not be rated as first-class baggage, but no baggage or express man or supercilious head of a household, however scornful at first, would ever despise the contents of a box packed in the home neighborhood and filled with fresh country food.

J. D. C.

Graduate School of Home Economics

The second session of the Graduate School of Home Economics was held at Cornell University July 13-24, 1908.

Twenty-five women were enrolled, representing eleven States and Canada.

The program was so arranged as to offer two principal lines of work, one in Nutrition and the other in Economics. In the former subject, upon which students of Home Economics must always keep informed, much new material was presented. Besides the lectures in biochemistry in the Graduate School of Agriculture, there were special lectures by Dr. Mendel of Yale and Dr. Zuntz of Berlin before the School of Home Economics. In addition there were courses by Professor Bevier of the University of Illinois on "The Problems of Teaching Dietetics;" by Professor Day of the University of Missouri on "The Digestibility of Starch as Affected by Cooking;" and by Dr. Langworthy of the United States Department of Agriculture upon "Illustrative Material for Use in Teaching Dietetics."

The lectures in Economics, which proved of special interest, because courses in this subject are now being

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TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Stoves and ranges of all kinds direct to you from the factory at factory prices.

Write today for Gas Stove and Range Catalog No. 800-Wood and Coal Stove and Range

Catalog No. 389 **Kalamazoo Stove Company, Mfrs., Kalamazoo, Mich.**

Gas Stoves



"Silver Plate that Wears"

For beauty of design,
careful manufac-
turing, brilliancy of
finish and long wear.

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

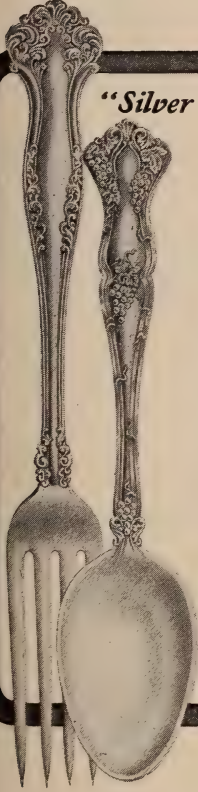
spoons, forks, knives, etc.,
are unexcelled. Recog-
nized as the highest
standard of Silver Plate
excellence.

For sale by leading
dealers.

Send for **New Catalogue**
"X-8" to aid in selections.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,
Meriden, Conn.

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Exquisite Desserts

and

Delicious Ice Cream

Made With

Junket Tablets

Your grocer or druggist sells them
or we mail post-paid ten tablets to
make ten quarts for 10 cents and
give you the charming brochure
"Junket Dainties" free.

**CHR. HANSEN'S
LABORATORY**

Box 2507.

Little Falls, N.Y.

What it Means

to have your shingles stained with

Cabot's Shingle Stains

It means that they will not rot; that the colors will be
soft and beautiful; that they will wear as long as colors
can, and grow old gracefully; and that the cost will be
50 per cent. less than that of paint. Made in all colors,
with Creosote, "the best wood preservative known."

Samples on wood, and color-chart, sent on request.

SAMUEL CABOT, Inc., Sole Manufacturers

141 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

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Agents at all Central Points



Hoppin, Koen & Huntington, Arch'ts, N. Y.

Quilted Mattress Pads

Money spent wisely means comfort and pleasure to the spender. You go to bed to rest.

Quilted Mattress Pads

will make your bed comfortable as well as keep yours and baby's bed in a perfect sanitary condition.

The cost is small and when washed they are as good as new.

Ask your Dry Goods dealer.

EXCELSIOR QUILTING CO.,

15 Laight St., New York, N. Y.

formulated in many schools of Home Economics, were as follows:

"What Kind of Instruction in Economics is desirable in Connection with a Course in Home Economics?" by Dr. Fetter of Cornell; "Some Principles of Political Economy in their Relation to Home Economics"; "The Relation of Costs to Efficiency," by Mrs. Ellen H. Richards of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; and "Public Work for the Home," by Caroline L. Hunt.

Other lectures of more general, but not less helpful character were: "Biology in its Relation to Home Economics," by Dr. Needham of Cornell; "Plant Breeding," by Dr. Webber of Cornell; "Fermented Milk Beverages," by Dr. Stocking of Cornell; "Dairy Bacteriology," by Dean Russell of the University of Wisconsin; and "Dried Milk Preparations," by Dr. Cavanaugh of Cornell.

A most interesting demonstration of labor-saving devices was given by Miss Van Rensselaer and Miss Rose.

There were two evening public meetings, one in connection with the Graduate School of Agriculture and the other in connection with the regular summer session of the university.

Warning Against Refilling Lea & Perrins Sauce Bottles

Within a month two restaurant proprietors in Portland, Ore., have been arrested and fined \$25 each, in Judge Cameron's Court, for refilling Lea & Perrins Worcestershire Sauce bottles with an inferior sauce. In this connection the Portland Daily Journal says: "The eating public has been forced to take cheap mixtures labeled with the brand of well known and popular condiments, as the proprietors of scores of restaurants have been increasing their revenues by buying inferior stuff in bulk and selling it under false pretences." Lea & Perrins sauce is the original and genuine Worcestershire and is known all over the world.

**TRIED
AND
TRUE**

**SEE
YOUR
GROCER**



HOUSEHOLD FAVORITES

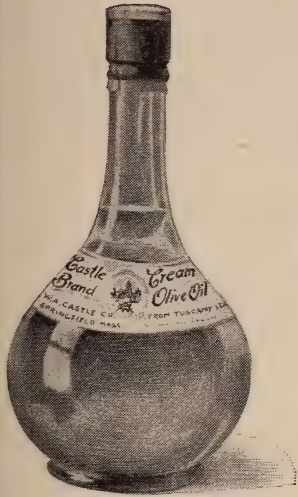
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50 YEARS THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE

SAWYER
CRYSTAL BLUE CO.

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Castle Brand Cream Olive Oil



is the acme of Olive Oil production. Its use in the making of salads and salad dressings is a sure harbinger of success.

Imported from Tuscany, Italy, it is the product of the world's most renowned olive oil makers from the world's greatest olive groves.

Castle Brand Cream Olive Oil

has a flavor all its own; one most delightful. It is absolutely pure virgin oil, pronounced by those who know, as the best procurable in America.

Can be had in bottles like illustration—all sizes —
or in tins from a quart to ten gallons.

Your grocer can doubtless supply you—if not we shall be glad to do so, carriage paid.

W. A. CASTLE CO., Springfield, Mass.

Make Cooking a Pleasure

DON'T burn your hand over the sizzling, sputtering fat of the old-fashioned roaster that lets the fumes go all over your house and loses the best juices of the meat.

This Cylinder Roaster turns and bastes the roast automatically with a simple turn of the handle. You do not have to take the roaster out of the oven and all the goodness of the meat is saved. Can be used on top of the stove, as well as in the hot kitchen summer days. Takes less heat and you don't have to stay in to baste the roast—an important advantage these hot summer days.

Easily cleaned and will last a life-time.
Sent to any address east of the Mississippi upon receipt of price, \$2.50. Your money back if you are not perfectly satisfied.

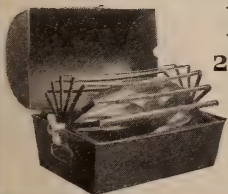
Send for OUR FREE BOOK ON ROASTING, it is full of information valuable to every housekeeper.

**The Cylinder Roaster
Mfg. Co.**

204 BLATT BLDG.

**Ellwood
City, Pa.**

Agents Wanted



Buy advertised goods — do not accept substitutes



"Rosette"

Patty Irons — Wafer Irons

For luncheons, teas, parties and entertainments of all kinds.

Patty Irons for making dainty, flaky patties or timbales; delicate pastry cups for serving hot or frozen dainties—creamed vegetables, salads, shell fish, ices.

Wafer Irons for making deliciously crisp, melting wafers—a tempting dessert served in many delightful ways.

With these irons, twenty minutes time, and ten cents worth of materials, you can make 40 of either—patty cups or wafers. Caterers charge you 50c a dozen for them.

Dealers everywhere sell our Rosette Irons at 50c a set, either style. If you cannot get them, order by mail from us.

Patty Irons, 2 designs, with full directions and illus. 75c

book of recipes, packed in neat box, sent postpaid... 70c

Wafer Irons, 2 designs, with full directions and illus. 70c

book of recipes, packed in neat box, sent postpaid... 70c

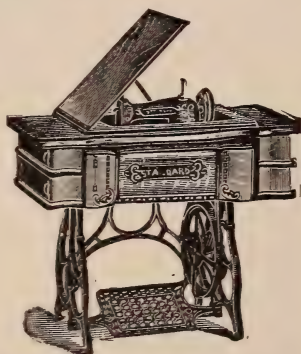
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THE Standard Rotary HIGH SPEED TWO-IN-ONE Sewing Machine

*The Highest Achievement in the
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THE STANDARD SEWING MACHINE CO.
F. C. HENDERSON, Manager

Sold in Boston by Shepard Norwell Co.,
in New York and Phila. by Wanamaker.

Dressed in the latest motor-cycling costume, with goggles all complete, the motor cyclist gayly toot-tooted his way by Regent's Park, London, toward the Zoo. Suddenly he dismounted, and said to an urchin, "I say, my boy, am I right for the Zoo?" "You may be all right, if they have a spare cage, but you'd ha' stood a far better chance, of you'd 'ad a tail!"

A Birmingham man recently wrote to a Liverpool lawyer, asking for information touching the standing of a person there, who had owed the Birmingham individual a considerable sum of money for a long time. "What property has he that I could attach?" was one of the questions asked. The lawyer's reply was to the point. "The person to whom you refer," he wrote, "died a year ago. He has left nothing subject to attachment except a widow."

When J. A. Froude was a student at Oxford, the controversy about faith and works ran high. An examiner asked a candidate what was the value of works. Not knowing the theological views of the questioner, he carefully and cautiously replied, "A few of them would do a man no harm."

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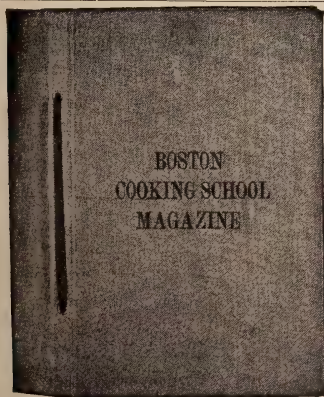
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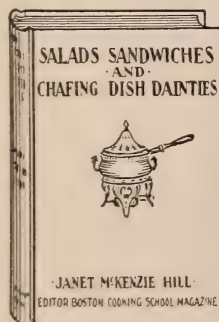
Salads, Sandwiches and Chafing-dish Dainties

By Mrs. JANET McKENZIE HILL, Editor The Boston Cooking-School Magazine

*A New and Revised Edition.
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yet been published. Due attention has been given to the a b c of the subjects, and great care exercised to meet the actual needs of those who wish to cultivate a taste for palatable and wholesome dishes, or to cater to the vagaries of the most capricious appetites. The illustrations are designed to accentuate, or make plain, a few of the artistic effects that may be produced by various groupings or combinations of simple and inexpensive materials.

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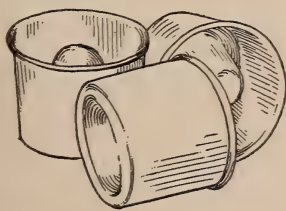
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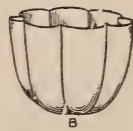
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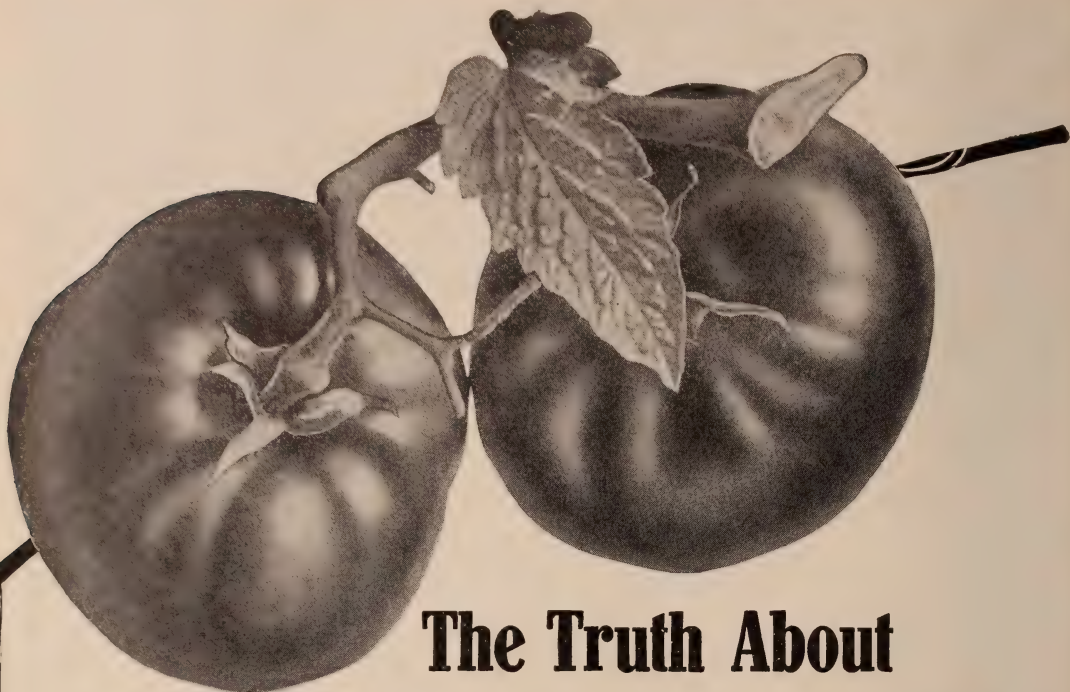
are made of aluminum and are without seams. They can be used for countless things:

Timbales of chicken, ham, peas, corn, etc. Moulding individual fruit jellies. Moulding meats and salads in aspic jelly. For eggs Par-

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The Truth About Chemical Preservatives in Foods

The United States Government says they slowly but surely destroy health and they are often used to conceal inferior materials.

Benzoate of Soda and other drugs and chemicals in foods generally, have but two uses—either to preserve that which is not good and clean enough, or that which is not well enough prepared to keep otherwise.

Look at all Ketchup Labels

Beware of brands labeled as containing Benzoate of Soda. It may be—too often is—used to preserve materials of doubtful quality—refuse cores and skins of tomatoes, for instance—canners' waste, which in its original state is actually repulsive.

To make Ketchup, Chili Sauce, etc., without Benzoate of Soda or other chemical preservatives, requires wholesome materials and clean methods.

Heinz Tomato Products are made from whole, ripe, selected tomatoes, prepared fresh from the vines, put up hot direct from the kettles, and contain no drugs or chemicals of any kind. They are safe to buy in every sense.

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Do not contain one drop of chemical preservatives. They are even purer than the law prescribes.

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Here is a "personally conducted excursion" of the kind that occurs daily in millions of homes.

Route: Up the stairway and along the hall to the bath-room.

Time: 10:00 A. M. or thereabouts.

Equipment: A couple of soft towels, a sponge, a wash cloth and a cake of Ivory Soap.

On arrival: Fill the bath-tub a little less than half full of warm—not hot—water. Put baby in the bath. Moisten the wash cloth and apply soap, first to the face and neck, then to the arms, next to the body, and last, to the legs and feet. Fill the sponge with water from the tub and squeeze it over the face, arms, body and legs, repeating this until all dirt and soap are removed. Dry by "patting"—not rubbing—with the towels.

The only soap that is worthy of comparison with Ivory, is genuine, unadulterated, white Castile Soap. It is on sale in very few stores. Its price is from 25 to 40 cents a pound. The "Castile" Soap which is sold at 20 cents a pound or less is almost invariably a cheap imitation of a meritorious article. But even genuine Castile Soap, if you can get it, and the chances are that you cannot, is no better than, and not as pure as, Ivory Soap. And it costs about three times as much.

Ivory Soap 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ Per Cent. Pure.

Menus for Thanksgiving Dinners

We sit to chat, as well as eat. — SHAKESPEARE.

I

Plain Grapefruit Pulp in Cups
Oyster Patties
Roast Turkey, Giblet Sauce
Candied Sweet Potatoes
Mashed White Potatoes, Thanksgiving Style
Onions Stuffed with Nuts and Baked
Tomato Jelly (page 190)
Chicken Pie, Waldorf Salad
Vanilla Ice Cream with Peaches au Curaçoa
Black Coffee
Nuts. Raisins. Mint Paste

II

Cream-of-Oyster Soup
Fried Fillets of Fish, Sauce Tartare
Lady Finger Rolls
Roast Turkey, Bread Dressing. Potato Croquettes
Peach Sweet Pickle
Cauliflower au Gratin
Wild Duck, Roasted
Celery-and-Grapefruit Salad
Cranberry Tart. Hot Apple Pie
Macaroon Ice Cream
Coffee
Nuts. Raisins. Straws of Orange Peel, candied with
Maple Sugar



AN OLD NEW ENGLAND HOMESTEAD WHERE THANKSGIVING TRADITIONS ARE STILL OBSERVED

The Boston Cooking-School Magazine

VOL. XIII

NOVEMBER, 1908

No. 4

In Turkey Time

By Evelyn Prince Cahoon

SHE was sun-bonneted and calicoed, and her motherly form was a little bowed with the stress of years; but the "human interest" had not vanished from her face and her voice was still mellow, as she told of *wild turkey* days in old Missouri.

It was in a country store I found her, —dry goods, laundry supplies, farm implements and provisions, with a dash of millinery and baking powder premiums as a setting, with a basket of eggs hooked over her arm.

For sixty years, first with "paw" and "maw," later with her "old man" and her brood of children, she had lived on the same farm.

"But hit used to be different," she said regretfully, and went on to tell how the woods were formerly full of game so that no one considered seriously the getting of the family's supply of meat.

"Why, Lor' bless ye," said she, "all we had to do in them days was jest to step to the back door an' shoot at a squirrel or a flock of pigeons, maybe, or p'r'aps a few wild turkeys."

And the future was provided for by luring the wild turkeys into a brush-made pen in the fall, when they were fat with much feeding on ripe seeds and grain, and there keeping them confined, to be used one by one.

It seems the "pen" was made of brush and roofed over, since turkeys can fly over most barriers. It was built on a slope of ground, with an entrance on the down-hill side, and was made on the principle of the old-fashioned fly-catcher of wire, in that the turkey, like the fly, was expected to have just sense enough to follow a trail *into* the cage, but not enough to turn and come *out* by the same way he used in getting *in*.

The plan worked like a charm. The pen was floored over in a rough way. A trail of kernels of corn scattered on the ground led from a distance up the hill, through the entrance under the floor, to the opening up through the floor.

Mr. Turkey followed the corn lure up the hill and into the pen, but he didn't know enough to retrace his

steps and get out. His friends, hearing him within, and seeing the little corn he had left on the way, made all decent haste to join him, and the more turks within the pen the more anxious were those on the outside to join the "four hundred."

But, in time, the free killing of the birds by the ever-increasing number of settlers put an end to the supply, except in a few regions among the Appalachian Mountains, in Florida, the southern part of the Mississippi Valley, New Mexico and Texas. Formerly the birds had been found by the early settlers in very large numbers, from Maine to the dry prairies of the West, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf.

Our domestic turkey has been produced from the Mexican variety of the wild one (for there were originally four distinct varieties of the wild ones).

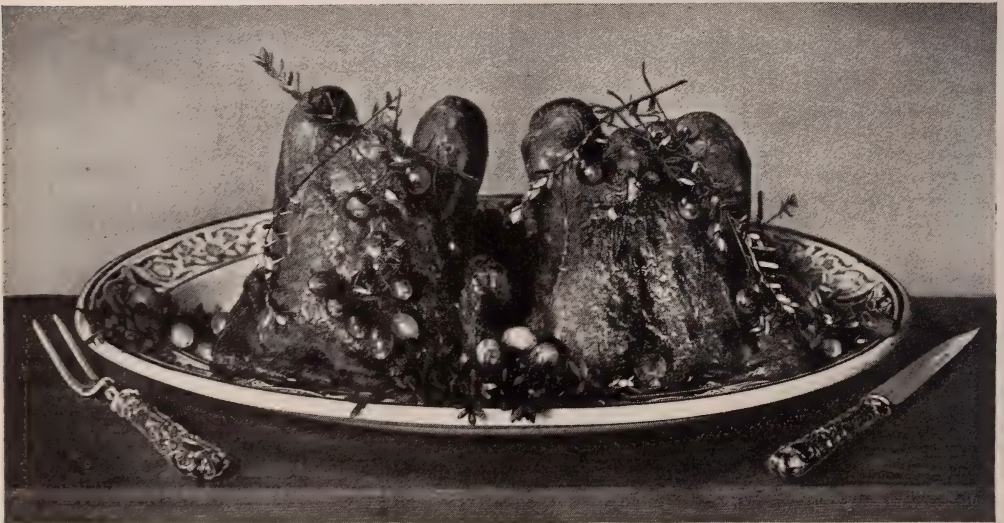
Turkeys are hard to raise in that they are "hard to get started," as my dear old woman said. It seems that, when young, they are more susceptible to disease from cold, rainy weather in the spring than any other fowl. During the first two months of his existence

your young poult, as the turkey youth is called, is likely, if he gets wet in a cold spring rain, to alarm you by starting on the run forward, then backward, then falling over dead.

As soon as he has well passed this delicate youth he reaches hardiness unusual among the domestic fowl, and is fond of long tramps, impatient of small yards, and given to flying over any such little obstacle as a dwelling house, tall hedge or wood. Consequently only those farmers attempt to keep them, as a rule, who can give them a large pasture to roam over.

Our host, the judge, sat all one rainy afternoon and told stories of his boyhood on the farm. Not least interesting was the one about how he and another young man, with help, conducted a "turkey drive" to Brunswick, the nearest shipping point on the Missouri River, in the old days when railroads were not and the steamboat carried between the western towns and St. Louis.

In those days farmers clubbed and sent their produce in the care of chosen ones down to the nearest river point, to be conveyed to market.



ROAST CHICKENS, GARNISH OF FRESH CRANBERRIES ON THE STEMS



CRANBERRIES, CANNED IN COLD WATER, FOR SUMMER USE

Those were the days when farmers "didn't bother with hens." "Why, no!" cried the matron brought up in those times, "we never thought of gathering eggs; whenever we wanted to use some in making a cake, perhaps, some one would go out and look in the barn and bring in a basketful, but we never bothered about them unless we wanted them at the time."

Turkeys were taken on foot to the river point, *driven* along the wild country roads, as we have all seen cattle driven to market. Five thousand turks were in the judge's turkey drive, and their progress used up about three weeks, stopping and camping along the road wherever night overtook them, while the birds flew up and settled themselves cosily, according to a turkey's idea of comfort, in the trees near by.

To all right-minded people how very definitely the word "turkey" brings the idea of Thanksgiving. "You may break, you may shatter, etc.," but the idea of turkey will continue to go, in our minds, with the Thanksgiving dinner, even though, for long years, increasing price may have driven the bird from our individual table.

And with the thought of turkey, to some of us, comes a vision of that first Thanksgiving day in old Plymouth.

Ye governor had appointed a day of thanksgiving, not as a religious observance, but rather in accordance with the world-old custom of making merry after harvest. And then, in the true spirit of hospitality, just as ever since America has kept open house for all nations, the Pilgrims sent out and invited in the great men among the Indians.

And they came, ninety greedy braves sat down at the feast prepared by those foremothers of ours, at the expense of days and days of baking and boiling. And all things were so good to the palate of our untutored red brother that they one and all decided to pay the Pilgrim cooks the highest possible compliment, that of continuing to eat of their cooking.

They stayed three days and might have been in old Plymouth yet, for all I know, had not our stern forefathers given them a polite, but effectual hint to take themselves off.

This may, perhaps, be reckoned as the first brilliantly successful social function of the "American queen."



AUTUMN FRUIT WITH WREATH OF BRANCHES OF FRESH CRANBERRIES

His Thanksgiving

By A. T. Frost

"**W**HERE'S the brook gone, 'Bijah?" inquired the child wistfully. "Where's it gone?"

"Gone," echoed 'Bijah, with a loud laugh, and, looking over his ulster-clad shoulder at his small passenger, "why, sonny, that brook ain't gone. It's frozen over tight, and it's covered with snow, too."

"Daisies all gone too, 'Bijah?"

"Land, yes," returned the twelve-year-old driver, "everything's frozen up."

They were waiting in front of the country station until grandmother should emerge from the waiting-room and join them in the sleigh, and they had already waited for some-time.

"There she is; she's found her bag," announced 'Bijah triumphantly; "I knew she'd get it;" and, still holding her recovered property, grandmother

stepped into her place, and, with a wheezy creak, they were off.

The child, curled up beside her on the seat, sighed heavily, and then seemed lost in thought, as they passed endless stretches of white meadows, white-clad hills and somber spaces of leafless woodland. Could this be the enchanted country which he had known? mused the child; the country of a few brief months ago, all-musical with bird notes and a-toss with blossoms? Where green pastures stretched away and away until they met the sky, where motherly hens could be seen solicitously leading yellow, downy chicks around the barnyard, and fleets of ducks sailed boldly off down the orchard brook? Would he, oh, would he find the farmhouse changed too, now that the whole face of nature had altered so unbelievably?

But cheerfully familiar faces greeted

the two travelers, and in his dreams it was once more June-time, and a world of blossoms royally welcomed the little lad.

Winter, he rejoiced to find next morning, appeared to be content with piling up drifts by the horse-block and sheds, and crowning the stacks with fluffy eider-down caps, but certainly had not intruded itself into the farmhouse. The fireplaces, which had been dark, sooty caverns in summer, were now all a gracious glow and flicker. Mysterious, spicy odors penetrated even into the closed parlors and remote bedrooms, and though it *was* Sunday, it was hard to tone down the delicious bustle and Thanksgiving spirit of preparation.

Wandering flakes fluttered down on the buffalo robe, as they started for church, and a keen wind blew in their faces; the isolated farmhouses, along the way, looked quiet and almost uninhabited, except that from each chimney spiral clouds of smoke rose high in the air. Occasionally solitary footmen met them, and to some of these grandmother bowed stiffly. And now, ahead, a slender spire was outlined against the gray sky, a spire so tall that

it almost pierced the clouds. When last the child had been in this church the great doors stood wide open, while every window let in the sweet summer air and pleasant summer sounds. He remembered a wide-winged butterfly had dared to flutter in, had poised airily on one of the carved communion chairs, and then flown lazily off again, out into the free, sunshiny open.

Now, the heavy doors slowly parted to admit the worshipers, and clanged to, heavily, after them.

They waited in the chill vestibule while they removed their extra wrappings, then passed on to their places.

Quiet and awesome was the church with lines of sober folk on either side. The child slipped into the extreme end of the pew and meekly folded his hands; it seemed fitting to assume such an attitude. 'Bijah, as became the man of the party, went in last, closing with precision the door of the pew as he sat down.

Solemnly pealed the organ, solemnly rose the voices in a hymn of praise:

"All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice."

The child balanced a heavy hymn-book on the seat ahead of him, and



CHICKEN-AND-OYSTER PIE

followed the words with one small, conscientious finger.

The scripture lesson was being read. "Supposing," so pondered the child, "supposing the church should catch fire from that great stove at the back, could those fast-shut doors be quickly opened?" Securely locked, as well, were the tall windows to which the moist flakes clung.

He felt a sudden, unreasoning terror and furtively clutched grandmother's beaver-cloth cape; such a reliable garment seemed to fairly breathe stability and assurance. He lifted wondering gray eyes to the high, narrow pulpit where, set apart, black-coated and somber of face, the clergyman addressed his flock.

The service was nearing its end! "Did every one feel as sad and hopeless as he?" pondered the child.

He tried to think of the glad Thursday, which was so surely coming, the long table, the laughter and the cheer.

But now the clergyman was unfold-

ing a crackling sheet of parchment, the Governor's Proclamation, that bid the people give praise and gather themselves together on the appointed day, as did their Pilgrim fathers, for prayer and thanksgiving.

Slowly he read to the end, then said reverently, "God bless the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!"

The child thrilled with the grandeur and nobility of it, and suddenly his fear and loneliness vanished; somewhere above the tall spire and leaden sky, beyond those falling flakes, brooded a great, wonderful, calm presence, One who could and would watch over and bless the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, as well as grandmother, 'Bijah, and a little, troubled boy. It was as if a broad shaft of sunshine had shone down into the shadowy church, lighting up each dim corner, and glorifying the whole.

"We had a grand discourse today," said grandmother, as they filed out into the still falling snow.



TOMATO JELLY TO SERVE WITH ROAST MEATS. (See page 190)

Our Father

The sheep upon Thy pastures, we
Do feed through life's short day, nor see
In Death's grim face the shepherd old,
Who doth but guide us to Thy fold.

Like birds that sport in sunlit grove,
We live upon Thy care and love,
Nor know the gloom Death round us flings
Is but the shadow of Thy wings.

—Zitella Cocke.

"Hitching Along"

By Kate Gannett Wells

"HITCH your wagon to a star," wrote Emerson, the true Yankee in aptness of speech as he was the true poet of vision. Later another poet-preacher said, "Blessed be drudgery," both men believing that folks might farm and cook, yet find pleasure therein. All the same the word "hitch" is quite as suggestive of merely getting along in uncertain fashion as drudgery is of permanence. But while of the latter it can, at least, be claimed that average people, drudges, are the ballast of the world, hitching indicates the use of temporary expedients. It has become a real down-east phrase for incompleteness, slovenliness in work, a loose way of setting one thing off against another. The Southern equivalent of a man who hitches is a "no count" person, while in the West they say of a man who can't get along, who has tried everything and failed, that he is "on the hog."

Whatever may be the term for hitching along, its process is one of getting on slowly, of uneven and scant success (as when things don't go smoothly on the stage and the curtain hitches in amateur theatricals), or of half-hearted performances, like that of the collegian who chooses soft courses, forgetting that many a business man, if he employs a college fellow, prefers one who played football, knowing that then he did something with all his might.

The hitchers are the opposite of the competent Jack-of-all-trades. When a hitcher hitches up his team, the harness is likely to be mended with rotten rope and a fifth wheel is never on hand. He will hitch his horse where it is handy, even if in so doing he injures a tree or weakens a gate. Hitching posts are extant. If he fastens a

rope, he will make the hitch knot, which is so easy to undo. He will hitch up his trousers as a more convenient way of doing than using suspenders. He will eat fresh-killed lamb, let lettuce go to seed and peas grow aged on the vines. He has not the go-at-it quality which even feeble-minded children show when they hitch along between potato hills, picking off the bugs as greedily as if they were blueberries.

Still, queerly enough, he has psychological moments when he says or does something smart, to the point, and then he will tell you complacently that it is not what one puts into life but what one gets out of it that counts, and that he always has got along somehow. It is comical how frequently inefficiency triumphs, turning out better for one's self than often does the doing for others who do not do for you in return, when approval of conscience has to be the sole reward for helpfulness. The hitcher's conscience is always content, even if others sneer at his self-praise. If it were only the actual horse that broke away, or the farm that got run out, or the garments that would not stay in place, perhaps hitching along might not be such a sorry proceeding. But it affects the very inner nature of a man or woman, who become more aggravating than even was the optimistic Micawber.

Then a hitcher always has a fondness for feeble jokes in words and punches, though he is too lazy for a practical joke, even like the famous one of General Putnam's, of Revolutionary fame. He chose two kegs of gunpowder with lighted slow matches in them, on which each man must sit. The Englishman, unable to bear the mental strain of sitting still till the keg exploded, rose up only to find that, when the kegs

were opened, they were filled with onions.

Another objection to a hitcher is his unpleasant kind of democracy. He is always for leveling down, not leveling up. He talks of the rights of man and of labor, and infringes upon every one's rights but his own, until his declarations of independence are maudlin.

As husband and parent the hitcher is a fraud, perpetually threatening punishment but striking only when he gets ready, which he rarely does. As for his wife, she, poor woman, never has dry kindlings, her wood is always sawed too long or too short. Her man is never punctual at meals and sits down to table in his shirt sleeves, permitting her to wait upon him as he eats for her and himself, while she wonders why it is she has no appetite, all because she is only his wife and he a — man, and she has not the temerity to refuse to cook for him save when he is agreeable, neat, spry and handy. She can't do otherwise because of the children. They, seeing their mother overworked, as a series of natural events, overwork their wives when they in turn marry, until the long train of hitches in life ends in uncomplaining misery. Perhaps the woman, also, is to blame; she may be neither financier nor diplomatist, and may not have had the wit to discern the kind of husband her lover would make. But any girl who puts up with a hitching sweetheart is not likely to lead a capable life.

That fewer women than men hitch along in life may be due to the home-keeping instincts of women, whose houses and children are perpetual reminders of the necessity to keep doing and doing "one better" all the time. The way in which a woman's shirt-waist is worn hints at her facility in hitching. If it is held in place by hooks and eyes, instead of sheath pins, she does not hitch along; her house is

neat, even if she is not a good cook, and she does not deceive herself into thinking that a subterfuge is a fact, though for the sake of peace she may be silent. Yet when a woman does hitch along she is more slack, ineffective, and vexatious, than a man.

Just as the term "hitching along" belongs to the country more than to the city, so is it that in summer rather than in winter one comes across the contrariness of the hitcher. Always naturally good humored (no effort in being so), he yet is never on time. All the weeds are never pulled up; his hens are at his neighbors; the barn is never swept clean; the woodpile is fringed with bark and chips, and the débris of the kitchen is always around the corner, never buried, burnt or carried away at high tide. Yet one can't complain. Things might be so much worse, and one might not have any helper. Again does inefficiency triumph, justified of itself, though to the city hustler the slackness and familiarity of the summer become its bane, and he reviles at good humor and excuses. Hitching along, after all, bears the same relation to the actions of a man that shambling does to the gait of a horse, while the hitches in matrimony are nothing less than household disasters.

Surely our national uppishness finds its correlative in this habit of taking things easy. Only when by hard struggle we have learned the full significance of Emerson's counsel, "to hitch our wagon to a star," do we see that he was for leveling up. If ever we all should be on the heights, there still would be pinnacles beyond, but to stay on the ground and enviously to pull others down, because we can't or won't get up, is to hitch along from one little topsy-turvy of shreds and patches to another. Taking things too easy ends in a fatal facility at a continuous hitching along.

The Master in the House

By Esther B. Tiffany

"**N**ORAH, your rolls were heavy again this morning!" Ominous silence on the part of Norah. "And there was so much salt in the omelet we could not eat it!" Norah went on stolidly with the scrubbing of the kitchen floor, whose immaculate whiteness sent a pang through the breast of her mistress.

Such a paragon of neatness! With servants in this remote country village as rare as white elephants, what folly to send her away, but how was she to be made to admit that Mrs. Harrington was mistress of the house? If only Mr. Harrington, sweetest-tempered and most absent of literary men, could be induced to express his mind, — for, as every housekeeper knows, one word from the man of the establishment outweighs an avalanche of reproof or blandishments from the so-called mistress — but to expect any such temerity on the part of her husband was a forlorn hope!

On the threshold of the shining kitchen Mrs. Harrington turned.

"Mr. Harrington was much put out about the salt in the omelet, Norah," she ventured tentatively. Norah sat back on her heels, and for the first time seemed to take a faint interest in Mrs. Harrington's monologue. Encouraged, Mrs. Harrington went on with increasing severity.

"As for the rolls, he said they were abominable — *abominable!* He can scold terribly, when he gets started. Has he told you yet what he thought about that fried fish we had last night?"

"Sure he ain't never opened his head to me sence I been in the house," replied Norah, sulkily, but yet it was evident that her dull brain was, for the first time, penetrated by a glimmering of respect for the quiet man in spectacles.

"Well, just wait till he does tell you what he thought of that fish!" and, with this somewhat enigmatical parting thrust, Mrs. Harrington retired from the combat.

Wonderful to relate, the following morning's sun shone down on a reformed and chastened Norah. The rolls were puffy, the omelet browned and salted to a turn, and for the ensuing two months the triumphant diplomatist, at the slightest sign of backsliding, had only to mention the name of the master of the house, coupled with some forceful expression of his displeasure, to bring instant reformation. To be sure the awful facts remained that she was not only traducing the most amiable of men, but also loading her conscience, many layers deep, with what courtesy graciously dubs "white lies"; but she consoled herself with the reflection that, even if her husband never did utter the severe strictures attributed to him, it was only a sin of omission which his good angel was rectifying.

It was an evil day when, lulled to confidence by the quiet of the domestic seas, Mrs. Harrington accepted an invitation to New York, and, without misgivings, confided her husband to the care of the submissive Norah. On returning, refreshed and with a new bonnet, to her quiet village home, a certain gleam in the eye of her handmaid, as she opened the door, woke qualms of uneasiness in the bosom of her mistress. At the breakfast table the next morning these qualms gave place to a chilling realization that the brilliant example of her skill and diplomacy had relapsed. Armed with a particularly telling expression of her husband's condign wrath, she repaired to the kitchen, but almost before she

had fired the first round she found herself repulsed by a masterly counter-charge.

"Mad? Him mad? Sure the fust morning you was away I had bad luck with my rolls, and I peeked in at the door to see how he took it, and there he sat as dacent as you plaze, ating the crusts and passing no remarks about the insides, like the gintleman he is, and after that I give him toast or cold bread, it was all wan to him. And for his lunch, what should I be wearing meself out setting the table when he was always forgetting to come down at all, so I takes him up a biled egg and a cup of tay on a tray, and says he, 'That's very kind of you, Norah'; says he, 'I'll write to Mrs. Harrington,' says he, 'what good care you take of me,' says he; and when it was n't convaynient to be getting him a meat dinner, sure I biles him another

egg, and a petaty and a cup of tay — it was all wan to him he's that aisy, — a reel gintleman. You, being his wife, has to take it, of course, when he's mad, but he ain't one to open his mouth to the likes of me."

A few hours after this humiliation Mrs. Harrington stood watching stealthily, from behind the parlor curtain, the defiantly waving plumes on the paragon's Sunday hat as she swung down the garden path, and out at the gate.

"I had to let her go at once, Fred. After giving her warning, I could n't have stood her another minute."

Her husband drew her to his knee. "You poor little thing! So you say she was really impertinent! Curious, I never had the least trouble with her all the time you were away. *I suppose it does take a man's hand to keep that kind of a woman in order.*"

The Carnelian Ring

By Alix Thorn

She saw it on the counter one day she went to town,
A little maid with sunny curls and smiling eyes of brown;
To think that just a penny such perfect joy could bring,
'Twas hers to keep forever, the gay carnelian ring.

She slipped it on her finger, it glowed with rosy light;
It really seemed a pity to keep it out of sight.
Supposing she should lose it, oh dire imagining!
Within her pocket swift she hid her dear carnelian ring.

A-berrying it sometimes went, on nutting parties, too;
A mitten warm protected it when wintry winds loud blew.
Through upland pastures straying far to seek the flowers of spring,
And squares of patchwork well it knew, this quaint carnelian ring.

She bought it in the long ago, the years have flown away,
Aunt Patience' curls, that once were gold, have turned to silver gray;
Yet still she keeps it, loves it, forsooth, a simple thing,
With childish treasures laid away, this small carnelian ring.

Diet and Endurance

By. Jean Williams, M.D.

WE hear in these days a great deal about vegetarianism, but it is rather rare to have an opportunity to observe the effects of a scientifically restricted diet, persisted in for a term of years by people of normal physique and ordinary habits and desires. It has been my good fortune recently to come across just such a case.

In discussing with a prominent New York physician a special diet for a certain patient, the question came up as to whether all sedentary individuals, at least, would not be better off with a decided modification of their animal food. So firmly have his studies and observations convinced him of this fact that he has himself, for many years, totally abstained from the so-called red meats, — beef, mutton, lamb, veal, etc.; also tea, coffee and alcohol. And what still more emphasizes his belief is the fact that his two daughters, tall, healthy girls, have never been allowed any of these articles of diet. The doctor attends to a large practice, is a professor in one of the New York medical colleges, an author of some repute and an indefatigable tennis player, as are also his daughters. In addition to their excellent health, I desire to bring out one point with special clearness, and that is the remarkable endurance of this trio; in tennis, golf, walking and other athletic sports they easily outlast their competitors.

Now let us find a connecting link, if possible, between the diet and the endurance.

Of course there is a great deal yet to be discovered concerning the complex chemistry of digestion; but we would not be wise in our day and generation, did we not admit that certain

objects can be gained by modification of diet to suit conditions. While there is so much yet to learn, there are certain facts that have been pretty firmly established by exhaustive laboratory research and carefully planned and conscientiously executed dietetic experiment.

In the appropriation of food to the bodily needs people differ, as we all know; but in all cases there must be a certain amount of waste product which taxes, to greater or less degree, the eliminative organs.

It has been practically proven that certain organs are peculiarly taxed in the elimination of the by-products formed during the digestion of the highly concentrated nitrogenous foods; this by-product is retained to some extent in the system, lodging in the organs and tissues and there frequently giving rise to irritation. We hear of it later as gout, rheumatism, lithæmia, sick headache, or, perhaps, impaired function of liver or kidneys.

You will readily see that in the digestive cycle of cow, sheep, or other animal this same thing takes place, and some by-products of digestion are deposited in their tissues and organs, and thus, in eating animal food, we ingest a certain amount of this irritant or by-product (commonly called uric acid) already formed in the animal's tissues, also the materials from which, by our digestion, a certain amount more shall be formed.

This is a difficult matter to explain in a simple way, because it is so complex, dealing as it does with the questions of organic chemistry involved in digestion, concerning so much of which we yet grope in the dark. It is very important, however, that the essential truth, the gist of the matter,

should be known, that the average person, particularly the housewife, may have some intelligent knowledge of the question of diet and know why, under certain conditions of health, it is wise to cut out the heavy concentrated nitrogenous foods of animal origin and gain the proteid element from other sources, *e.g.*, milk, cheese, whole wheat, and other cereals, nuts, fruit, etc.

To come back to the question of endurance, it is claimed by the advocates of what is known as a "uric-acid-free diet," that the approximate

freedom from poisonous by-product in the tissues enables its followers to use their muscles actively with less fatigue, because there is in the system so little of this irritant to be taken up by the blood and deposited wherever there is temporary congestion, as there is in any actively used muscle. Of course we immediately realize that, if this is true, that great, constantly active muscle, the heart, must share in this immunity and its burden is made the lighter by its supply of pure non-irritating blood.

The Model Man

By Charles R. Barnes

A model of mankind lives over the way,
 He picks up his things for the laundry each Monday;
 His helpmeet may scold; he has little to say;
 He does not strew ashes all over on Sunday.
 The feminine tattle that's dinned in his ears
 Is hearkened to seriously, fearlessly, gravely,
 And when an extravagant hat bill appears,
 He pays it instanter, the while smiling bravely.

These gem-studded virtues, and others as well,
 Glint dully, for one there is blazing with glory,
 A master of fiction might gleefully tell
 The rest of this queer, unbelievable story;
 "Now, what shall we have for the dinner tonight?"
 They fiendishly quiz — and the thing happens daily; —
 He ponders; his face glows with calm, happy light,
 As, having decided, he answers them gayly:

"Have celery soup that is rich, not too thick;
 Baked shad, I believe that they now are in season.
 And fricasseed chicken, they're easy to pick;
 With biscuits, — I hope that I speak within reason?
 A salad of endive, we like it, I know,
 And fat apple dumplings, with cream, for the ending.
 Yes, Brie cheese and coffee, now dear, I must go;
 I'll bring out that silk that you want for your mending."

Side Lights on Chinese Cookery

By Helen Campbell

HOW is it and why that, unless one has had personal experience, in San Francisco it may be, of admirable cooking by a Chinese cook, there is for most of us a rooted skepticism as to the skill of a Chinese cook, and a belief as rooted that a Chinese restaurant includes the consumption of small fat animals, household pets some of them, as cats, kittens and puppies, but especially of that even more unbearable and disgusting addition, fatted rats? The fact is that a large part of this conviction is purely mythical, born of early misinformation from school primers and thus handed down for generations.

Of cooking each nation has its own methods, and most of them are questionable at one point or another; but it is singularly difficult for the Occident to admit that those of the Orient come under that of fine art in cookery. Skepticism remains rampant until one has lived among them, tested their methods and discovered that each nation has, as it were, worked out its own system of cookery adapted to the climate, and the habits of life that are born of special environment. In time, too, the experimental tester of Chinese, no less than of other foreign dishes, finds that much of the existing distaste and difficulty has arisen because we do not understand the meaning of the terms given, and make free and most amazingly inaccurate translations of the same.

Take, for instance, a dish always included in a Chinese bill of fare, chop suey. "Ketch me eating that suet chopped up with gracious knows what!" said one reader of the menu in a Chinese restaurant of the highest order, exquisitely neat and with a perfect and noiseless service.

Now, there are few dishes more genuinely appetizing than this very chop suey, composed as it is of relishes each of which the epicure prizes. Into it enters chopped celery, mushrooms and ham, together with small, green bean sprouts. The mixture is cooked over a very hot fire on a griddle, or it may be a specially reserved stove lid, and is turned many times in the process of baking with a thin cake-turner much like our own utensil. It is served and eaten as hot as possible, and has a peculiar but delightful flavor all its own.

Next in order of popularity comes yakomain, the Chinese spaghetti or noodle, but, as is the way with the Chinaman, it is made in the slowest and most laborious manner.

When the lump of dough has been made ready, and there are several forms of preparation, it is placed on a large table, and a vigorous, athletic Chinaman, with an absurdly small roller, proceeds to reduce it to the thickness of cardboard. Presently, as the sheet grows, the small roller is dropped for a long one. It is said to require hours of hard labor before the great sheet, at last several square feet in extent, is ready to be rolled up like a window curtain. The ends are then sliced off, with the sharpest of knives, into thin shavings, which are made into balls. These are dried, and are then ready for use.

Suppose now that yakomain is the order. A ball, which is about the size of a fist, is dropped into a kettle of fast boiling water, for a minute or two only, then it is taken out in a wire net and dropped into a bowl of clear hot, rich chicken broth. The noodles that made up the ball are now afloat, and on top of them are placed four squares of

smoked Chinese ham, differently flavored from American ham but very good, or, if preferred, two pieces of chicken and two of ham are used. The yakomain is then served steaming hot, and with it a pot of clear tea, unsweetened; such tea of delightful quality is served free of cost with every order.

Delicious omelet with ham and herbs, like our own ham omelet, is on the menu as foo-yong-dan, a lobster omelet as a foo-yong-har. An expensive dish is boned chicken with noodles and young bamboo sprouts, which all strangers are eager to try, wishing to discover, once for all, what the flavor of a bamboo shoot may be. Beef is used but little, chicken figuring chiefly and most in demand, chicken with green peppers called lot-ju-gai, being extremely popular. Fried rice, with ham and vegetables, known as chow-lang-fan, is savory and desirable, and there are numerous methods with roast, fried and fricasseed chicken, and all are good.

It is at fish that the American begins to draw the line, for the Chinese taste calls for sauces, both very sweet and very pungent, a combination absolutely destructive to whatever individual flavor the fish may have possessed.

Tender young ducklings, with sweet sauce, are another anomaly, and one recalls the small boy in a San Francisco restaurant, who shook his head as another mystery was presented and pushed away his plate of sweetened fish.

"My stomach is too surprised to want anything more," he said, and burst into tears, quickly dried as the waiter hastily put a plate of delicious little cakes and confections before him. Honey and nuts enter into many of these cakes; and there are crystallized fruits, cool sherbets and many enticing sweets of which the methods of preparation are as careful as are those of the most accomplished French chef, but all quite regardless of time, a commodity used unsparingly and with smallest thought of personal ease or comfort by the vast majority of Chinese workers, who will patiently stir a marmalade or jam far into the night, if need be, to secure just the consistency dear to the Chinese epicure's palate. The restless, "hustling" American would long ago have contrived some way of hastening the process, but the Oriental shakes his head.

"It must be so and no otherwise, for so the fathers did, and as they labored so also do we."

The Land of Make-Believe

By Jean Carruth

When life has lost its savor, and fondest hopes deceive,
I take a hint from the children, playing land of make-believe.
There friends are always loyal, and the welcome I receive
Is warmer far than my dreaming, — kind land of make-believe.

E'en love's fairest rose may blossom, and its thorns I never perceive;
For I crowd out all my sorrows from the land of make-believe.
Friend, if thy heart is aching, and thou art too brave to grieve,
Just take that little journey to the land of make-believe.

Restful Breakfasting

By Julia Davis Chandler

"MY idea of comfort and peace," said a busy wielder of the pen, "is to have a letter chute from my desk to regions below, with a Man Friday to mail all my work as fast as it should go down, just as George Augustus Sala had. But then, he had days of being pounded on the outer bar of poverty before he came to be well known, and could lie on the beach in the sunshine of prosperity.

"Being feminine, another thing conducive to my comfort would be to have a table, such as are made for invalids, to go over my bed, whereupon my morning mail could lie, after my coffee and rolls—oh, yes! and a bunch of flowers. My ideas, that come best in the waking hours, are dispersed by the struggle of dressing and interruptions, and when I get to my desk the enthusiasm and all my 'trappy-actioned' expressions have gone, and my wits take only a cart-horse jog trot. If ever things come to one out of the nowhere into the here, it is when one is resting. Stevenson wrote lying back amid pillows, and so did Mrs. Browning. Now just being lazy would not make me equal to those thinkers and stylists, but who knows how much better I might do? Alas and alackaday, our vaunted America is such a Land of Hurry-up; that's what I have named it, just as Mexico is the 'Land of Manana,—Tomorrow.' We hear 'hurry up' before we are off the gang-plank to alight on our shores, and 'step lively' as soon as we try to board a car. Sunday morning is the only morning that I can awake and breakfast in a soothing and rational way."

In a recent magazine article Mrs. George Cornwallis West, better known as the former Lady Randolph Churchill, comments upon the increasing custom

of serving breakfast in the rooms in English houses. "Often," she says, "as many as thirty trays are to be sent up when week-end parties are being entertained at country estates. These trays are received at the doors of the apartments by my lady's maid, and contain tea, rolls, bread, fruit and an egg usually, although the maids are wont to contend for all the variety possible." Not only ladies, but many men prefer to breakfast before descending for the day.

We Americans might also copy the French breakfast of coffee and rolls, or the Swiss way of serving bread, with coffee, honey and cheese, in the garden. What is more pleasing than real Vienna coffee and some fancy German bread, such as slices of an almond ring, for instance! The trouble that comes from this changing to a Continental breakfast is that we Americans do not eat soon enough thereafter, and then blame the light breakfast as insufficient. We should eat as many times a day as the Scotch or Germans, or indulge in the "nine o'clock" or "ten o'clock piece," in Pennsylvania German fashion. Even the great, grasping mining companies of Pennsylvania have had to grant the privilege to their men of stopping every morning to enjoy "a piece."

The Creole custom of Louisiana, followed by many of other races living there, is to have their "early coffee" in bed, or when first downstairs. Usually it is taken black and clear, and café-au-lait is made only for young people and semi-invalids. The clear, hot coffee is supposed to protect one from the dampness and chill of the early morning hours in winter, and malarial air in summer, by stimulating the system when it is weakest. After a comfort-

able toilet, or when supplies for the breakfast have been given out and work started indoors and out, then the master and mistress of the plantation breakfast at leisure.

Alas, the most of us are sacrificed to the present public school system; a monster that mothers have paid tribute to by giving up their children, until now what a mother says is apt to be despised, and the claims of the home are disregarded. No matter what long hours have been the mother's lot, what days of sewing and of nursing sick members of the family, etc., for her there is no rest. Even if the considerate head of the house take his breakfast alone and solace himself with his morning paper, there are the children to go to school. The mother knows they must be aroused. They are badgered from their natural, quiet, childish repose; the toilet is made against time, often the mother must make herself into a docile nurse to fetch and carry, button their clothing and brush their hair, and realizing the nervous tension they are under all through the school year, she takes, without recourse, their whims and rebellious behavior. Anything so they can "get to school," "be educated" and so "get on in the world." Father is dunned for money for special subscription or some indefinite school need. Though children are taught at school to write, they are always given by their teachers verbal messages to carry to their parents. This they usually spring at the last moment; then cash of the right amount must be found or the little folks intrusted with a bill in excess of the amount, accompanied by many cautions, else they will wend their way to school in tears, with "the teacher said we must have it

today," etc. The father gives the first helping to the child that has the farthest to go; the breakfast is hastened through, and off they go to their various schools. A slam, a bang, or the youngest leaves the door ajar, coat half fastened, a glove dropped, rubbers or umbrella left behind. Gone without the inevitable glasses seen on American children; gone in any fashion so as to file in to the school at 8.45 o'clock of a sunless winter morning, there to be immured until the sun is low and the day is done; possibly they are then kept, for "class detention," through no individual fault.

After the hurried breakfast the mother tries to collect herself, and sighs over this terrible system of education that leaves a woman no chance to take her children to outfitting shops, dentists or hairdressers; no opportunity to visit relatives and thus strengthen the bonds of family affection; no time, except in summer, for peaceful and serene home life. Spindle-legged little girls, daily swinging bags of heavy books over their shoulders, and uneasily shifting the load one way and another, can these ever grow into robust and happy women?

Fortunate is the woman who is not drawn into the vortex of school time and train catching and the long-established custom of presiding over a big breakfast table, but who can superintend her children's health, toilet and wardrobe, after a breakfast served to her in her own room, or an adjoining sitting-room, where, after the children leave her, she can attend to the first orders for the day, her engagements, the accounts, laundry lists and mending. In short, begin an arduous day by restful breakfasting.

"Happily for some of us, after the stress of business and the tension which comes with all earnest living in the rush of modern life, we may

retire to the solitude of the country or the peaceful seaside, and rest and recuperate, and think with sanity and calmness."

A Practical Kitchen

By Fleeta Wheeler

THE kitchen has been called "the pulse of the home," and it would seem a good simile, for when things go wrong in the kitchen the trouble is apt to extend all through the house.

The very keynote of up-to-date home making is the saving of steps, the elimination of unnecessary labor, and the lightening in every possible way of work that is necessary.

The day of the large kitchen, in which the housekeeper walked miles during the week, is gone by, and these old-time rooms have given place to what seems, in comparison, a mere box or cabinet; yet these modern kitchens are so complete, being planned with an eye to convenience and the saving of steps, that it is often possible to stand in the middle of the small room and reach every part of it, and in such a kitchen many a housewife finds herself able to do her own housework. In a certain home magazine, published in the opening months of the new century, there was a picture of the kitchen one may expect before the present era closes. The housekeeper (this term is supposed to be obsolete, having given place to the better word "home-maker") sat by a window, whereon were blossoming plants, reading a book. On the wall, near at hand, were several push buttons, marked "Dinner," "Breakfast," "Luncheon," "House-cleaning," "Marketing," "Laundry," "Nurse," etc., the supposition being that in the happy days to come it would only be necessary to "push a button" and everything else would be done by electricity.

But until the "electric kitchen" women must study to make house-keeping as easy as possible, and much may be gained by properly arranging

the kitchen. In the small kitchen of an apartment much of this is already done by the architect, who understands his work, but in the kitchen of a large house it is necessary to study the matter carefully, and the first step is to remove all furniture except that which is really useful, for unnecessary furniture means extra labor in dusting and cleaning.

Make sure that the stove, the table and sink are of suitable height for your inches. Women are taller than they were a generation ago, and it may save a doctor's bill, not to mention the suffering involved, if the stove be set on bricks, the table on blocks, and the sink rebuilt to a convenient height. The back-breaking angle assumed by many women while in the kitchen is the reason for that weary, harassed expression and for much real suffering. A high stool should also find a place in every kitchen, and nothing that can be done while sitting should be done standing.

This stool may be pushed underneath the table and out of the way when not in use. A second stool, a little lower, should also be kept in the kitchen; it will prove useful in many ways. The mop-pail may be set on it, instead of on the floor, and the user can stand upright, instead of leaning over to wring the mop. The clothes basket may be placed upon it, instead of on the floor, when wringing out the wash, and when hanging the same wash upon the line setting the basket on the stool saves the worker from bending over for each separate piece.

Perfect ventilation is another essential, which is more necessary in the kitchen than in any other room in the house, unless one excepts the sleep-

ing-rooms. Holes may be bored in the top of the window sash; this affords a constant current of air that keeps the kitchen well ventilated; little ventilators may be placed on gas or coal ranges, which carry out of doors, through the stove pipe, all odors of cookery; it is also possible to attach to the range an "incinerator," into which all the dry garbage may be placed and burned without odor.

The walls should be oiled and then covered with shellac, for this gives a smooth, hard surface, is at the same time inexpensive, and permits washing with soap and water. The woodwork should be given a hard enamel finish, preferably of white or light colors, never of very dark paint. When the floor is of soft wood, it is best to cover it with linoleum.

If the floor is of hard wood, it may be finished in oil, and in caring for either the oil finish or the linoleum do not scrub with soap and hot water, or the finish will be ruined, but add a cup of kerosene, linseed oil or furniture polish to half a pail of tepid water, and merely wipe the floor with a clean mop wrung out of this. If everything that stains the floor is wiped up at once, it is only necessary to remove the dust occasionally.

Two necessities for the convenient kitchen are a comfortable rocker, preferably of wicker, and a clock that keeps perfect time; many a moment of rest may be taken in the rocker, which should have cushions with washable covers; and without a reliable timepiece it is impossible to cook perfectly and serve meals always on time.

The arrangement of the pantry, with its stores and utensils, if done with care, will save much time and labor. The pantry should be very near the sink and table, and there

should be a broad shelf on which much of the baking may be prepared. Every pantry should have a window, both for light and ventilation, and if shelves and woodwork are finished in white enamel, there is no need for covers of oilcloth or paper, which are very apt to harbor crumbs, and attract mice and other smaller but as little desirable pests. All cooking utensils should hang in air and sunlight, and not be put away in dark closets. This is also a convenience, for each article may have a separate hook of its own, and if always kept on this hook it becomes a sort of "extra sense" to seek it in its place, and one can find it almost in the dark.

The flour barrels, containing bread and pastry flour, should always be kept where it is light and where a current of air can surround them. If the barrels be set on wooden racks, on which they may be tipped easily by touching them with one hand, they can be tipped back into position as easily, and this allows the air to reach even the bottom of the barrels.

The various food supplies may be arranged on shelves in most convenient manner; keep cereals in glass jars by themselves; small glass crocks hold corn meal, entire wheat and rye flour, sugar and such articles as rice, tapioca, spaghetti, etc. When everything possible is kept in glass, one can see in an instant the contents of each jar.

A word as to proper kitchen garb. A long apron of white butchers' linen, which completely covers the gown of the wearer, with a cap that covers every bit of the hair, and oversleeves of the same wash easily, protect one's gown perfectly, and will wear for years. Moreover, with white, it is always possible to be sure that absolute cleanliness, which makes for good health, is being observed.

Dealing with the Neighbor Boys

By Lee McCrae

WHENEVER one lives where there are two or more vacant lots near by she may expect the American boy with his perennial baseball and bat to take possession of them. The housewife may well tremble for her windows, yet who would have the heart to drive him away from this clean, healthful sport?

One thing, however, she has a right to demand—indeed it is her *duty* to demand—that there be no rowdiness, and this, alas, is all too common among half-grown boys of all classes of society, rich and poor. Wrangling seems to be part of it, just as it would be no game at all, if they could not yell long and loud over every good play or howl with derision over a bad one.

A certain amount of quarreling is, therefore, to be expected and tolerated by the neighbors, but there should be a well-defined limit set and enforced.

Just recently I was forced to the end of endurance by the fighting and swearing on the part of a few of the boys playing on the lots behind our house,—boys, I am sorry to say, from the “best homes” in our city. The players ranged in age from twelve to eighteen, with many younger boys as onlookers. For the sake of the little fellows and the reputation of the neighborhood, let alone the sake of the rowdies themselves, I felt that something must be done.

To go to them and ask for better

conduct would be difficult and probably put me in an uncomfortable position, for a boy who will swear and fight will not hesitate to give one the “horse laugh” when he is angry. To call an officer (as I had a perfect right to do) would be harsh treatment of one’s own neighbors and bring on a chain of troubles. So after a bit of thought I wrote the following note and sent it by a small boy:

“These are private grounds, but you are perfectly welcome to play here, provided you play a professional game, which allows neither swearing nor fighting. The most of you are gentlemen; kindly see that no other kind are allowed to play, and greatly oblige,
THE NEIGHBORS.”

This was put into the hands of the umpire. The game came to a sudden halt, while they all gathered in curiosity about him and heard him read it aloud. What their comments were I have no means of knowing, but there was no more swearing nor fighting that day, nor has there been since, so far as we know. Evidently the better boys in the crowd, taking the note for a cue, simply enforced the “law according to Hoyle.”

This is *one* way of dealing with the neighbors’ sons that has helped matters temporarily at least.

L. M.

The Empress

Purple grapes upon the vines;
Purple asters in the lanes;
Cloudy purples on the far sky line;
When the daylight wanes!

Purple is the Empress’ wear;
Tyrian dyes on crown and zone;
Let us, then, make haste to hail her fair:
Autumn on her throne!

THE BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE

OF

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JANET MCKENZIE HILL, Editor

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WOMAN

(By Anatole France, in the "*Garden of Epicurus*")

WHAT constitutes society? Woman; she is its sovereign arbitress; it exists for her and for her exclusively. But woman forms the great educating influence for man; she it is trains him in the gifts that charm — courtesy, discretion, and the pride that shudders to be self-assertive. She it is teaches a few the art of pleasing, and all the useful art of not displeasing. From her we learn the lesson that human society is more complex and more delicately adjusted than is generally suspected by the politicians of the cafés.

Last, but not least, it is she brings home to us the great truth that the ideals of sentiment and the visions of faith are invincible forces, and that it is by no means reason that governs humankind.

A WORD IN SEASON

IN making up your list of periodicals for the coming year do not omit the COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE. Every earnest, progressive home-maker in the land must be able to find something in this magazine of value and concern, — something of far greater worth than the price per year. The magazine is designed to appeal especially to teachers of domestic science and home-makers — all those to the success of whom the chief element emanates from the kitchen; for by intelligent people everywhere proper feeding has come to be regarded as the indispensable condition of healthful, wholesome, cheerful living.

In our selection of reading matter today, of necessity, choice must be exercised. The number of periodicals in print is almost incomprehensible. In our own experience we find ourselves reading yearly less and less of printed stuff. Rarely do we come across an article of genuine merit and worth. Often we subscribe to a magazine for sake of a single desirable and readable article; the remaining contents are simply passed over. Our hours of leisure are not many enough to enable us to read much for amusement. To us, also, use and beauty are intimately and indissolubly connected. The worth of anything must be tested by its utility.

Now practical daily usefulness is the *raison d'être* of the domestic science magazine. In addition to matter that pertains to the minute details and daily routine in housekeeping, articles and items of information, interest and suggestion to home-makers are earnestly sought after for the pages of this

magazine. We aim to be modest in our claims, but faithful and trustworthy in the prosecution of our work.

The expression of the thought of the day is strong that health comes and is maintained through proper food, air and activity. Well-fed people are apt to be cheerful, healthy, comely and prosperous. Do not fail, therefore, to include the COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, the foremost and best of culinary publications, in your list of necessary household periodicals for the year 1909. In its line the magazine is in harmonious keeping with the spirit of the age.

INDUSTRIAL ECONOMY

FOR the past few weeks people's attention has been absorbed with Presidential campaigning. Every one naturally desires to know who is to be our Chief Executive for the next four years. Confidence in our Chief Magistrate and Commander-in-Chief is quite essential to the best interests of all, and especially of those who are engaged in peaceful pursuits. In business matters, anyhow, uncertainty is sure cause of confusion and dismay.

Questions of economy, it is said, are to be of immediate concern in the future councils of the state. We hope so. Within the past few years the cost of living has increased forty or fifty per cent. In the same time the price of labor has advanced, though not in equal ratio; while salaried people and those with moderate, fixed incomes have suffered losses rather than made gain in their resources.

Prudence, economy and wise efficiency are called for in the conduct of all affairs, both State and National. Are there not too many people at present trying to profit by exploiting the efforts of others? In our judgment, the future policy of this government should be to limit immigration, to lower

the rate of taxation of every kind and form, and give to every man, woman and child in the land a fair and even chance in their several spheres of occupation in life. Certainly it is quite time that far-reaching questions of economy be given, in legislative halls, full measure of attention. All the higher forms of prosperity are to be sought in the pursuits of peace.

UPHILL BUSINESS

UPHILL work, a hard row to hoe, are expressions that refer to those who find the work they have undertaken hard and unyielding. People who go into enterprises which they are not able to carry out, or who try to occupy positions which they have not the capacity to fill, or who live in a style beyond their means, are said to be engaged in an uphill business.

Strange as it may seem, the number of people who find the row they have to hoe a hard and irksome task is very large, indeed. Probably the stigma of drudgery is applied to no other occupation or calling more frequently than to that of the housekeeper. Whereas, the fact is, no work is drudgery unless we make it so. The fault lies in the worker. Want of preparation, fitness, adaptability and zeal will render most any pursuit difficult and trialsome. This is the case not only with the boy and girl in school, but, afterwards, with the man and woman in the more serious occupations of later life.

Reformers, as a rule, find their tasks difficult and baffling; theirs surely is an uphill work. All reform is of slow growth. It is a contention with the customs, beliefs and prejudices of mankind. People hate to give up the opinions and customs of their forefathers. Slowly and reluctantly innovations in thought and practice are accepted by the mass of mankind.

But the most annoying and vexatious experience in life is that of him who is out of a job, when it is said to him by one who happens to be in the swim: "Do you not find your search for a new position an uphill business?" This is a sneer, a sarcasm, and "it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

What large numbers of people, old and young, need most in this world is a bit of encouragement. Often the kindly word or the helping hand means a good deal and reaches far; and there are cases, even, where something more substantial than words and smiles are called for, to cheer the unfortunate to new efforts. In this, our Thanksgiving season, let us not forget the full import and meaning of the greatest of all sentiments—that of the Golden Rule.

A FEVERISH AGE

(By P. Ramanathan, Solicitor-General of Ceylon, on "The Miscarriage of Life in the West," in the *Hibbert Journal*.)

WE are living in an age which, for want of proper judgment and poise, believes in change of any kind as a sure remedy for the tedium of work and idleness, and whose appetite is, therefore, keenly set on all those mechanical improvements which have been invented from day to day for facilitating business or amusement. Such an age, having no adequate conception of the evils of luxury or of the greatness of work for its own sake, takes no pains to restrain the senses when they distract the mind, or to abate the play of the imagination as a means of conserving one's energy. It does not know the truth that sensuousness unfits the mind for its proper work of uplifting the soul. It claims to make us better today than we were yesterday, and to make us better tomorrow than we are today; but that is only better in food, raiment, wealth,

household furniture, equipage, social position and rank—to be better in all that relates to the glorification of the perishable body, but not in anything that conduces to the purity of the eternal spirit.

IMPRESSIVE FIGURES

IT is figured that \$10,000,000 are annually left in New Hampshire by summer tourists. Some towns have doubled in value by reason of improvements made by summer residents, and because of the new industries and new lines of business brought about in meeting their wants. More than 20,000,000 people are within a day's journey of the most attractive part of the mountain and shore country. As the wealth of the nation increases the importance of the summer resort business is bound to grow larger year by year. Money spent for improvement and advertising will be well invested.

The person who cannot be happy when out of the range of the electric appliances of civilization is out of tune with nature, and misses some of the most sane delights of human experience.

HOPELESSLY OLD-FASHIONED

Only just plain, homely folks,
Working on from day to day,
Doing any good we can
In an unobtrusive way.

Fashionable? Not a bit!
Never sued for unpaid bills,
Never have affinities;
Keep no motor car that kills.

Don't get famous through divorce;
Break no markets, take no lives.
Just keep toiling, humdrum, dull—
For our children and our wives.



PLAIN ORANGE COCKTAIL IN LONG-STEMMED GLASS AND ORANGE SHELL, GARNISH OF CRANBERRIES. FOR SERVICE WITH CENTERPIECE SHOWN ON PAGE 166

Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

IN all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. When flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or a teaspoonful of any designated material is a *level* spoonful of such material.

Grapefruit Cocktail in Long-Stemmed Glasses

ALLOW half a grapefruit for each service. Cut the fruit in halves, then, with a sharp-pointed knife, cut around the pulp in each section and remove each piece of pulp, intact, to the glass; add also the juice to the glass. Serve plain, or as the cocktail is sent to the table sprinkle a teaspoonful of powdered sugar over the top. A maraschino cherry may be added, either at the bottom of the glass or above the grapefruit. A tablespoonful of sherry or maraschino may be added at discretion. Oranges may be used instead of grapefruit; either cocktail may be

served in the shell of the fruit. If the shell is to be used for a cup, care must be taken in removing the pulp, to avoid piercing the shell with the knife.

Consommé with Slices of Chestnut

Cut a slit in the shells of one cup of chestnuts and cover with boiling water; heat the whole to the boiling point, drain and shake in the saucepan, over the fire, to dry a little; add a teaspoonful of dripping and shake again, to coat each shell with the fat; let stand, shaking occasionally, in the oven three or four minutes, then with a sharp-pointed knife inserted in the slit in the shells remove shell and skin together. Let the blanched nuts cook in salted broth or water until just tender, then

drain and cut in strips or eighths. Put a spoonful of chestnuts into each plate of consommé, made after the usual formula with beef, veal and chicken. If the chicken be added to the soup kettle towards the last of the cooking and removed when tender, it may be used in croquettes, salad, etc.

Cream-of-Cauliflower Soup

Let a small head of cauliflower stand, stem upward, in cold salted water an hour or more. Drain and add a quart of boiling water with a teaspoonful of salt and cook rapidly until tender. Remove from the water and with a pestle press through a sieve. In the meantime let three cups of milk scald with two slices of onion and a chili pepper. Cream one-fourth a cup of

Cream-of-Oyster Soup

(Very Delicate)

Scald the feet of one or two chickens or a young turkey and pull off the skin. To the prepared feet add the giblets and neck of the fowl and cold water to cover the whole. Let simmer until the giblets are tender, then strain off the broth. There will be about a pint. Pour half a cup of cold water over a pint of oysters, take up the oysters, one by one, wash and remove bits of shell that may be present. Strain the liquid over the oysters and heat the whole quickly to the boiling point. Skim out the oysters and chop them fine. Scald two cups of milk with two slices of onion and a stalk of celery. Beat three tablespoonfuls of butter to a



CROUTONS OF SPINACH AND EGG

butter; beat into it one-fourth a cup of flour and stir into the hot milk, and continue stirring until the mixture thickens, then cover and let cook ten minutes. When ready to serve strain over the hot purée of cauliflower. Add a teaspoonful or more of salt and if desired the beaten yolks of two eggs diluted with half or a whole cup of cream. One or two cups of the purée may be used according as a delicate or more pronounced flavor of cauliflower is desired. For a less thick soup add another cup of milk or cup of broth made from chicken feet and giblets.

cream; beat in three tablespoonfuls of flour and a teaspoonful of salt; dilute with a little of the hot milk and when evenly blended stir into the rest of the hot milk; let cook ten minutes; add the chicken broth, the oyster broth and the chopped oysters and strain. Beat in two tablespoonfuls of butter, a little at a time; add pepper, more salt if needed, and serve at once.

Croutons of Spinach-and-Egg

Cook half a peck of carefully-washed spinach in the water that clings to it, sprinkling over it a teaspoonful of salt.

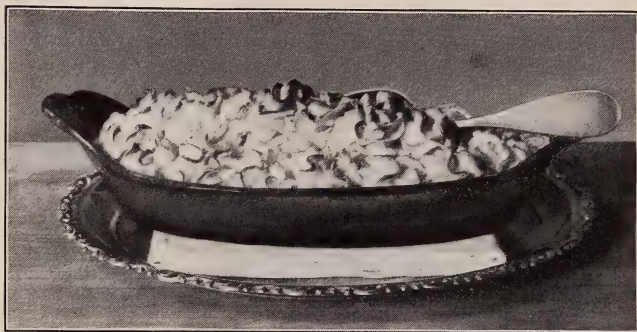
When the spinach is tender, drain, then chop and press it through a sieve. Sauté some rounds of bread in clarified butter or olive oil. Season the spinach with salt, paprika, cream or butter, and stir it over the fire until very hot, then spread it on the rounds of bread. When the spinach is set to cook, cover two eggs with boiling water and let them stand in the water until the spinach is cooked. Keep the water hot, but do not allow it to boil. Decorate the spinach with the whites of the eggs cut into eighths, lengthwise, and the yolks pressed through a sieve. Serve as a luncheon or supper dish, or as a vegetable entrée at dinner. A little lemon juice may be added to the spinach with the other seasonings.

Mashed Potatoes, Thanksgiving Style

Cook the pared potatoes in boiling salted water until tender; drain, sprinkle with salt and let dry on the back of the range. Press the hot potatoes through a "ricer"; add for a quart of material about half a teaspoonful of salt, half a cup of hot cream or rich milk and two or three tablespoonfuls of butter; beat with a perforated wooden spoon until very light and foamy. Put part of the mixture into a pastry bag, with star tube attached, and the rest into a serving dish; make the top smooth, then pipe over it the potato in the bag. Have ready the yolk of an egg, beaten and mixed with two or three tablespoonfuls of milk; brush over the top of the potato with the egg and set the dish into the oven until the edges of the potato are lightly browned.

Crab Meat Salad

Over two cups of crab meat, either fresh or canned, pour four tablespoon-



MASHED POTATO, FOR THANKSGIVING

fuls of oil; turn the meat over and over to distribute the oil uniformly through it. Sprinkle on, turning meanwhile, half a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of paprika, then add two tablespoonfuls of vinegar or lemon juice and turn the mixture over and over. Set aside in a cool place until ready to serve. Rub over the serving dish with a gashed clove of garlic, drain the crab meat if needed, and form it into a compact mound on the dish; press the meat



CRAB MEAT SALAD

together closely to give a smooth surface. With a silver knife spread over it enough mayonnaise dressing to make a smooth coating. Dispose rings of pickled beet at the top and well-cleansed and chilled endive around the

base. One-fourth a green pepper pod, chopped exceedingly fine, may replace the paprika.



CABBAGE SALAD

Chicken-and-Oyster Pie

Separate one or two chickens (according to weight) into joints. Cover with boiling water, let boil five or six minutes, then let simmer until tender. It will take about two hours. Remove bones that will not accommodate themselves to the dish. Pour a cup of water over a quart of oysters, wash each in the water and remove bits of shell that may be adhering to the flesh. Put the joints, meat taken from bones and the oysters into the dish, distributing them uniformly therein. Sprinkle with

nearly to the top of the meat. Dredge with flour. Have ready a rich biscuit crust, rolled to the size of the top of the dish, and slit in the center; brush the edge of the dish with cold water, put the dough over the chicken to rest upon it and press it against the dish. Brush the top of the crust with milk and set upon it figures cut from a thin sheet of the dough. Let bake about half an hour. Make a sauce of the rest of the chicken liquid, to serve with the dish. See page 167.

Biscuit Crust for Chicken Pie

Pass through a sieve, two or three times, four cups of sifted pastry flour, four slightly rounding teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a scant teaspoonful of salt. Work in half a cup of shortening, half of which is butter, then with a knife and the addition of about one cup and a half of cream or rich milk mix the ingredients to a dough. Knead the dough slightly, roll three-fourths of it into a round to fit the baking dish. Roll out the rest of the dough and cut in figures.



COFFEE PARFAIT

salt and pepper, put in bits of butter, in all one-third a cup, here and there, then pour in the liquid in which the chicken was cooked, letting it come

Breaded Artichoke Bottoms, Fried

Remove the bottoms from the can, drain and dry on a soft, clean cloth.

There will be six or eight bottoms in the can. Beat one egg; add two tablespoonfuls of milk and beat again. Dip the bottoms, one by one, in the egg and then roll in sifted bread crumbs. Fry in deep fat to an amber color; drain on soft paper and dispose on a hot napkin, set on a hot dish. Serve with sauce tartare in a mayonnaise bowl. Serve as a vegetable entrée either with roast turkey, fillet of beef, etc., or just after this course. To prepare the bread crumbs, remove the crust from a stale loaf (baked twenty-four hours), and press the bread through a colander and then through a sieve of moderately fine mesh. Add to the crumbs salt,

with the dressing and press onto a dish to form a mound. Around the mound press halves of hard-cooked eggs. Finish with figures cut from pickled beet, or with pickled beet chopped fine.

Mayonnaise with Sugar for Cabbage Salad

Beat the yolk of a fresh egg; add one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt, paprika and mustard and beat again; add a teaspoonful of sugar and beat again, then add two tablespoonfuls of vinegar and beat once more, using a Dover or Hill egg beater. Add a teaspoonful of oil at a time until nearly one cup has been used, beating in each spoonful



APPLE FRITTERS, CLARET SAUCE

pepper and, if convenient for a change, one or two tablespoonfuls of fine-chopped parsley.

Sauce Tartare

Chop fine six or eight olives, two tablespoonfuls of capers, a slice of mild onion, three or four parsley branches and four or five small gherkins and add to a scant cup of mayonnaise dressing.

Cabbage Salad

Let the head of cabbage stand in very cold or iced water an hour or more. Shred the cabbage very fine, removing hard, solid pieces. Pat the shreds in a soft, clean cloth, to make dry, mix

thoroughly; then if a still thicker dressing be desired, beat in a little more oil. Taste the dressing and if desired add more of any of the seasonings.

Coffee Parfait

Let one cup and a half of milk cook, with two rounding tablespoonfuls of freshly ground coffee, fifteen minutes over boiling water. Strain through a napkin. Soften three-fourths a tablespoonful of granulated gelatine in one-fourth a cup of cold water and dissolve in one cup of the hot coffee-flavored milk; add three-fourths a cup of sugar and stir until the gelatine and

sugar are dissolved, then set into ice-water and stir constantly until the mixture thickens; then fold in nearly two cups of double cream beaten solid. If the cream be of fair quality, it will



CRANBERRY TART (*For Recipe see page 198*)

not take quite two cups, with the other ingredients, to fill the mould. Nearly half a cup of the whipped cream may be reserved to decorate the par-fait, after it is unmoulded. Turn the prepared mixture into a quart mould, lined with paper, filling the mould to overflow; cover with paper, press the cover down over the paper and bury the mould in equal measures of ice and salt.

Apple Fritters

Sift together one cup and a half of sifted pastry flour, one level teaspoonful and a half of baking powder, and half a teaspoonful of salt. Beat one egg; add two-thirds (scant) a cup of milk and stir into the dry ingredients.



PASTRY BAKED ON TIN FOR CRANBERRY TART

Have ready two apples, pared, cored and cut in small pieces, and stir these into the batter. Lift up a tablespoonful of the fritter preparation and with

a teaspoon scrape it quickly into a kettle of hot fat. Continue until all the batter is used. Cook about four minutes, turning each fritter, when the first side is browned. Serve with powdered sugar or with claret sauce.

Claret Sauce

Boil one cup of sugar and half a cup of water six minutes after boiling begins. Stir in two teaspoonfuls of arrowroot, smoothed in cold water, and let simmer ten minutes. Let cool; add half a cup of claret and a tablespoonful of lemon juice.

Canned Cranberries for Summer Use

Heat fruit jars gradually, then rinse jars and covers in boiling water. Put as many cranberries as possible into each jar, then pour in cold water to fill the jars to overflow; adjust the rubbers and covers and set the jars aside in a cool place.

Tomato Jelly

Wipe sound tomatoes; remove the hard portion around the stem end and cut the tomatoes in three or four pieces, cover and let simmer until softened throughout, then set to drain in a jelly bag. Measure the juice and allow a cup of sugar to each cup of juice and the juice of a lemon to each quart of juice. Let the juice boil rapidly twenty minutes, then add the sugar and lemon juice and let boil till a little of the mixture will jelly on a cold plate. Store as all fruit jellies. This is particularly good to eat with meats. This jelly is not firm in texture like apple jelly, but is more of the consistency of blackberry jelly.

Cranberry Sauce

Boil two cups of water and one cup and a half of sugar ten minutes; add

three cups of berries, let boil one minute, then draw to a cooler part of the range to simmer twenty minutes. This sauce is at its best the day after cooking.

Delaware Pumpkin Pie

(J. D. C.)

Though called "pumpkin," this pie is made of squash. Steam the squash until tender; put it in a cheese cloth bag and let it drain and then squeeze as dry as possible. Press the squash through a ricer or sieve. To one cup of the sifted squash add half a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, three-fourths a cup of sugar, one beaten egg, one-fourth a cup of cream and three-fourths a cup of breakfast *cocoa made with milk*. Bake until firm in the center in a plate lined with pastry.

Chestnut Cup

This may be made from preserved or fresh chestnuts. If fresh ones are used, they should be blanched, cooked tender in water and then allowed to stand over the fire without cooking, in a rich syrup flavored with vanilla, until they are sweetened and flavored.

with pastry bag and star tube, preferably) and a candied cherry.



CHESTNUT CUP

Vanilla Ice Cream with Peaches and Raspberry Syrup

Mix one quart of thin cream, one cup of sugar and one tablespoonful of vanilla extract and freeze as usual. Pack the frozen mixture into a mould partially or wholly lined with paper, cover with paper and press the cover down over the paper. When unmolded surround with halves of canned or preserved peaches and pour a raspberry sauce over the whole.

Raspberry Sauce or Syrup

Mix one cup of sugar and a level teaspoonful of cornstarch together thoroughly; add half a cup of boiling water and let boil five or six minutes; let cool, then add a cup of raspberry juice, either fresh or canned.



VANILLA ICE CREAM WITH PEACHES AND RASPBERRY SYRUP

Put a whole chestnut into the bottom of the cup, and cover with one or two tablespoonfuls of the broken chestnuts pressed through a sieve. Finish with a spoonful of whipped cream (put on

Vanilla Ice Cream with Apricots au Curaçoa

Surround the unmolded cream with canned apricots, selecting those that

were skinned before canning. To the syrup in a pint can add the yellow rind of an orange and one-third a cup of sugar; let boil about six minutes, then remove the rind and add two or more tablespoonfuls of curaçoa; mix thoroughly and turn over the apricots. If preferred the sauce may be cooled and poured over both cream and fruit. For macaroon ice cream add to the vanilla cream, when the dasher is removed, a cup of powdered-and-sifted macaroon crumbs.

Vanilla Ice Cream with Junket

Mix one quart of milk, one cup of double cream, one tablespoonful of vanilla extract and one cup of sugar. Set the mixture into a dish of boiling water and stir until it is heated to nearly 100° F., then remove from the water and stir in one Junket tablet, crushed and dissolved in a tablespoonful of cold water. Turn into the can of the freezer and let stand until the mixture jellies, then freeze as usual.

Tutti Frutti Ice Cream

To a frozen vanilla ice cream prepared by either of the above recipes add a cup of fine-chopped raisins, candied cherries, pineapple and apri-

cots, softened in hot syrup or soaked over night in rum or wine.

Fig Ice Cream

Omit the vanilla and prepare ice cream by either of the above recipes. When the mixture is frozen remove the dasher and with a perforated wooden spoon beat in one cup of cooked figs, chopped fine and mixed with half a cup of sherry wine.

Sweet Cider Frappé

Put sweet cider into the can of a freezer, packed in salt and crushed ice, one measure of the former to three of the latter, and turn the crank until frozen like sherbet. Serve as punch either with roast turkey or immediately after it.

Crab Apple Sherbet

Put about two quarts of crab apples over the fire, with just enough water to keep them from burning, cover and let simmer until tender; drain and express the juice as for jelly. Boil one quart of water and one pint of sugar twenty minutes. Do not count the time until the syrup begins to boil and boil rapidly. When cool add the juice of a lemon and one pint of the prepared crab apple juice and freeze as above.



PUDDING FOR ALL SEASONS (See Page 198)

Economical Menus for a School, November

"To be equal, physically and mentally, to our day's work depends upon the food we eat."

SUNDAY

Breakfast
Cereal, Milk
Salt Codfish Balls
Tomato Catsup, Horseradish
Corn Meal Muffins. Bread and Butter
Cereal Coffee. Cocoa. Milk

Dinner
Roast Ribs of Beef, Franconia Potatoes
Squash. Celery. Apple Sauce
Steamed Pig Pudding (Suet),
Hard Sauce

Supper
Oyster Stew
Bread and Butter
Stewed Pears
Cocoa. Milk

MONDAY

Breakfast
Bananas. Cereal, Milk
Baked Potatoes, Bacon
Graham Muffins. Bread, Butter
Cereal Coffee. Cocoa. Milk

Dinner
Boiled Shoulder of Lamb (yearling),
Caper Sauce
Boiled Turnips. Boiled Potatoes
Cranberry Sauce. Bread and Butter
Fudge Cake, Whipped Cream

Supper
Tomato Soup with Vegetables and Rice
(Lamb broth, roast beef remnants, etc.)
Toasted Crackers. Stewed Crab Apples
Bread and Butter. Cocoa. Milk

TUESDAY

Breakfast
Grapes. Cereal, Milk
Lamb, Beef-and-Potato Hash
Fried Mush, Maple or Karo Syrup
Bread and Butter
Cereal Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner
Boiled Salt Salmon, Egg Sauce
Boiled Potatoes. Cabbage Salad
Bread and Butter
Lemon Sherbet
Hot Water Sponge Cake

Supper
Dutch Apple Cake (hot), Butter
Cold Bread. Marmalade. Cookies
Cocoa. Milk

SATURDAY

Breakfast
Grapes. Cereal, Milk
Minced Lamb on Toast
Bread Crumb Griddle-
cakes, Syrup
Cereal Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner
Cream-of-Spinach Soup,
Browned Crackers
Baked Beans and Pork
Lettuce, French Dressing
Boston Brown Bread
White Bread
Squash or Pumpkin Pie

Supper
Creamed Macaroni with
Cheese
Bread, Butter
Dried Peaches, Stewed
Drop Cookies
Milk. Cocoa

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast
Oranges Cut in Halves. Cereal, Milk
Baked Potatoes. Salt Codfish, Creamed
Currant Buns. Cocoa. Milk

Dinner
Broiled Hamburg Steak
(chopped in kitchen)
Scalloped White Potatoes. Baked Sweet
Potatoes. Lettuce, French Dressing
Tapioca Custard in Glasses, Whipped
Cream above

Supper
Dried Lima Beans, Stewed
Baking Powder Biscuit
(Half entire wheat flour)
Canned Fruit. Cake. Cocoa. Milk

THURSDAY

Breakfast
Cereal, Milk
Creamed Smoked Beef on Toast
Corn Meal Breakfast Cake
Bread, Butter
Cereal Coffee. Milk. Cocoa

Dinner
Roast Leg of Lamb
Mashed White Potato
Sweet Potatoes, Southern Style
Celery-and-Apple Salad
Parker House Rolls

Supper
Hot Canned Corn Custard
White Mountain Muffins
Bread. Apple Butter. Cocoa. Milk

FRIDAY

Breakfast
Bananas. Cereal, Milk
Cream Toast
Doughnuts
Cereal Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner
Fresh Fish, Baked, Bread Dressing,
Drawn Butter Sauce
Mashed Potato. Boiled Onion
Spinach
Apple Pie. Cheese

Supper
Hot Bread-and-Cheese Pudding
Stewed Apples
Bread and Butter. Gingerbread
Cocoa. Milk

Menus for a Week in November

"A virtuous and uniform discharge of little duties requires as great a degree of fortitude as actions which are called heroic, and at the same time procure more honor and happiness." — ROUSSEAU.

SUNDAY	Breakfast Baked Apples. Cereal, Thin Cream Mackerel Cooked in Cream Baked Potatoes Parker House Rolls (reheated) Cocoa. Coffee Dinner Roast Chicken, Giblet Sauce Cranberry Jelly Mashed Potatoes. Baked Squash Onions in Cream Sauce. Celery Hearts Squash Pie. Half Cups of Coffee Supper Hot Cheese Sandwiches Apple Butter Wafer Jumbles. Cocoa or Tea	Breakfast Cereal, Thin Cream Corned Beef, Potato-and-Red-Pepper Hash. Soft Boiled Eggs. Buttered Toast Cereal Coffee Dinner Slice of Hailbut, Baked in Cream Mashed Potatoes Creamed Cabbage au Gratin Cottage Pudding, Foamy Sauce Grapes Supper Creamed Corned Beef Baking Powder Biscuit Celery. Stewed Crab Apples Ginger Cakes. Tea	WEDNESDAY
	Breakfast Cereal, Thin Cream Broiled Ham. Delmonico Potatoes Fried Apples Corn Meal Muffins Coffee Dinner Chicken Soufflé, Bechamel Sauce Celery Baked Indian Pudding, Cream Half Cups of Coffee Supper Mock Bisque Soup, Croutons Stewed Pears Bread and Butter Tea	Breakfast Cereal, Thin Cream Halibut and Potato Cakes, Fried in Bacon Fat Bread and Butter Currant Buns. Coffee Dinner Two Rib Roast of Beef, Brown Sauce Franconia Potatoes Canned Tomatoes, Scalloped Apple Fritters, Jelly Sauce Half Cups of Coffee Supper Butter and Cream Toast String Beans, French Dressing with Onion. Cookies. Tea	
MONDAY	Breakfast Cereal, Cream Salt Codfish Balls Broiled Bacon Graham Muffins. Cereal Coffee Dinner Corned Beef, Mustard Boiled Potatoes. Boiled Turnips Boiled Cabbage Apple Pie, Cottage Cheese Half Cups of Coffee Supper Hot Cheese Sandwiches Apple Sauce (Baked slowly in Bean Pot) Hot Water Sponge Cake Tea	Breakfast Cereal, Thin Cream Scrambled Eggs, Reformed Style Bread Crumb Griddlecakes Cereal Coffee Dinner Salt Salmon, Boiled, Pickle Sauce Boiled Potatoes Cabbage Salad Fudge Cake, Whipped Cream Half Cups of Coffee Supper Tomato Soup (Roast beef bones, etc.) Potato-and-Salmon Salad Bread and Butter Fudge Cake, Boiled Frosting. Tea	THURSDAY
	Breakfast Cereal, Thin Cream Broiled Ham Lyonnaise Potatoes German Coffee Cake Coffee	Dinner Cream-of-Celery Soup Cold Roast Beef, Sliced Thin Baked Sweet Potatoes Creamed Salsify Stewed Figs, Boiled Custard Sauce Half Cups of Coffee	
TUESDAY	Breakfast Cereal, Thin Cream Broiled Ham Lyonnaise Potatoes German Coffee Cake Coffee	Supper Boston Baked Beans Tomato Catsup Baking Powder Biscuit Sweet Apples Baked Cream Tea	FRIDAY
	Breakfast Cereal, Thin Cream Broiled Ham Lyonnaise Potatoes German Coffee Cake Coffee	Dinner Cream-of-Celery Soup Cold Roast Beef, Sliced Thin Baked Sweet Potatoes Creamed Salsify Stewed Figs, Boiled Custard Sauce Half Cups of Coffee	
SATURDAY	Breakfast Cereal, Thin Cream Broiled Ham Lyonnaise Potatoes German Coffee Cake Coffee	Dinner Cream-of-Celery Soup Cold Roast Beef, Sliced Thin Baked Sweet Potatoes Creamed Salsify Stewed Figs, Boiled Custard Sauce Half Cups of Coffee	Supper Boston Baked Beans Tomato Catsup Baking Powder Biscuit Sweet Apples Baked Cream Tea

Menus for Thanksgiving Dinner

"Then he said unto them, Go your way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared."— BIBLE.

School or Institution

Cream-of-Oyster Soup (Delicate)
Crackers. Celery. Olives. Salted Butternuts
Roast Turkey, Giblet Gravy
Squash. Mashed Potatoes
Cranberry Sauce
Cabbage Salad
Marmalade Tarts (Individual)
Tutti Frutti Ice Cream
Nuts. Raisins. Grapes
Half Cups of Coffee

Small Family

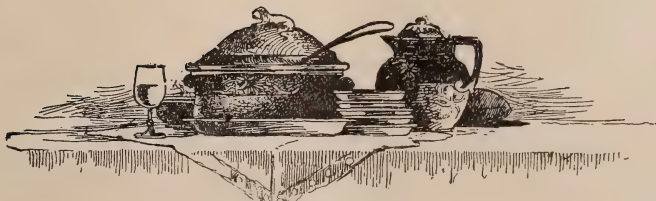
Grapefruit Cocktail in Long-stemmed Glasses
Scalloped Oysters in Shells or Ramekins
Roast Chicken, Chestnut Stuffing, Giblet Sauce
Mashed Potato
Celery-and-Pineapple Salad
Currant Jelly
Squash Pie
Grapes. Nuts. Raisins. Maple Bonbons
Half Cups of Coffee

With Novel Dishes

Consommé with Sliced Chestnuts
Celery. Pim Olas. Salted Pecan Nuts
Oyster Croquettes
Philadelphia Relish
Lady Finger Rolls
Hot Galantine of Turkey, Brown Mushroom
Sauce
Tomato Jelly. Candied Sweet Potatoes
Mashed Squash, Browned
Breaded Artichoke Bottoms, Fried. Sauce
Tartare
Grapefruit Punch
Wild Duck, Roasted
Hominy Croquettes
Romaine Salad, French Dressing with
Sauterne
Cranberry Tart
Fig Ice Cream
Nuts. Raisins. Orange Peel, Candied in
Maple Syrup
Half Cups of Coffee

Country

Oyster Stew. Pickles or Cabbage Salad
Roast Turkey, Giblet Sauce, Cranberry
Sauce
Mashed Potatoes. Squash
Onions in Cream
Chicken Pie
Sweet Pickled Peaches or Pears
Cider Frappé
Pumpkin Pie. Apple Pie
Vanilla Ice Cream
Grapes. Nuts. Raisins. Oranges
Coffee





Cookery for Young Housekeepers

By Janet M. Hill

Lesson XV

Pastry and Pies

Flour Mixtures, Continued

MEN, as a rule, are fond of pastry, especially when it takes the form of a pie. Thus a young housekeeper — at least after a time — will be desirous of knowing how to make a pie. Pastry is made of flour, fat, salt and just enough water to hold the ingredients together in rolling out. Fat makes pastry tender, water toughens it; thus fat rather than water should predominate in the mixture. Pastry flour, which takes up but a small quantity of water, should always be used in this branch of cookery.

For puff-paste the weight in butter equals that of the flour called for, but for ordinary paste fat equal in weight to half the weight of the flour will make good pastry. Lard gives a softer crust than does butter, cottolene or suet; also butter is thought to produce the best tasting pastry. Butter, particularly in winter, is not very pliable, and, in the end, time is saved, if the butter be washed in cold water before it is added to the flour. Pastry is lightened by the expansion of the air enclosed during the making. A little baking powder, one-fourth a teaspoonful to a cup of flour, insures the lightness

that an inexperienced cook sometimes fails to secure.

Why Pastry is Thought Unhealthful

No one of the ingredients in pastry is unwholesome, and fat is absolutely necessary to perfect nutrition; but fat with other food-principles in an artificial combination has often proved unhygienic. To be properly digested, starch must be mixed with the digestive fluids of the mouth, but these fluids have no effect upon fat and, unless the mastication be very much prolonged, the starch surrounded by fat will pass on unchanged to the stomach. Then, if pastry be made, let it be tender, friable and well cooked; and let it be masticated thoroughly.

Pastry for One Pie

One and one-fourth cups of sifted pastry flour (five ounces), one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt (generous measure), one-fourth a teaspoonful of baking powder, if desired; one-third a cup (two to three ounces) of shortening, and cold water.

Sift together the flour, salt and baking powder; with a knife or the tips of the fingers work the shortening into the flour mixture, then adding cold water,

a few drops at a time, with a knife stir the mixture to a paste. Add no more water than is needed to form the ingredients into a stiff paste. This paste is now ready for use.

Flaky Pastry for One Pie

One and one-fourth cups of sifted pastry flour (five ounces), one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt (generous measure), one-fourth a teaspoonful of baking powder, one-fourth a cup of shortening (lard or cottolene), cold water, two tablespoonfuls of butter.

Scald an earthen bowl and a wooden spoon, then chill them thoroughly; add cold water to the bowl and in it wash the butter, pressing it with the spoon, when the butter may be gathered into a pliable, waxy mass; remove to a cloth, pat a little, to remove the water, then set aside in a cool place until the paste is ready. Use the lard with the other ingredients in making the paste as given above.

Turn the paste onto a board lightly dredged with flour; turn it in the flour, then pat it lightly with the rolling pin and roll into a square sheet; with a knife cut off bits of the prepared butter and press them lightly on the paste until all is used. Set the pieces of butter on the paste so as to distribute them evenly over the paste. Fold the paste to make three layers; pat with the rolling pin gently, then roll into a sheet; roll up the paste like a jelly roll, and it is ready to use; or it may be covered closely (to keep the outside from drying) and set aside in a cool place until the next day. Often pastry may be handled more easily after it has been left in a cool place some hours or over night.

Apple Pie

Take a little more than one-half of the pastry, made by either of the above recipes. If the first be selected, turn it over on the board dredged with flour, knead slightly to get into a compact

mass, then roll into a round to fit the plate; lift the paste to the plate (agate preferred) and trim so as to leave one-fourth an inch of paste beyond the plate. Pare five or six tart apples and slice them into the plate. Use enough apples to round the slices up well. Mix one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt with two-thirds a cup of sugar and sprinkle over the apple; put on one teaspoonful or more of butter, in little bits, here and there, add a grating of nutmeg, then roll out the rest of the crust in the same manner as the first and cut six or eight half-inch slits in the center to form a design; leave the paste on the board while the edge of the pastry on the plate is brushed over with cold water, then put about three tablespoonfuls of cold water over the apple. Lift the pastry from the board and set it over the apple, letting it lie loosely, as it will shrink in baking. Press the edge of the upper piece of paste upon the edge of the lower and trim if needed to make them even. Then brush the two edges together with cold water and bake about half an hour. The oven should not be too hot or the pastry will brown before it is cooked. After the pie has been in the oven six or seven minutes, the paste should have contracted and risen somewhat.

English Apple Pie

Butter a shallow agate dish. Select one that is deeper than a pie plate. Slice apples into the dish to fill it. Sprinkle on about a cup of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt and a grating of nutmeg or lemon rind. Put on two teaspoonfuls of butter, in bits, here and there, add two or three tablespoonfuls cold water, then roll out half of the quantity of paste indicated in the above recipes. Cut slits in the paste and spread it over the apple, pressing it against the dish on the edge. Bake about forty minutes. Serve with or without cream.

Open Cranberry Pie or Cranberry Tart

Spread the round of paste over an inverted pie plate (agate or tin is preferable), prick the paste with a fork, here and there, over the sides as well as the top. Bake to a dark straw color. Remove the paste from the plate, wash the plate and set the pastry inside. Turn a cooked filling into the pastry shell and set figures, cut from pastry and baked, above the filling.

Cooked Cranberry Filling

Mix together, thoroughly, two level tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, half a teaspoonful of salt, scant measure, and one cup of sugar; pour on one cup of boiling water and stir until boiling, then add one-fourth a cup of molasses, a teaspoonful of butter and two cups of cranberries, chopped fine. Mix together thoroughly, and let simmer ten or fifteen minutes. Apple, peach or

pineapple marmalade make good fillings for an open pie. Heat the marmalade and turn at once into the shell.

Canned Pineapple Filling

To a pint can of grated pineapple add half a cup of sugar and the juice of half a lemon; let simmer until thick, then use as above.

Squash Pie

Cream one-fourth a cup of butter; beat into it half a cup of sugar, one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of ground mace. Beat the yolks of three eggs, or one whole egg and the yolk of another, beat in one-fourth a cup of sugar and then beat in to the butter and sugar mixture; add also one cup and a fourth of squash (cooked and sifted through a potato ricer) and a generous cup of rich, creamy milk. Bake in a plate lined with pastry as for a custard pie.

The Pudding for all Seasons

(Illustration on page 192)

IN Pope's "Moral Essays" the word "pudding" is used three times, to illustrate the different characters the poet wishes to bring before us. First of all there is the mean man who criticises our meat and wine, "Yet on plain pudding deigns at home to dine." Then again the poet tells a story of one Sir Balaama, good plain man, so frugal that "One solid dish his week-day meal affords, An added pudding solemnized the Lord's."

When later on riches are given to him, "two puddings smoked upon the board."

The pudding now under consideration cannot be called plain. It is best eaten cold, so can be made on Saturday in readiness to celebrate the Lord's Day.

For ingredients take one pint of milk, four eggs, two ounces of large muscatel raisins, four tablespoonfuls of

marmalade, a few slices of stale sponge cake, five lumps of sugar, and a little grated lemon rind. Put the sugar to dissolve in the milk, and when melted add the lemon rind. Whisk the eggs and stir them into the milk. Have ready the raisins stoned, cut each one in half and with the halved raisins pressed against it line the inside of a well-buttered mould; then spread the slices of sponge cake with the marmalade and lay them in the mould. Now pour in the custard, tie a sheet of paper over the top of the mould and a cloth over that and boil gently for one hour, too hard boiling would spoil the custard. When the boiling is over remove the pudding, and set aside to get cold. If carefully made it will turn out quite easily.

G.

Desserts for the Invalid

By Minnie Genevieve Morse

A LIKING for sweets seems to be born in humanity; in both sexes, all ages, and in all countries the "sweet tooth" is found well developed. Nor is the desire, unless carried to excess, in the least unnatural, or at all to be condemned, since sugar is one of the carbohydrate food substances, or "force producers," and has its own place in the mixed dietary, which will most favorably nourish the human body. In acute illness the desire for sweets is lost, as is the wish for food of any kind, and only the simplest forms of nourishment can be given, though even these may often include fruit juices, jellies and junkets. In convalescence and in chronic illness, when the patient thinks his modest luncheon or dinner is incomplete without some form of dessert, there is no reason, under ordinary circumstances, why he should be denied, since with so many nutritious and easily digested articles of food to choose from, something can be found which will fit his particular needs.

The attending physician usually directs what the patient's diet shall include, but this leaves considerable freedom to the one who prepares the meals. As much variety in the menu as is practicable is even more important in cooking for the sick than for the well, as an invalid's appetite is apt to be very capricious, and a restricted diet soon becomes wearisome if not varied as much as possible. Another thing to be considered, where a mixed diet is allowed, is a proper balance between the different parts of a meal. If the earlier part consists of a cream soup or oysters with a cream sauce, a milk pudding is, obviously, not the most desirable

dessert, nor, when a patient has made his luncheon of cereal or toast, will it be most appropriate for him to finish with a rice or bread pudding. When the first part of a meal is hearty, a light and delicate dessert properly follows, while in a case where the dishes first served have a comparatively low nutrient value, the desired average may be made up by finishing with an especially nourishing dessert.

Fresh fruits are nature's own ready-made desserts, and though the actual nourishment to be derived from them cannot be said to be great, they serve many important purposes in the dietary. They are attractive and appetizing; they vary the menu; their acids aid in keeping the body free from certain forms of disease; they furnish the purest water and a varying amount of a digestible form of sugar to the system; some of them, as prunes and figs, are invaluable laxatives; and there are few of them that may not be prepared in some form in which they are readily digested. Among the fruits most easy of digestion are oranges, figs, grapes, peaches and cooked apples. Those which contain a great deal of cellulose are made more readily digestible by cooking. The assimilable carbohydrates in fruits are principally sugar, though the banana, which contains a large percentage of starch, is a notable exception; this sugar is found in greatest amount in prunes, figs, grapes, pears and sweet cherries. A greater amount of nutriment is found in dried fruits than in fresh. Apples and grapes furnish phosphates to the nerve cells, which in neurasthenia are deficient in that element.

When raw fruit is to be eaten by an invalid it should be selected with the greatest care, as digestive disorders

are very apt to follow the eating of that which is either not quite ripe enough or a little past its prime. All fruit should be washed before serving; the larger fruits carefully wiped with a damp cloth, and the smaller ones rinsed.

All desserts for invalids should be prepared in as attractive a manner as possible, for daintiness in serving is a great aid to appetite. Fresh fruits may be prepared in pretty ways. An orange, for example, is far less tempting in its native state than if, after it is cut in halves, the pulp and juice are removed with a spoon, placed in a sherbet glass or long-stemmed champagne glass, and dusted with powdered sugar. Or the peel may be removed and the sections separated, and, after the skin has been taken off with a sharp knife, placed in a circle on a pretty plate. Bananas are attractive when cut in thin slices and piled in a glass or a saucer and sprinkled with sugar, and oranges and bananas served together in this way are delicious. A grapefruit is usually cut in halves, the seeds and tough membranes removed, and the pulp cut loose from the outside. The center may or may not be filled with sugar. A way of serving it that leaves even less work for the invalid is to remove pulp and juice to a glass, add sugar at discretion, and also a cherry or two if desired. Cantaloupe makes a very attractive appearance when it is scooped out by the spoonful, after being well chilled, and placed in a long-stemmed glass, with a little cracked ice, and watermelon is especially pretty cut in small cubes and served in this manner. Strawberries are very effectively placed as a border about a central mound of powdered sugar.

Apples, baked or as apple sauce, are sometimes digested without difficulty, when the raw fruit does not agree with a patient. Pears and bananas are also both delicious when baked. Stewed

prunes and stewed figs are especially valuable, when laxative foods are desired, and cooked apples are also useful for this purpose. Evaporated peaches, apricots and cherries, when stewed, may be used to advantage to supplement the limited winter supply of fresh fruits.

Desserts of which the basis is milk, either with or without eggs, are easy of digestion and very nourishing; they are among the first non-liquid articles allowed a patient, and are particularly useful where a large quantity of milk is to be given during the day, as they make a pleasant variation from plain milk. One-quarter of a recipe calling for a quart of milk makes a liberal allowance for one person, and is the equivalent of a glass of milk.

The simplest of the milk desserts is junket, which is milk coagulated by rennet, an extract made from the inside of the calf's stomach. Junket tablets contain rennet in the form most convenient and easy to use; one-quarter of a tablet is sufficient to coagulate a glass of milk. The action of the rennet slightly predigests the milk, so that this food may very satisfactorily be given to a patient with a delicate digestion. The junket can be used plain, merely sweetened and flavored, or one may add to it cocoa, coffee, fruit, etc.; there are many attractive recipes.

Baked and boiled custards come next in order of simplicity, being chiefly milk and eggs. Plain ice creams are also among the easily digested desserts, and are particularly useful in fever cases and in hot weather. Where the throat is inflamed and sore they will slip down more easily than anything else.

There are many varieties of puddings, which contain more or less of some form of starchy material in combination with milk, eggs and sugar. Cornstarch puddings, rice pudding, farina pudding, tapioca-cream and plain

bread pudding are all simple but nourishing desserts, and if properly prepared and attractively served will often please an invalid better than a more elaborate dish. For a patient far enough advanced in convalescence to digest more fancy dishes, there are many delicious desserts in which fruit, chocolate or grated cocoanut is used in combination with the foregoing materials.

In all desserts made of milk and eggs, as in all other invalid dishes in which these are the chief ingredients, only the freshest and best materials must be used, as a sick person's taste is apt to be abnormally acute, and the slightest suggestion of anything not just right about his food will be more quickly noticed by him, and will annoy him much more than would probably be the case with a person in health.

Desserts made with a gelatine basis are attractive and appetizing, but have a much lower nutritive value than the foregoing, unless milk and eggs enter into their composition. Gelatine is an animal product, and therefore a nitrogenous food substance, but when taken into the digestive canal it is acted upon so rapidly and eliminated so quickly that it cannot be depended upon for the rebuilding of tissue, as can meat, eggs and other nitrogenous foods. But, being easy of digestion, simple jellies made with gelatine are often among the first variations allowed from a liquid diet, and are usually in high favor with invalids.

Desserts made with gelatine may be varied almost infinitely. Jellies made with lemon, orange or grape juice are delicate and refreshing, but contain little nourishment. Coffee and wine jellies are mildly stimulating. Snow pudding and Spanish cream both have a gelatine basis, but the former contains eggs, and the latter both eggs and milk, making them somewhat more substantial articles of diet; and there

are many similar dishes. Fresh fruit set in a simple jelly, or served in alternate layers with it, makes a dessert both attractive and delicious. That delectable compound known as mousse is made with gelatine, in combination with fruit pulp, sugar and whipped cream, but this is a very rich dessert, and a patient need be very well along on the road to health before taxing his digestion with it.

Granulated gelatine is more convenient for use than the coarser preparations, as it requires no soaking and saves time and trouble. The ready-for-use jelly powders, which can be prepared in a moment by dissolving in boiling water, being already flavored and sweetened, come in numerous flavors, and are useful in an emergency, when haste is necessary, or fruit juices are not at hand. A quarter of all jelly recipes calling for a quart of water makes a large allowance for a single person. Jellies are most attractive served in fancy glasses.

Soufflés are desserts the basis of which is the white of eggs, either not cooked at all or only cooked slightly. The egg whites are beaten stiff, sweetened and mixed with the juice or pulp of fruits. These are both delicate and nutritious, and are especially useful where a number of eggs are to be taken daily.

Water ices contain little nourishment, but are refreshing in hot weather and for fever patients. Sherbets contain milk or whites of eggs, so that their nutritive value is a little higher.

Batter puddings are too closely related to cake and fresh breadstuffs to enter much into an invalid's diet. A plain cottage pudding is the least objectionable for the purpose, as the baked puddings containing fruit are apt to be too rich for weak digestions. With regard to cake, the kinds best suited to invalids are sponge cake, lady fingers, gingerbread, and simple wafers and cookies. Pies, unless the

invalid merely eats the apple or something equally simple that has been baked within the crust, are of course out of the question.

Most desserts are improved by the addition of cream and sugar, whipped cream or a pudding sauce. Sauces are made principally of butter, sugar and eggs, so that these additions, when they can be taken by the patient, increase the food value of the dessert a trifle.

Those who have to prepare meals for a diabetic patient find their task a very difficult one, and the matter of desserts an almost impossible problem. In diabetes grape sugar appears in the urine, and the food substances which the digestive processes can turn into sugar—that is, the carbohydrates, sugar and starch—must be almost entirely eliminated from the menu. Gluten and almond flours must replace the ordinary kinds, and the sweetening of food must be done by means of saccharine or sweetina, both coal-tar products of intense sweetness. Saccharine is sold in tablets, and is

three hundred times as sweet as cane sugar. Sweetina can be purchased in crystals, and the sweetening power of one small bottleful is as great as that of eight pounds of sugar. The painfully restricted diet list allowed the diabetic includes a good many fresh fruits, so these may most satisfactorily be used as desserts. Fruit ices, custards and many of the gelatine desserts, all sweetened in the special manner, may also find a place on his table; so may nuts; and whipped cream, sweetened and flavored, perhaps mixed with nuts, fruit or grated cocoanut, will assist in varying the menu. There is no disease in which the restricted diet is more severely felt, the change from normal diet being so pronounced, and the patient often being able to be about and desiring the good things of life; therefore all possible ingenuity should be exercised to vary his menu as much as possible, and to provide him not only with substantials that shall break none of the laws laid down for him, but also with such forms of dessert as he can safely and enjoyably eat

Shine Just Where You Are

Don't waste your time in longing
For bright, impossible things;
Don't sit supinely yearning
For the swiftness of angel wings;
Don't spurn to be a rushlight,
Because you are not a star;
But brighten some bit of darkness
By shining just where you are.

There is need of the tiniest candle
As well as the garish sun;
The humblest deed is ennobled
When it is worthily done.
You may never be called to brighten
The darkened regions afar;
So fill, for the day, your mission
By shining just where you are.



Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

Cards for the Bride's Table

THEY say, "three times a bridesmaid, never a bride," and so, if any girl has dared fate in unlucky devotion to her friends, and begins to believe "there'll be no wedding bells for me," she can console herself by carrying away from the wedding breakfast a place card made in the new fashion — a white mission church with a brass bell that really rings, swinging gayly in its tiny tower.

To make these copy the very church the bride is to be married in, or make as near a copy of it as you can. If this is too difficult, you can select the simple lines of the mission or Spanish styles. This is especially desirable because it is white. With the red-tiled roof, dark windows and touch of green grass at the base, an effect is satisfactorily and easily obtained. Cut out the church and paste to the back a little prop of cardboard, to hold in upright position. In the opening of the bell-tower a tiny bell, such as can be bought at any department store, is swung, suspended by a loop of thread or floss. When the health of the bride is proposed, it is only natural that all the happy young people raise these tiny favors and cheerily tinkle the tiny bells.

Automobile Lunches

WOMAN'S exchanges and cookery experts might profit by the idea of packing a luncheon that is not

perishable. While much information is at hand about luncheons in baskets or packages for traveling or long drives, the idea of a luncheon box of goodies that will not take harm if not sold for weeks is quite new.

The automobile has caused this new kind of lunch box to be put on the market. Of course sandwiches are impossible, and crackers take their place. A strong, oblong box of attractive design, tied with two bands of wide ribbon, contains two boxes of crackers, preferably butter and water-thins, one-half pound can of boned chicken, one can of French or Norwegian smoked sardines, one tin of purée de foie gras, one jar of club cheese, one pint bottle of pickles, either cucumber or pearl onions, one six-ounce bottle of queen olives, and another of those stuffed with pimentos, one pound jar of the best figs, a jar of guava jelly, or better still, a box of guava "cheese." This is a stiff marmalade which can be easily sliced and eaten with the crackers, and is by many preferred to the jelly. Last, but not least, there is a jar of salted almonds or mixed nuts.

An English tea basket, or another box for very hot weather containing lime or grape juice, would pair off with this most acceptably. If it is impossible to supply oneself with fresh rolls and bread at the time of starting, in addition to the box, specially ordered boxes might contain the German rye bread that comes in tin cans.

Not only is this selection of edibles

acceptable for automobile use, but very suitable for boarding school or cottage, camp or seashore, or for bachelor girls who give studio-teas. J. D. C.

In Way of Economy

WHILE the following may savor of the advertisement, it is written for THE BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, and with the desire only of making each issue more valuable to its subscribers.

The numbers of each year give one practically a new cook-book, and the many good recipes are a great help in providing variety for the menu and wholesomeness for the inner man. One often finds herself confronted with the faint recollection that a certain recipe is among the magazines of several years' collecting. The search for it may take five minutes or as many hours, and the busy housekeeper rarely has time for this kind of research, and so makes the old "stand-by" answer instead.

Now instead of letting the magazines thus fall into desuetude, store them according to years in piles on some shelf, either in or near the kitchen, then card-catalogue the recipes as to subject, date and fondness.

The drawer for the cards can be built into the new house, and a case bought for the old house. The cards cost a mere trifle. My lady's desk, the kitchen, the panty or the living-room are suitable and convenient places for this drawer.

The few hours spent in arranging this primitive library will be saved many times over in its future usefulness, and menu planning will be simplified and enriched. M. R.

Filing of Recipes

FAR too long have men accused housekeepers of a lack of business system in conducting the affairs of the

home, criticising antiquated methods, the want of judgment, foresight and labor-saving devices in the daily routine of housekeeping. These criticisms are often too well deserved, the home-maker and caretaker slipping so easily into the ruts outlined by earlier generations. But on the other hand the spreading abroad of hints and suggestions by the columns of our magazines has made possible the adoption of many helps.

Who does not remember with sorrow the valuable time spent in uselessly looking over collections of clippings and recipes for some item known to have been in existence, but mysteriously mislaid? And is there any housekeeper that has not experienced the disappointment with which one gives up finding a recipe that calls for some "left-over," the name and location of which elude her memory?

Hoping that my own experience may be of some aid to the progressive housekeeper, I offer the following practical solution.

At nominal expense two small drawers, each about eight by six inches, and four inches deep, were fastened above the kitchen table. In these were placed, as guides, cards with Beverages, Bread, Cake, Candy, Cocktails, Dessert, Entrées, First Course, Ices, Jellies, Meats, Pies, Preserves, Salads, Sandwiches, Soups, Vegetables, written distinctly upon the tabs.

Then the various recipes were written on cards and arranged alphabetically behind their appropriate guide. Recipes cut from papers or magazines were pasted on the cards, and wherever practicable an illustration was pasted on the back of the card. In this way an attractive garniture or a novel way of serving would frequently be remembered. In the other drawer are guides in shape and style like the preceding, only bearing the letters of the alphabet.

Upon cards, of the same style as already described, under the names of

various articles of food, are given recipes of ways of cooking the article indexed, or a reference is made to the card in the other drawer, which already refers to some recipe.

By this method one can find, without a moment's loss of time, some way of using up a "left-over." And how often we should resist the temptation to throw away some small remnant, if we could find without too much trouble an attractive guise in which to serve it! The projecting parts of the guides are arranged in such a way that the name or letter is always visible, but care must be taken in planning these, so that they may be arranged alphabetically and not interfere with one another. Each housekeeper will determine which ones of the above list are needed for her own convenience, and will add new ones.

I have also arranged on cards various menus, which I have tried and found successful, so that these often save valuable time in planning a dinner.

The cards, while in use, can be placed against the wall on top of the drawers, and be out of the way and yet in full sight. Moreover, if by chance they become soiled, they can be rewritten with little trouble.

As in all systems of filing, care must be exercised that the cards be returned to their proper places. M. L. R.

A Mother Goose Examination

WHEN invitations, quill written and purporting to come from Mother Goose, were received by the young people of M——, they knew that something unusual and jolly was in store for them, especially as they were to meet the little old lady herself at Lida North's house. Lida was nothing if not original.

Hence none of the guests felt greatly surprised when, upon greeting them, the hostess placed an unadorned pasteboard crown on each head.

"But mine isn't even whole," objected one young man "It has a double row of holes all around it."

"For ventilation, son, for ventilation," cooed a queer voice at his elbow, and turning about he beheld the quaintest little figure imaginable — Mother Goose personified, peaked cap, broomstick and all.

Bowing right and left she tripped around among the guests, distributing small tablets with pencils attached; then she commanded them to show their "literary knowledge" by finishing as many of her "poems" as possible.

On each page of the tablets was found a bit of some familiar Mother Goose rhyme, beheaded or curtailed, and as soon as a guest could complete one correctly the comical little lady drew forth a goose feather from the big bag she carried and stuck it upright in the crown he or she wore. Thus the assembly soon began to take on a fierce appearance as one person after another succeeded in putting "a feather in his cap."

At the end of half an hour Mother Goose announced that time was "up" and that prizes would be awarded.

For the booby, the young man who declared the only poetry he knew was "Mary had a little lamb," and she had "been left out," she drew from the depths of the bag a paper-bound, "autographed copy, edition de luxe" of her poems, which she presented with some very motherly advice about his going to night school to study them. To the first prize winner, a veritable Apache she looked, went a real ostrich feather, fit to adorn a Sunday-go-to-meeting hat, if, indeed, an Apache might go to meeting!

Then the quaint little Mother, recognized ere this by the observing, as Lida's younger sister, declaring she was due in Babyland, hurriedly mounted her broomstick and danced from the room. L. M. C.

THIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economies in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. For menus remit \$1.00. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answer by mail, please enclose postage stamps. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, Editor, BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

QUERY 1399. — M. A. E., Brooklyn, N.Y.:
"An inexpensive Menu for a School Luncheon."

Menus for School Luncheon

I. (Taken from Home)

Bread-and-Dried-Beef Sandwich
Cold Succotash in Cup
Apple or Very Ripe Banana

II. (Supplied at School)

Cream-of-Celery Soup
Two Hot Muffins with Butter

III. (Supplied at School)

Creamed Fresh Fish
Boiled Potato
Bread and Butter

QUERY 1400. — M. L. H., Redlands, Cal.:
"Recipes for Potato-and-Sardine Salad,"
"Sardine-and-Egg Sandwiches," "Boston
Baked Bean-and-Brown Bread Sandwiches,"
"Eggs Parisienne in Timbale Moulds."

Potato-and-Sardine Salad

Cut cold, boiled potatoes in cubes (rather less than half an inch) to make a pint. Pick enough sardines in pieces to make from three-fourths to a whole cup. Chop fine two slices of onion, one-fourth a green or red pepper pod (discard the seeds), two tablespoonfuls of mustard pickles, half a dozen stoned olives, two tablespoonfuls of capers and enough parsley to make two table-

spoonfuls. Pour four tablespoonfuls of oil and half a teaspoonful of salt over the potato, and with a silver spoon and fork turn the potato over and over until the oil is taken up. If the potato takes up the oil quickly, pour on one or two more tablespoonfuls as seems needed, then add two tablespoonfuls of vinegar and turn the potato again. Add the chopped articles and turn the potato again; add the prepared sardines and turn again and set aside, covered, in a cool place until ready to serve.

Boston Baked Bean-and-Brown Bread Sandwiches

Butter two slices of Boston brown bread; on one of these dispose a heart leaf of lettuce, holding a generous teaspoonful of cold Bernaise or Hollandaise sauce or cooked salad dressing; above the sauce set a generous tablespoonful of cold, baked beans, then another leaf and sauce, then finish with a second slice of bread, a tablespoonful of beans, a floweret of pickled cauliflower and a teaspoonful of the sauce over the cauliflower.

Sardine-and-Egg Sandwiches

Use in bulk equal measures of well-cooked yolks of eggs passed through a sieve and the flesh of sardines,

freed from skin and bones and pounded in a mortar, or use twice as much sardine as of egg; flavor to taste with tabasco sauce or paprika, salt, onion juice, fine-chopped parsley and lemon juice. Fine chopped olives or capers may also be added. Mix all together thoroughly. Cut the bread in thin slices, remove the crust and trim neatly; spread with butter and then with the sardine mixture. Press two pieces of prepared bread together and the sandwiches are ready to serve.

Hot Boston Baked Bean-and-Brown Bread Sandwiches

These may be made with fresh-cooked bread and beans, but if the bread and beans are carefully reheated, the sandwiches are excellent. Put the beans into an agate or similar dish, cover closely and set into the oven. Cut the bread in slices, pile them one above another in a tin and cover closely with another tin. As soon as the bread is very hot, but not in the least dried, spread a slice generously with butter and put on a generous measure of the hot beans, mixed with a tablespoonful of pork cut in quarter-inch cubes; above these set a teaspoonful of mustard pickle, tomato catsup or piccalilli; cover with a second slice of bread generously buttered, a second portion of the hot beans and a sprinkling of whatever ingredient was used on the first slice. Serve on a hot plate. The bread should be moist, not dry.

Eggs Parisienne in Timbale Moulds

Butter small timbale moulds very thoroughly; sprinkle the butter thickly with fine-chopped parsley, ham or tongue. Break an egg into each mould, taking care not to break the yolk; sprinkle on the eggs a little salt and pepper. Set the moulds on several folds of paper in a dish and turn in boiling water to half the height of the

moulds. Let cook in the oven or covered on the top of the range until the egg is firm to the touch. Serve, turned from the moulds, with cream or tomato sauce.

QUERY 1401. — Mrs. P. E., Cleveland, Ohio: "Recipe for Grapefruit Marmalade."

Grapefruit Marmalade

Take six grapefruit and four lemons; cut each fruit in quarters and slice the quarters through pulp and rind as thin as possible, discarding all seeds. Weigh the prepared fruit, and to each pound add three pints of cold water. Set aside for twenty-four hours. Let boil gently until the rind is perfectly tender, then set aside until the next day. Weigh the material and to each pound add one pound of sugar. Let cook until it thickens enough to hold up the peel. The mixture will thicken still more on cooling and care must be taken not to cook it too much. Stir occasionally, while cooking, to avoid burning. Store in jars. With a small hard wood board upon which to rest the fruit and a thin, sharp knife, the slicing is quickly done.

QUERY 1402. — Mrs. F. R. S., Newark, N.J.: "Recipe for Wine of Sago Soup as served at the ——— in Boston."

Wine of Sago Soup

Dilute the desired quantity of claret with an equal quantity of cold water or consommé; add salt and sugar or not as desired. Have ready sago, cooked tender in water, and small figures cut from slices of cooked pineapple. Serve the soup cold with half a dozen grains, each, of the cooked sago and pineapple in each cup. In making the consommé use a less quantity of bone than usual, to avoid the jelling of the soup. If the soup jellies a little, melt and let partially cool, then add the wine and it will be diluted enough to avoid jelling.

QUERY 1403. — Miss A. L. S., New York City: "How may the crust of lemon or pumpkin pie be kept from shrinking? Is it necessary to wash the Magic Cover each time after using?"

Shrinking of Pastry

All pastry will shrink in cooking (probably on account of the loss of water). In making the pastry be sure and use plenty of shortening and scant quantity of water. See article on pastry on another page. In lining the plates for any kind of pie, cut the paste large enough to allow for shrinking. In particular, when making a lemon, pumpkin or other open pie, press the paste closely (with thumb and forefinger dipped in flour) against the bottom and sides of the plate throughout the entire surface.

Washing Magic Cover

In giving lessons on pastry the magic covers need washing each time they are used. We have known housekeepers who were so neat, in the use of the covers, that washing once in six months seemed almost unnecessary. If the cover be daubed with shortening, washing is a necessity, otherwise shaking out the flour and exposing to the wind will suffice. If paste be rolled into the cover, scrape it with a knife until perfectly clean.

QUERY 1404, "Virginia": "Recipes for Japanese or Chinese dishes suitable to serve as refreshments at a Japanese Evening Entertainment."

Japanese and Chinese Dishes

In the January number, Vol. VII, of this magazine there were articles that might assist one in getting up a Japanese entertainment. These were: "Every-day Japan," by Mabel Loomis Todd, and "Marketing in Chinatown, with Some Chinese Recipes," by Julia D. Chandler; also among the "Seasonable Recipes" were some items suitable for such an entertainment. If one wishes to carry out the entertainment

in a novel but accurate manner, have the guests sit upon the floor and before each set a low, tiny table. Soup, tea and rice served in tiny Japanese bowls are always appropriate articles, so also are rice cakes, tiny cumquat oranges (fresh or preserved), litchi nuts (dry or canned) and plums (salted or preserved); beans, fish (fresh or dried), bamboo sprouts (canned in this country), noodles and macaroni are staples. Chicken and pork are used occasionally. Almost any Chinese who is engaged in the laundry business will procure Chinese or Japanese supplies on a few days' notice. A recipe for chop suey was given on page 48, June-July number, Vol. XII, of this magazine.

Chow-Min

Boil Chinese noodles or macaroni in salted water until tender and dispose on individual plates. Have ready for each service half a dozen small strips of cooked chicken, match like pieces of celery, one or two olives cut from the stone in lengthwise pieces, and a little onion in very fine shreds. Sauté these in a little olive oil until nicely browned then sprinkle over the noodles.

Bamboo Sprouts

These come in small, tender pieces of good flavor. Serve like asparagus, or cook them with shrimps; or slice them, add the shrimps and dress with oil as a salad.

Litchi Nuts and Oranges

Sliced oranges mixed with canned litchi nuts (with the syrup) and little rice cakes, which come by the box or pound and are very inexpensive, with tea, would make easily prepared refreshments.

QUERY 1405. — Mrs. H. C. B., Cincinnati, Ohio: "Where may iron popover pans like those shown in August-September number of the magazine be purchased? Kindly give directions for making laundry starch."



Chill Fall Nights

Before the fires are lighted, when the evenings are chilly and damp, the room in which you sit should be warm and dry for your health's sake as well as comfort.

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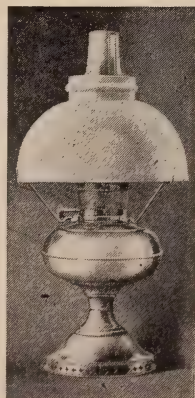
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is just the thing for this time of year. Touch a match to the wick—turn it up as far as it will go. You can't turn it too high, the Smokeless Device prevents. Heats a large room in a few minutes and can be carried easily from one room to another. Handsomely finished in Nickel or Japan. Burns 9 hours with one filling. Every heater warranted.

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Iron Popover Pans

An iron pan with round cups suitable for making popovers, corn-meal muffins, etc., ought to be found at most any store where kitchen furnishings are kept. The pan shown in the illustration was purchased in the one hardware store of a small town and cost about thirty-five cents.

Laundry Starch

To make starch for shirt waists mix three level tablespoonfuls of starch with half a cup of cold water; pour on one quart of boiling water and cook twenty minutes. Strain through cheese cloth and use hot. While cooking, add half a teaspoonful of lard or a small piece of wax, as this helps keep the starch smooth and prevents it from sticking to the iron. For cuffs, collars and the like, use double the quantity of starch and rub it in to the goods with the hand.

QUERY 1406. — Referring to crystals in grape jelly, W. C. U. writes:

Last year, when I made my grape jelly, I used some Concord grape juice with a little apple juice added. In looking over my stock of last year's jellies I found several glasses made with the apple juice. I am glad to report that it is almost entirely free from crystals, while that made of the pure grape juice is full of them. Now I am using about one part of apple juice to seven or eight of grape. Jellies made in this way look and taste just like those made wholly of grapes.

QUERY 1407. — Mrs. S. E. D., Omaha, Neb.: "Recipes for Rusks and Plain Creamy Omelet."

Rusks

Scald two cups of milk and cool to a lukewarm temperature; add a cake of compressed yeast, softened and mixed

with one-half a cup of scalded-and-cooled milk, and enough flour to make a batter. Beat thoroughly, cover and set aside until puffy and full of bubbles, then add two or three eggs, one-fourth a cup of melted butter, one teaspoonful of salt and from one-fourth to one-half a cup of sugar; mix thoroughly, then add flour to make a soft dough. Knead until smooth and elastic, cover and set aside to double in bulk, then shape into rolls. Bake in a quick oven. Brush over the outside of the rolls with white of egg beaten slightly and return to the oven to glaze. Dredge with sugar after brushing with the egg, if a sweet crust is desired. The white of one of the eggs indicated in the recipe may be reserved for glazing. For richer rusks use the same proportions of butter, eggs and sugar, but cut down the quantity of milk to one cup and one-fourth with the yeast. For zwiebach, a form of rusk, make long rolls and set them close together in the pan. When baked and cold, cut them in half-inch slices and dry in a moderately heated oven; when well dried out let color a little.

Plain Creamy Omelet

A list of the ingredients needed for a "plain, creamy omelet" is not long, but the "art" of producing such an omelet can not be very successfully taught on paper. Still, if one has a perfectly smooth pan, a good fire, knows the end to be attained, and will keep trying, she will eventually work out the thing for herself. What is sought is a creamy, firm consistency entirely devoid of toughness. Beat three eggs until a full spoonful can be taken up; add three tablespoonfuls of water and one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper, and mix all together thoroughly. Have ready an omelet pan that has been gradually heated over the fire; into it put one or two tablespoonfuls of butter, tip and turn the pan that the butter may



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MEAT OR TURKEY DRESSING (equally good when baked and served separately). Toast 7 or 8 slices of white bread. Place in a deep dish, adding butter size of an egg. Cover with hot water to melt butter and make bread right consistency. Add an even tablespoon of Bell's Seasoning, an even teaspoon salt, and 4 slices of salt pork, fried to a crisp, and chopped fine. When well mixed, stir in 1 or 2 raw eggs. Bake in small pan.

NOTE.—The above dressings may be improved, to some tastes, by adding chopped nuts of any kind, chestnuts, peanuts, walnuts, etc. Oysters also give a fine flavor.

Remember, a 10c. can of Bell's Seasoning is sufficient to flavor the dressing for 100 lbs. of meat or poultry, and the 25c. can 300 lbs.

For Delicious Sausages, Flavor with Bell's Sausage Seasoning.

25c. and 50c. Cans; 6, 12 and 25 lb. Boxes; 50, 75 and 100 lb. Drums.

run over the entire surface on the bottom and a little way up the sides; turn in the egg mixture, let stand an instant only that the egg next the pan may "set" and nothing more, then shake the pan back and forth, at the same time tipping it, thus shaking the cooked portion up in ridges and giving space for the uncooked portion, as the pan is tipped, to run down onto the hot pan; continue until the egg is set throughout, then roll it over and over, or turn one-half over the other and let stand a moment to take on color, then roll from the pan to a hot serving dish.

QUERY 1408.—Mrs. C. H. W., Sioux Falls, S.D.: "A few good recipes to be used in the fireless cooker."

Recipes for Fireless Cookers

Only general recipes can be given for dishes to be cooked in a fireless cooker. The length of time required for cooking and other details differ according to the make of cooker. But overcooking need not be feared. Enough heat to cook the article must be put into it before it is set into the fireless cooker. A fireless cooker is simply a heat retainer. For boiled leg or shoulder of lamb, boiled beef, etc., cover the article with boiling water and let boil half an hour, cover closely and set into the cooker. The meat will be cooked in about five hours, more or less, according to various conditions, but it will be kept hot and made better if kept in the cooker a much longer time. Baked custards, to be eaten from the cooking dish or turned from a mould, may be put into a dish of the cooker and surrounded with boiling water. Let cook in the oven twenty minutes; again heat the water surrounding the custard to the boiling point and remove water and all to the fireless cooker. The custard will be cooked in about two hours, but will do no harm if left in the cooker a much

longer time. All sorts of baked and steamed puddings may be cooked in a similar fashion.

QUERY 1409.—M. E. H., Massena, N.Y.: "Recipes for Use of Sour Cream in Cake, Pie, Cake Filling, etc."

Sour Cream Pie

Chop, fine, peeled apples to fill one cup; add one cup of stoned raisins, cut in halves or chopped, one cup of sugar, two beaten eggs, one-half a cup, each, of sour cream and sour milk, one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of ground cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg, and half a teaspoonful (generous measure) of salt. Bake in two crusts.

Sour Cream Cake Filling

Beat one cup of thick sour cream until solid throughout, fold in one-fourth a cup of sugar, a teaspoonful of vanilla or two tablespoonfuls of wine, and from half to a whole cup of chopped nuts or nuts and fruit (citron, sultana raisins, candied cherries, pineapple, etc.) mixed.

In reply to Query 1381, Mrs. A. S. D. writes: "The 'Monkey Stove' can be obtained of the Thompson & Francis Stove Co., Gallipolis, Ohio."

EDITOR.

Soft Corn Bread (Miss Scott)

Scald a quart of milk in a double boiler; stir in one cup of white corn meal and let cook three hours, then beat in one teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one egg, beaten light, and two level tablespoonfuls of baking powder. Turn into a buttered baking dish suitable for the table. Bake about one hour. Serve hot and from the dish. This is often called spoon corn bread.



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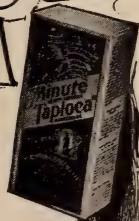
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Honey: Real and Imitation

Pure honey — one of the most variable food materials — is derived solely from the sweet fluid collected from the nectaries of flowers and prepared by the honey-bee. The fact that honey has been actually collected and stored by bees, however, does not make it "pure." Bees often fill their cells with molasses, honey-dew, or the juices of fruits; indeed, they almost always gather varying amounts of the exudations of plants other than nectar. What then is "pure" honey?

Chemically considered, the ideal honey is a concentrated solution of invert sugar — *i.e.*, of dextrose and levulose in equal proportions, with traces of formic acid, nitrogenous bodies, dextrin and other organic substances. Owing to the presence of impurities so generally introduced by the bees, much difficulty is found in attempting to set up a suitable standard of purity for honey as found in commerce. The difficulty is increased by the common practice of artificially feeding bees and by the addition of adulterants.

The historical and literary associations of honey and its value as a food and a medicine lend interest to an important investigation into its composition and analysis that has recently been undertaken by Mr. C. A. Browne and Mr. W. J. Young, of the United States Department of Agriculture. At the present time the chief adulterants of honey are cane-sugar, starch syrup or commercial glucose, and invert sugar. It is interesting to note that bees readily feed upon cane-sugar, but they often refuse to take glucose syrup. The latter adulterant is added to natural honey for the double purpose of cheapening the product and preventing crystallization.

The nectar of flowers contains from seventy to eighty per cent of water, but honey contains only about twenty per cent. The reduction is effected

partly by the bees exposing the nectar in thin layers to the action of a current of air produced by the fanning of their wings and partly by the process of regurgitation, the nectar being continually thrown out from the honey-sack on the partially doubled tongue and then drawn in again until, by the movement of the air and the heat of the hive, the nectar is sufficiently concentrated to be deposited in the cells of the comb.

Another change of considerable importance, which takes place while the nectar is in the honey-sack of the bee and also probably during evaporation and storage in the comb, is the conversion of over eighty-five per cent of the sucrose originally present in the nectar through the action of an enzyme secreted by the bee.

The nectar is further modified by the bee by the introduction of a minute quantity of formic acid which is not present in the original nectar. This acid is supposed to act as a preservative and to prevent fermentation.

The chemical investigation of honey may be supplemented, the author tells us, by microscopical examination. The genuineness of a sample may be indicated by the number of pollen grains present. By counting these it is possible to ascertain approximately the

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amount of glucose or other adulterant. A study of the size, shape and markings of pollen grains enables the analyst to determine the flowers from which the honey was collected, and thus the statements on the label regarding the source can be verified. — *The Lancet*, London.

Celery

According to analysis celery can possess little nutritive value, for over 93 per cent of the vegetable is water with a little oil, while the balance is made up of some 3.5 per cent of starchy material, 1.5 per cent of nitrogenous matters, 1 per cent of cellular fiber, and 1 per cent of mineral salts. Celery would, therefore, seem to play almost exclusively the rôle of a condiment rather than that of a food; it is its flavor which makes it popular. There seems to be little doubt, however, that owing to the aromatic oil which it contains, celery acts as a mild carminative and stimulant. This property may possibly account for celery eaten raw agreeing very well when taken with cheese. It is well known that the difficulty of digesting cheese occurs in the stomach and that when it is passed into the intestine digestion proceeds as easily and as completely as is the case with meat. Carminatives—as, for example, certain essential oils—favor muscular contraction and therefore favor the continuity of the digestive processes, and there is no reason why the aromatic oil present in celery should not be classed with the carminatives. The oil in celery is allied to the oil of parsley or apiol, which is a well-known carminative, stimulant and diuretic; celery is further reputed to be "good for rheumatism." In an old recipe occurs the following: "The celery should be cut into bits and boiled in water until soft, and the water should be drunk by the patient. Put new milk with a little flour and nutmeg into a sauce-

Our \$3.00 Gift

We have six silver butter-spreaders waiting for you.

They are the famous Lily Pattern, made by Wm. Rogers & Son—made in their Extra Plate.

You will find similar spreaders in all stores, priced at \$3 or more for the six.

These are the fads now. The most popular silver piece is a butter-spreader, and this is the popular style.

They are free to our customers, so don't go without them.

Send us one top from a jar of Armour's Extract of Beef. Else send the paper certificate under the top.

Send with it ten cents—the cost of carriage and packing. We will then send you one of the spreaders.

Send more tops as you get them, and send ten cents with each—either in silver or stamps.

For each top or certificate we will send you a spreader until you get enough for a set.



**Six Silver Butter-Spreaders—Just Like This—
Sent to the Users of Armour's Extract of Beef**

Thus we return to you, for a little time, more than you pay for the Extract of Beef.

But we know that six jars will make you a convert. Then you'll never keep house without it.

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You don't know what it means—the use of extract of beef. The Germans and the French use fifty times as much as Americans.

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They use it to utilize left-overs. They add it to any meat dish which needs additional flavor.

They make their wonderful soups with it. They color their gravies, and flavor them, with it. They use it in chafing dishes.

There is scarcely a meal to which extract of beef would not add richness and flavor.

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We wish to prove these facts to you for your good and ours. That is why we are making this remarkable offer.

Use one-fourth as much of Armour's Extract of Beef as you use of any other.

Armour's is concentrated. It is rich and economical. Don't judge it by extracts which cannot compare with it.

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Learn how you need it—learn the myriad uses to which you can put it.

Learn how it betters your cooking. Learn what it saves you on left-overs.

Our Extract of Beef will teach you these facts better than we can in print.

So we ask you to buy one jar and send us the top. Send with it ten cents—the cost of carriage and packing—and we will send you a spreader worth more than the extract costs.

Do this again and again, if you are satisfied. We will keep the offer open until you get a full set.

Then you will know Armour's Extract of Beef. And you will have a set of silver pieces which will last you a lifetime.

Order one jar now—from your drug-gist or grocer. Send us the top or certificate at once. Then judge by the spreader we send you if you want the rest.

Address Armour & Company, Chicago, Department O.

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typewritten on 3x5 cards and indexed will enable you to find suggestion of some favorite dish WHEN the necessary articles are in the storeroom.

❏ Or,—Tried recipes in your favorite magazine which you do not wish to cut, can be culled out and typewritten, keeping indexed for quick use. This has added advantage—that card can be stood erect in front of cook or fastened on wall in small clip.

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❏ Let us show you how our typewriter may be more a woman's friend than a washing machine or sewing machine.

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pan with the boiled celery, serve it warm with pieces of toast, eat it with potatoes, and the painful ailment will yield." Here we are on less certain ground, but at last this procedure amounts to treatment with alkaline salts which so far appears to be rational. Celery contains sodium and potassium salts, and also a distinct amount of iron. In spite of the presence of the substances enumerated, there can be little doubt that many persons find celery, at any rate if eaten raw, indigestible, which is not surprising when its stringy cellular character is borne in mind. The best celery, of course, is that which is crisp or brittle, but even then there is fiber present which cannot be appropriated by the human organism. Still, the fiber of vegetables serves a useful purpose in promoting a stimulus to intestinal movement.—*The Lancet.*

Profits in the Home

Some one has said, "The profits in the home are not so much in dollars and cents as in health and happiness of those most dear."

Such profits truly are worth some little investigation and study. But there are pecuniary profits as well to be gained through the home-study courses of the American School of Economics.

These courses or books are guaranteed to be a 100 per cent a year money investment—besides being of fascinating interest. Health, food, clothing, home management, motherhood, etc. Also teachers' and institution management courses.

The illustrated 70-page booklet, "The Profession of Home Making," is sent on request. Address postal or note A. S. H. E., 643 W. 69th St., Chicago, Ill.

Hungry Children

To the Editor of the *Christian Register*:

Reading the article, entitled "Hungry School Children," in the *Register* of

FOR MAKING COFFEE
ON THE RANGE



Save A Spoonful in Three

with the

Manning-Bowman

"Meteor"

Coffee Percolator

By the old method of coffee-making it is necessary to use one third more than by the Manning-Bowman Meteor method, because all the flavor cannot be extracted by boiling without getting so much of the bitter, astringent tannic acid that it spoils the coffee and injures the health. By the Manning-Bowman Method you extract *all the good* of the coffee and *none* of the bad.

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One of the greatest advantages lies in the economy, for by this method of percolation only two-thirds as much coffee is required as when made by the ordinary methods. The average family will use at least one pound of coffee per week at an average price of 30 cents. When this coffee is used in the percolator, one-third or 10 cents per week is saved, a total of \$5.20 a year. The percolator therefore pays for itself, and after one year's use actually earns 100 per cent. profit on the investment.

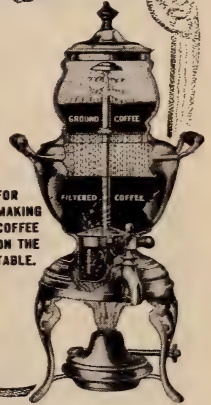
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Makers of Manning-Bowman "Eclipse" Bread Mixer.



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The REX HUB Range

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Can be had with or without a Gas End Shelf

The REX is a large high-class range — not quite so large as the Model Hub we advertised last Spring — which allows it to be sold for less. It has all the characteristic HUB improvements. This means HUB quality — the highest quality known in a cooking apparatus.

Send for a Copy of "Range Talk."

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Hub Ranges are the Standard of the Cooking Schools.



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This Box

Costs \$7.50 We Pay the Freight.
Two of our assortments, 50 pounds Dried Fruit, \$6.00;
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3 colored Souvenir Post Cards and price list, Free.

California Fruit Products Company
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made from each design they are practically individual.

Our instruction book—"Lessons in
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WILDWOOD SHOP, 1824 Rice St., RAVINIA, ILL.

August 20, I would like to state, with your permission, what I as a teacher and visitor among the poor, for fifty years here in good old Boston, know about the matter. The children who came to me were of the poorest, many of them children of widowed mothers who were obliged to leave their little ones, oftentimes in bed, while they started out to earn a little for their support, leaving a dry crust on the table and the teapot on the stove for them to help themselves to when they waked, or, as sometimes happened if late, to run off without even stopping for that scanty sustenance. I asked one of my boys, on returning after one of the "Thanksgiving holidays," what he had for his Thanksgiving dinner. "Bread and tea, that's what I al'us has," he replied. No wonder that such children are hard to control, nervous, fretful, wilful, morose and disobedient. The old saying is, "If you want favors of a man, wait till after dinner," and on the same principle feed the children, and there will be less need of resorting to punishments when they are already suffering from overwrought nerves or empty stomachs.

A good friend, learning of the facts regarding our children ("Aunt Louisa of blessed memory"), provided from her own resources, one cold winter, milk and hot biscuits, which were given freely to all who cared to partake, the children being made stronger and happier and more fitted for the brain work which followed.


C. L. S.

We find in *Unity* an account of an elegant mansion built on Michigan Avenue, Chicago, a quarter of a century ago, at the cost of \$300,000, now sold at auction for \$65,500. This represents a process going on throughout the country, as it is always to be observed in the navy, — a vast expenditure of money, which in a few years becomes worse than useless. There was in colonial times, North and South,

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Perhaps you have lifted the lid of your great-grandmother's cedar chest. The dainty linen breathes out a perfume. The fleecy blankets show no touch of age. The genuine Southern Red Cedar of which our many styles of chests are made is absolute protection against moths, dust and dampness. Trimmed with copper bands—studged with old-fashioned, flat-headed, copper rivets. Gifts of sentiment and usefulness for Birthdays, Weddings and Christmas. Send for catalog today.

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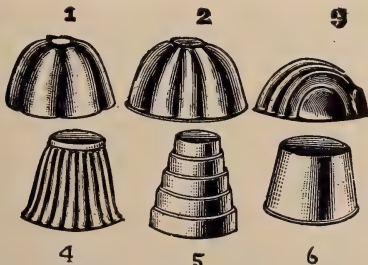
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1-6 of a pint each
Will chill more quickly than copper. Packed 1 doz. assorted styles in a box.
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Also single dozens of China Plates for course dinners; also

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Umbrella and Cane Holders, Ferneries for Table Decorations, Plant Pots and Pedestals.

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Comprises everything pertaining to the home in this line, adapted for the family, club, hotel, yacht, or public institution.

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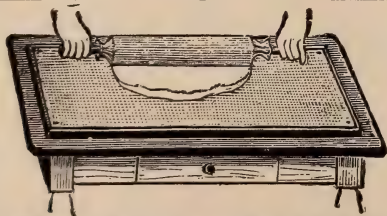
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an era of good taste and of house-building adapted to the uses of well-to-do people. Comfort, simplicity and refinement were provided for and expressed in the old colonial mansion. It lasted and was highly praised until our own time, and is now displaced only when it cannot be made to conform to modern inventions and house-keeping. In many of our older cities it has been the fate of these mansions to be deserted by the class that formerly lived in them. In the old seacoast towns many a richly decorated dwelling-house is now the abode of immigrants. But this change in the uses of the colonial mansion is entirely different from that which overtakes a pretentious palace built, not for comfort, but for ostentation; not to express refinement, but to advertise the wealth of the owner. The sooner such mansions pass into the hands of business men, to be made useful, the better. One of the most significant things about these modern palaces is that for the greater part of the year their owners prefer not to live in them.

Crabs.

Deviled Crabs. Drain off the liquor that may be in a two lb. can of crab meat. Add one-half teaspoonful of dry mustard, one small teaspoonful of salt, a little red pepper, three tablespoonfuls of butter, one-quarter lb. dry bread crumbs grated, one egg, mix the dressing well through the meat, wash the shells and fill them lightly, baste with melted butter while baking. Bake a delicate brown. One-half of these quantities to a one lb. can.

Crab Salad. Drain off a part of the liquor of a two lb. can of crab meat, place on a platter just as it comes from the can and pour over it a French salad dressing made of salad oil, vinegar, pepper and salt, and send to table with lettuce leaves. Crab salad is much improved by remaining on ice several hours.

OLNEY'S CREAMLETTE CORN

is what its name indicates—the **Cream** of the **Kernel** with the indigestible and unwholesome **Hulls Removed**. ¶ For this reason, it becomes especially desirable for soups and fritters, saving the time of chopping, and excellent for those who cannot eat the regular Sweet Corn.

¶ We pack a full line of fruits and vegetables absolutely **Pure** with no preservatives, coloring matter or adulterations of any kind.

¶ Ask for our **Cook Book**, "Soups, Salads and Desserts," containing fifteen half-tone illustrations for the housekeeper's guidance in setting the table and serving the dishes.

¶ If you cannot obtain **Olney's Creamlette Corn** or **Olney's Canned Products** from your grocer, write us, mentioning his name.

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Early Holiday Buying

Will give you the choice of the many exclusive patterns of unusual artistic character and bearing the well-known name

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This famous brand of silver plate—the standard of quality for sixty years—proven by the truest test—time—well merits the title "**Silver Plate that Wears.**"

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Quilted Mattress Pads

Money spent wisely means comfort and pleasure to the spender. You go to bed to rest.

Quilted Mattress Pads

will make your bed comfortable as well as keep yours and baby's bed in a perfect sanitary condition.

The cost is small and when washed they are as good as new.

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Table Talk

Sir Algernon West in his reminiscences says: "Cooking has improved a hundred fold, but there is no prominent chef like Soyer or Francatelli.

"There are many gourmands, but there is no gourmet like Edward Mills. Some one asked him if a certain dinner was not wonderful. 'Good,' he said, 'but not wonderful. There were no points in it.' 'What do you mean?' said his friend. 'Well,' he replied, 'Thames perch are in season from the 1st to the 12th of December. If there had been perch, that would have been a point.' When at his moor in Scotland it was always said that he had his grouse packed and sent to London and returned, as he thought the journey gave them a better flavor." In the "One City" at this time "there was no public place or club where a lady could dine, and I recollect a most respectable peer of the realm who, on expressing a wish to dine in the coffee room of the hotel in which he was staying with his wife, was told by his landlord that he must get a third person to join their party. Great changes in dinners occurred during the forties. Formerly a large turbot with red festoons of lobster was an inevitable dish at a London dinner party; a saddle of mutton at the head of the table, which was carved by the host; and a couple of chickens, with white sauce and tongue in the middle, were a necessity."

A PRACTICAL ANSWER. — Some one asked Max Nordau to define the difference between genius and insanity. "Well," said the author of "Degeneration," "the lunatic is, at least, sure of his board and clothes."

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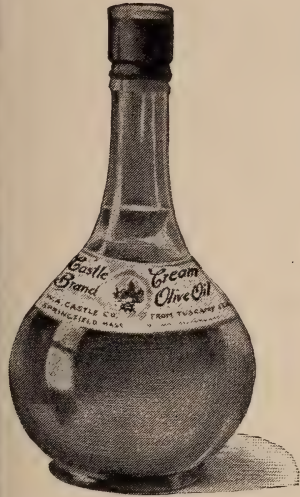


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Castle Brand Cream Olive Oil



is the acme of Olive Oil production. Its use in the making of salads and salad dressings is a sure harbinger of success.

Imported from Tuscany, Italy, it is the product of the world's most renowned olive oil makers from the world's greatest olive groves.

Castle Brand Cream Olive Oil

has a flavor all its own; one most delightful. It is absolutely pure virgin oil, pronounced by those who know, as the best procurable in America.

Can be had in bottles like illustration — all sizes —
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has received
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has been delighted with it, and surprised how easily the necessary subscriptions were secured. Have you obtained one yet? If not start to-day to get the subscriptions, and within three or four days you will be enjoying the dish.

This Chafer is a full-size, three-pint, nickel dish, with all the latest improvements, including handles on the hot water pan. It is the dish that sells for \$5.00.

We will send this chafing-dish, as premium, to any present subscriber who sends us six (6) NEW yearly subscriptions at \$1.00 each. The express charges are to be paid by the receiver. The tray is not included.

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Patty Irons — Wafer Irons

For luncheons, teas, parties and entertainments of all kinds.

Patty Irons for making dainty, flaky patés or timbales; delicate pastry cups for serving hot or frozen dainties—creamed vegetables, salads, shell fish, ices.

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With these irons, twenty minutes time, and ten cents worth of materials, you can make 40 of either—patty cups or wafers. Caterers charge you 50c a dozen for them.

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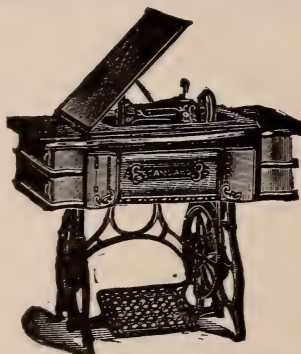
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Sold in Boston by Shepard Norwell Co.,
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Train the Hand as Well as the Head

Shall we call the training of these human vehicles of expression, of impression, of reasoning, of apprehension, of observation,—shall we call the training of the hand and eye a fad? It is better worth doing for culture's sake than learning to spell or to know the names of the capes, gulfs and capitals of the world; immeasurably better as culture, as training, as giving power.

— President Eliot.

A Double Surprise

Miss Jones, one of those particular women, on the shady side of the unmentionable age, was horrified to discover her colored Chloe standing over the kitchen range making her toilet, one cold winter morning.

On demanding why the cook was dressing her hair in the kitchen instead of her own room, Chloe replied: "Bitter cold dis yer mornin' in mah room, an' I'se des usin' de stove fo' mah lookin'-glass. I done used the X-Ray Stove Polish on de range las' night, an' yo' can see fo' yerse'f how it shines—de bes' lookin'-glass in dis house fo' rangin' mah ha'r."

Miss Jones praised the shining surface, but added: "Do not let it occur again; I am surprised that you should do such a thing in my kitchen." Then Chloe beamed and replied: "I'se done 'sprized mahse'f at the way de X-Ray Stove Polish made dis ole range look like it was new." When Miss Jones repeated: "Do not let it occur again," Chloe beamed again and answered: "Shore's yer born, Missus, dis ole range'll never git rusty no mo' if yo' keep X-Ray Stove Polish in de house."

<p>SAMPLE</p> <h1>KITCHEN</h1> <p>Used by Leading Chefs and</p> <p>THE PALISADE MFG.CO. 353 CLINTON AVE. WEST HOBOKEN, N.J.</p>	<p>GIVES A DELICIOUS FLAVOR AND RICH COLOR TO SOUPS, SAUCES, GRAVIES, -ETC-</p>	<p>FREE</p> <h1>BOUQUET</h1> <p>Eminent Teachers of Cookery.</p>
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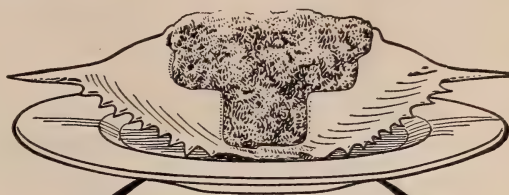
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A Sea-food Delicacy for Your Table

Think of having sea-fresh deviled crabs any time of the year, *and wherever you live* — as sweet, tasty and good as those served at the shore.

McMenamin's Deviled Crabs

are cooked, spiced, and hermetically sealed within an hour of the time they are hauled from their deep-sea haunts. Nothing so delicious or so easy to prepare was ever known.

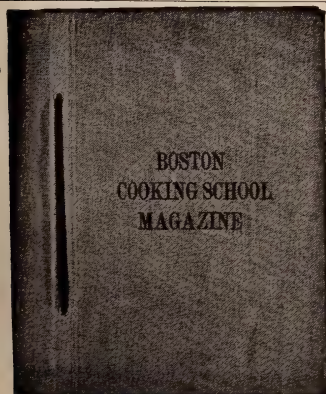
There are many ways of preparing tasty crab meat dishes that add an extra charm to the diet — all told in our book which is sent free on request.

Free shells accompany each can of Deviled Crabs. See that you get them from your grocer. For sale at best stores.

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Send us two (2) NEW yearly subscriptions at \$1.00 each, and we will renew your own subscription for one (1) year as a premium.

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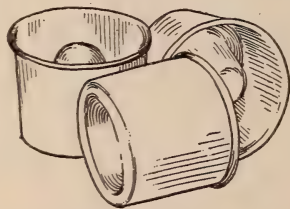
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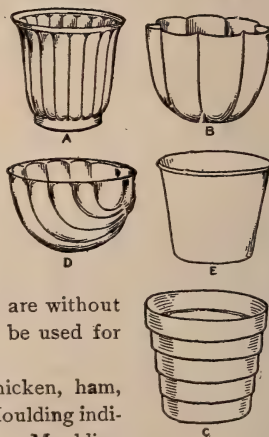
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With sweeter manners, purer laws.*

*Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.*

—TENNYSON.



A TRUE COLONIAL DINING-ROOM

The Boston Cooking-School Magazine

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No. 5

Some Old New England Inns

By Mary H. Northend

THE old inns scattered throughout New England during the early days of our country's history are for the most part but memories now; the great hotels with their palatial appointments have superseded them, as they better satisfy the luxury-loving tastes of twentieth century humanity.

In early days, however, the old ordinaries were important factors, and here our ancestors gathered to discuss the latest gossip, as well as matters of importance, as they contentedly sipped their toddy before the great wood fires.

An inn was opened in every town by order of the General Court, and was placed under the jurisdiction of the minister and tithingman, who were invested with authority to enforce the laws prohibiting the inordinate sale of liquors.

The old ordinaries were often primitive affairs, sometimes consisting of but two rooms and a lean-to, and many a weary traveler found difficulty in securing sleeping accommodations. The

price of a dinner was sixpence (by order of the General Court), regardless of the quality or quantity of the food served. It can thus be seen that the business of innkeeping was not a particularly profitable one, and it is not surprising to learn that in many towns difficulty was experienced in inducing some one to open an inn.

Signs were ordered placed on conspicuous parts of the old ordinaries, and many of them were most quaint and interesting. At the Wolfe Tavern in Newburyport, one of these old signs hung, representing a bust of General Wolfe, surrounded by a wreath of scrollwork. It was carved by one Capt. William Davenport, and was partially destroyed in the great fire that swept through Newburyport in 1811. It was later replaced by another sign, painted by Moses Cole, which still swings from this old tavern.

In Georgetown may still be seen a very old sign, bearing a portrait of General Wolfe. The house on which it originally hung was built in 1640, and is still standing, though its appear-

ance has been changed somewhat from the days when it was an inn.

There is an interesting incident in connection with this old sign well worth narrating. Shortly after the battle of Lexington a company of Yankee soldiers were on their way from Ipswich to the seat of war. Passing through Georgetown they came to the old inn, over the front entrance of which the portrait of General Wolfe swung in the breeze. The hatred of everything British was so intense, that when they saw the picture of the English general they halted, and lifting their old flintlocks to their shoulders riddled the sign with bullets. Several passed clean through it, while a few remained imbedded in the wood, and are plainly discernible today.

At the Bunch of Grapes Tavern, that formerly stood on State Street, Boston, was a queer old sign, made of baked clay, and brought from England. A portion of it may still be seen at the Essex Institute, Salem, while two bunches of the grapes are stored in a steel vault in the Masonic Temple,

Boston; for the Masons take every precaution to preserve this relic of the old inn, where the first meetings of the society in New England were held. Here the first President of the United States stayed on a visit to Boston. It was afterwards removed to Congress Street, and here was visited by General Stark after his victory at Bennington. Gen. Rufus Putnam and Manasseh Cutter, the moving spirits of the Ohio Company, also called their first meeting here. The old inn has been torn down a good many years now, and a great granite building has been erected on its site.

At Dedham was the Ames Tavern, kept by the celebrated almanac maker, Nathaniel Ames, in 1735. A most unique sign hung on this tavern, which is said to have portrayed some family difficulty. In settlement of his son's (Fisher Ames) estate, a suit was brought into court. This so disgusted the innkeeper that, although the suit was decided in his son's favor, he expressed his dislike by causing the whole court to be painted on a sign-



JOHN HANCOCK TAVERN, HAMILTON, MASS.



BERRY TAVERN AT DANVERS, MASS.

board for his tavern. So faithfully was each of the judges portrayed they could not fail to be recognized. The august court heard of the proceedings and sent a sheriff to seize the sign. Ames was in Boston at the time, where he heard of their intention. He rode post haste to Dedham, reached the tavern before the sheriff, and secreted the sign.

Among the old inns still standing is one at Byfield, Mass., formerly kept by Jeremiah Pearson, or "Old J. P." as he was familiarly known, from the fact that these initials were stamped on his rum barrels. The dining-room of this old tavern was known as "Independence Hall," having been so named by the soldiers of the vicinity, to whom "Old J. P." gave an elaborate dinner upon their return home at the close of the Revolution. It was here "Lord" Timothy Dexter, that eccentric old character of Newburyport, used to delight to come with Jonathan Plummer, his "poet-laureate," and partake

of the tempting viands "Old J. P." set before him. I once saw a list of "Lord" Timothy's indebtedness to "Old J. P." in a book, now in the possession of one of the old innkeeper's descendants, and it amused me to note that the principal item on the bill was for liquors.

In Concord, Mass., still stands the old Wright Tavern, a favorite rendezvous as far back as the days of the Revolution. Here some of the English officers stopped for a few hours on April 19, 1775, and it was in the tap-room of this tavern that Major John Pitcairn observed, as he stirred his brandy and sugar on that eventful day, "In this way we will stir the blood of the Yankees before night." Here also tarried the Concord Minutemen on the morning of the battle, as they awaited tidings of the advance of the enemy.

At Marblehead, Mass., is the site of the Fountain Tavern, the opening scene in the well-known romance of

Agnes Surriage and Sir Harry Frankland. In olden days this tavern was the favorite resort of sea captains and gentry, and it is even asserted that the pirates, who were finally captured in the streets of Marblehead, made this place their rendezvous.

At Sudbury, Mass., still stands The Wayside Inn, made famous by Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn," and the assembly place of the soldiers after the battle of Lexington.

In the town of Danvers, Mass., is the old Berry Tavern, originally built in 1741, and still open as a public house; while a short ways distant, on the old Boxford road, stands Ferncroft Inn, one of the quaintest and most picturesque old ordinaries in Essex County.

Salem, Mass., was the home of many old taverns, among which may be mentioned The Ship Tavern, which stood on the site of the present Stearns Building, and was the scene of the founding of the Social Library in 1760. Near the site of the present St. Peter's

Church stood the old Salem Coffee House, while on Essex Street, nearly opposite its present juncture with Pleasant Street, stood Thomas Beadle's Tavern, where were held the preliminary witchcraft examinations.

In Newbury, Mass., is the site of the old Boynton Tavern, kept by Enoch Boynton, an eccentric old fellow, who could trace his lineage back, through seventeen generations, to Sir William Boynton, a knight privileged to stand hatted in the presence of his king. Old Enoch was the inventor of the first silk reel in America. He kept silkworms, and planted, for their food, a grove of mulberry trees, some of which may still be seen at the grounds of the old tavern. While keeping this inn his two sons were born. The birth of the elder occurred while a part of the old house was being torn down, so his father named him Tearing. The younger was born, when an addition was being made to the inn, and was named Adding. The old ordinary is gone now, and only a few mulberry



OLD J. P. TAVERN, BYFIELD, MASS.



FERNCROFT INN

trees stand as mementos of old Enoch's day.

At Stockbridge, Mass., was an old inn, built in 1773 and situated on the stage route from Boston to Albany. It was added to from time to time, until at the time of its destruction by fire, in 1896, it was a large hotel. Another tavern has been built on its site, which is most interesting from the fact that in its public room may be found one of the finest collections of old-fashioned furniture, crockery and bric-a-brac in this country.

Marlboro, N.H., was the home of the first temperance inn, opened at a time when liquor was of prime importance in all taverns. The innovation was looked upon with disfavor by the drivers of the various stagecoaches, who were loud in their lamentations. They were assured that tea and coffee would be served them, and the tavern eventually became one of the most popular in New England.

At Greenwich, Conn., was an old tavern, in connection with which is a

tragic story. It was the old Knapp Tavern, now known as the Putnam Cottage, owing to the fact that it contains so many mementos of Gen. Israel Putnam. It was built at the close of the seventeenth century, and was located on the high road between Boston and New York. At the time of the Revolution this tavern was in the possession of Israel Knapp, a great Tory. Near by lived Jonathan Mead, the most fanatical Whig in Greenwich. Israel had a son, Timothy, who inherited his father's politics, and Jonathan had a daughter, Persis, who was as ardent a supporter of the patriot cause as was her father. Yet Timothy Knapp loved Persis Mead and she loved him. After the open breach between king and people, the girl would not as much as deign her sweetheart a glance, and all his arguments to win her were of no avail. One day, after a heated discussion, Timothy left the Mead house in a blind rage, calling back from the doorway, "Some day, Persis, it shall be you who will speak to me,

but I shall never answer!" He little thought, poor lad, that his words were prophecy.

He kept away for a whole week, but it was weary work. At length he fortified himself with some new arguments and with a certain blue ribbon which had been the first gage of love Persis had given him, and under cover of the darkness, he sought her house.

Unfortunately, for several evenings past, small bands of "cowboy" marauders had been annoying the townspeople. Old Jonathan had given them fair warning that he would shoot on sight, if he saw stragglers about his place; so when he saw Tim loitering by the lilac bushes, his eye on Persis, inside the window, Jonathan took down his flintlock and fired to scare, not to kill, but a sudden movement on the part of Tim, with a view to bringing the

loved form into clearer vision, brought him into direct range, and Jonathan's bullet pierced his heart.

With swift prescience of trouble, the girl ran out with her father into the night. They turned the dim light of the old tin lantern full upon the upturned face, which still wore a smile, half mischievous and wholly tender. One hand, thrust into the bosom of his homespun coat, held fast to the blue ribbon that Persis knew at a glance; but both hand and ribbon bore a fatal stain. In an agony of love and sorrow, the girl cast herself upon the lifeless form, showering caresses and endearments, and vainly calling upon her lover to come back and speak to her once more. His lips were mute. The heart that beat for her alone was still. His body now lies buried in the garden, at the old inn.



THE WAYSIDE INN, SUDBURY, MASS.

I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true; I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to what light I have.

— ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

He Who Listened

By Alix Thorn

THE man drew a long breath, straightened his broad shoulders, then sank back hopelessly in his chair, and picking up a holiday edition of the "Rubaiyat," proceeded to turn its pages idly. It was like old Maurice to keep him waiting in this fashion; send his friend up to the house, and then not be on hand when said friend arrived. Why, when they were boys together at school, how many times he had paced the quadrangle, fretting and fuming, watching the chapel clock, till, well past the hour appointed, the recreant Maurice would rush up breathless and apologetic: yes, he waited then for him, and he waited now.

Lunch was a good hour away, consulting his watch; he was condemned to remain in this correctly darkened reception room, like a veritable feminine caller, until his host should arrive to set him free.

Smoking was out of the question; what, he wondered, did women do on such trying occasions. Possibly make a study of the furnishings. He rose and began a slow tour of the room, his keen dark eyes noting, here a water-color, there a dim oil; even pausing to peer into the cabinet, adjusting his eyeglasses the better to observe the tiny ivory figures and porcelain toys.

Footsteps sounded in the next room, doubtless the library, though so closely were the thick portières drawn that he had had no glimpse of the interior.

"Might try this window seat, Eleanor," he heard a masculine voice say.

"We might," came the reply in a girl's singularly musical tones, "pretty retired, though, Bob, is n't it?" half protestingly.

"Oh now, see here," entreated her

companion, "you are n't going to begin by being hard on a fellow, are you, Eleanor, when you know how happy I am to be with you after all these months? Mighty decent of Edith to ask me up for over Sunday!"

The man in the outer room stirred uneasily; should he drop a book, or work up a cough, and thus announce his close proximity?

"Now, Eleanor," the other voice continued, "you *shall* hear me through this time — yes," interrupting himself, "yes, I know you've always tried to head me off, I know perfectly well what you would say if I gave you the chance, but I'm not going to do it. I realize you have never encouraged me, but, Eleanor, it's my time now."

"Oh, Bob," helplessly; "oh, how hard you are making it for me."

"I've loved you for years," he went on, "ever since I was a kid; I love you now. Different girls have liked me — I'm a cad to say this, but *other* girls have given me enough encouragement. Why can't you love me, just why can't you? I won't enlarge on what I could do for you, what I'd be more than thankful to do. I know that money don't count with a girl like you, but money is n't so bad, Eleanor, and you would be able to do so many things you don't do now. Why, there's nothing I would n't do or give you, nothing."

"Bob!" exclaimed the soft voice, "I can't. My answer is just what you knew it would be, must be; oh," helplessly, "why *do* you like me in this way! Take one of those others, Bob, I want you to be happy! You are splendid, all your money has n't spoiled you; you could make the right girl so blessedly content. I can almost decide upon one now."

"You need n't try," he cried; "I don't want to hear about any girl but you, I'll never think of another one, Eleanor," passionately; "don't you understand — there's only you, just you?"

"Bob," said the girl, and her quiet, even tones were in marked contrast to his, "Bob, I'm going to cure you, and it is not easy for me to say what I must, but it will prevent another scene like this. I'll tell you a little story, and," with a sudden vibration in her voice, "it's a true story, too, Bob. You know that five years ago I visited Helen McPherson —" The man in the reception room started at the sound of the name, and leaned forward, his thin, eager face suddenly tense. "Well, I spent three weeks there, just three short weeks, and as I look back on it now, it seems a wonderful picture set in a golden frame, a great water-color, all sunlight and spring. For, Bob, I met a man at Helen's, an older man, yes, several years older than I, I was only twenty then. Why, Bob, everything was straightway transformed. I suppose," half whimsically, "it was n't a lovelier season than many another, but I was so happy. He lived in a near-by town, and came over often. He was scholarly and wide-awake, wise, and with the gentleness that large men sometimes have. We walked, and talked, and read, and then my visit came to an end. I went home, and he, a busy man, did not need me, I guess. I've not seen him since, but, oh, I have n't forgotten him, I can't, and," in a low voice, "I don't want to. I think of him every day, what he said about this, and that, his criticisms, his views. I've not done a thing to improve myself, but I've wondered what he would think of me. I know I must

have changed in five years, but, do you know, Bob, I somehow, don't like to think that he has changed. The years leave their mark on such a man, and he —"

A dull red flushed the listener's face, he looked quickly out the window at the quiet city street. But in place of the dignified stone fronts, he saw a quaint country house, gray-gabled, ivy shrouding it, birds atwitter. For it all, a setting of spring, young spring. A girl's sensitive face was raised to his! why, he had never known, never tried to know, but had let her slip out of his life. So it had meant all this to her; he had not believed that the world held such a woman, one who through the years had kept a memory unchanging. He found himself consumed by an intolerable longing to see her, and set it all right; thank Heaven he was free, still free; such a one as she was not for that boy out there, that headstrong boy.

"I understand," he heard her companion say, "I quite understand, Eleanor. I won't trouble you again, I did n't know a girl *could* feel that way. I suppose he was all you thought him, but, Eleanor," hotly, "*he* was n't worthy of you, either, for he let you go!" A quick step sounded in the hall, and he had left her.

The man who listened rose impetuously, crossed the room, and noiselessly parted the portières. He saw a slight figure in the window seat, her face half turned away, but the pure profile he remembered.

"Bob," she began, "why, Bob—"

"It is n't Bob," said a deep voice she knew, "but Bob's substitute. Can I share the window seat, Eleanor?"

"Yes," she whispered, "yes," and her happy eyes met his.



The Art of Receiving Graciously

By Lee McCrae

WHO does not love to give to a little child? He seizes the present with a rapturous motion and a twinkle of joy in his eyes, while the mother puts the "thank you" words into his mouth or says them for him. Yet we feel amply repaid for whatever the gift has cost us, and realize the beautiful truth that it *is* "more blessed to give than to receive." Besides, the child proceeds at once to enjoy his new possession, whether it be a toy or a stick of candy.

Instead of this happy, natural way, we grown people make studied bows, smile dubiously, pile on words of thanks, and — lay the gift upon the mantel.

Surely the child's way is best. The joyous outreaching, the *look* of thanks, the quick caress, and but few words, are what the giver wants and will cherish as his or her reward.

Few words are best because not many of us have the tact, the quick wit, and the ready tongue to say the right ones on the spur of the moment, and the wrong words spoil it all for both the giver and the receiver. Who of us has not had the very sight of some pretty thing made a trial for years because of the awkward way in which we accepted it? We pile on words because we think they are expected of us, and try to maintain our dignity by showing as little emotion as possible.

Then, alas, that horrible ogre, the "trade last" idea flashes over us, and we instantly think of the present we gave or didn't give this particular friend. Is it a false pride, a sense of commercialism, or a commendable honesty that prompts us grown people to "even up" the gift-making, and thus rob it of its chief glory? Oh that

we could "become as little children" in this matter!

To see one's gift put to use, yet with dainty care, is also pleasing; and no more delicate compliment can be paid than to refer to a past gift long since forgotten by the donor. I once had a correspondent say, "This is written with the pen you gave me Christmas two years ago. Ah, the journeys it has made over white paper since then!"

We must all confess that we like to have much made of our gifts, be they costly or ever so inexpensive, but it must be done in a sincere, natural way that shows the heart is really touched.

Some people purposely, and others unconsciously, make it hard for their best friends to give them anything. It is usually a sense of pride, a fear of patronage or obligation that forms the ugly barrier. This is peculiarly common among relatives — near relatives, who know one another's needs and financial conditions far too intimately for mutual comfort.

The only way to overcome this wretched feeling, if we find it creeping upon us, is to put ourselves in the giver's place, remembering what a joy it is to be able to bestow things upon others. Think how gladly we would do likewise, were we the rich relatives! Remember, too, how it hurts to have a gift received reluctantly. Generous receiving is second only to generous giving, and alas, it is far more rare among grown people.

It has been truly said that the way a lady takes a compliment stamps her place in society. A blush of pleasure denotes the schoolgirl; a giggle, the silly or unsophisticated; a brusque protest, the sensible but unpolished; a fleeting smile and a quiet thank you

phrase (if reply be necessary at all) show unmistakably the woman of society training, the one really accustomed to compliments.

Many mothers, rightfully anxious to keep their daughters' heads "level," as we say, teach them to have a horror of compliments. They quote the harsh, half-true sayings, such as "The man who flatters a woman hopes to find her a fool or to make her one." And with ideas like that in mind, the young girl often resents rudely words that are sincerely meant, and makes awkward situations for herself and her real friends. Instead, let her be

taught keen discernment between foolish flattery and well-meant praise, and let her have answering phrases at her tongue's end. Every girl, pretty or ugly, who would hold a place in the social world, must acquire the art of graciously accepting a compliment and of tactfully "turning down" the would-be flatterer. A little quiet forethought and preparedness are all that are necessary.

We all need to recognize the fact that kindly deeds and kindly words mean so much in this old world of ours that they both deserve gracious reception.

The Babe of Bethlehem

Agnes Lockhart Hughes

With gifts of myrrh and frankincense,
The Three Wise Men of old
Journeyed in haste to Bethlehem,
The Christ-King to behold.

There, in a lowly manger laid,
They found on Christmas morn,
Mary, the Virgin, clasping close
Her Infant, newly born.

About them, naught but poverty, —
Yet the Madonna smiled,
For though the world proclaimed a King,
She nursed this Babe — her child.

The little hands, like lily-buds,
Were by His mother's pressed,
And thus the Virgin Mary held
Her dear one at her breast.

So now it is, since ages dim,
On every Christmas morn,
The joy bells peal these tidings forth, —
"The Prince of Peace is born!"

Jesus of Nazareth — King of kings —
A Royal Heavenly Host;
But, ah! the title, "Bethlehem's Babe,"
The whole world loves the most!

A Hat, a Poet, Buffalo Bill and Pan-Perdu

By Helen Campbell

IT is difficult to decide which of the four actors in the events recorded should take the lead, yet on the whole the hat has precedence, because without it nothing could have happened, at least, as it did. This the poet insists as he himself tells the tale of Pan-Perdu precisely as it happened on the Festival of Pan, which is kept in Provence as in Rome, on the 12th of January, pipes blowing shrilly all the night in honor of this deity of streams and woodlands. It is Capoulié, the poet, who speaks, his songs as dear to his country as were Mistral's before him, Mistral and the group of now famous poets who revived the old language of Provence, the *langue d'Oc*, dying out and becoming mere patois till song and poem and tale gave it once more to the people of Southern France.

Who sees Capoulié—and many travelers from over seas visit him at his home in Graveson, not far from Avignon—sees, as it were, the twin brother of Buffalo Bill, even to the cowboy hat with its flapping brim. Capoulié himself stood in silent astonishment as, a good many years ago while for a time in Paris breakfasting in a café at a time when the "Wild West Show" was having a season in that city, he looked at his double and presently broke into shouts of laughter at his own amazement. Capoulié, though over seventy, is robust, tall and with a superb figure, no less vital than that of Buffalo Bill himself. In his own fashion of giving details he best tells the story.

"I am in Paris, on a day, in a café where I breakfast very leisurely and at my ease as I look about, when in a moment I behold an exact double of myself. This man regards me also as I him, and both are startled and sur-

prised. I say to myself, Am I myself or am I perhaps him? Same figure, same mustache, same hat! He also had the air of saying this. Finally we advanced and shook hands warmly, I and Monsieur Buffalo, who as it appears was at that moment delighting all Paris with his ponies and his Indians of the wild West."

It is at this point, within a short time of the meeting of the doubles, that Pan-Perdu appears upon the scene. On an afternoon in which Capoulié rambled, as he loved to do daily, through the fields between Maillane and Saint-Remy, a very strange and foreign-looking dog ran up to him, leaped upon him joyfully and could by no manner of means be persuaded to leave. Harsh words, all that occurred in the way of discouragement, had no influence. With soft eyes fixed on the poet's face and a tail wagging joyfully and continuously, the friend was claimed as one long lost and found again, nor, till the day of his death, would he depart. It might even be one of the dogs of "Tartarin of Tarascon," for Tarascon lay not far away, and so the poet feigned that Pan-Perdu was clearly a case of materialization. But later it appeared that Buffalo Bill had passed through Tarascon, on his way to Marseilles, with his whole troop of horses, dogs and Indians. "This dog," the poet said, "had evidently strayed from the rest, and, searching in anguish for his lost master, was attracted to me by the resemblance of my hat to that of Buffalo Bill. There is a little statue of him made at the time, that stands there on the mantelpiece;" and looking at him as he spoke, one saw the singular resemblance.

"But he was more than friend and companion," Capoulié went on. "It

is my conviction that he was a reincarnated ancestor, it might be, for rarely has it been given to any man to possess such a friend as that dog was to me. I could easily write volumes on his extraordinary qualities and really occult gifts. In fact, it would be well if the *Société des Recherches Psychiques* could have the full history for its archives. I give you one fact, yes, two. And first is that on a day on which it is a custom of my wife, accompanied by our faithful Eisabeau, to visit the cemetery and place a wreath on the tomb of our family, Pan-Perdu, for so I had immediately named him, ran on before them and disappeared in the labyrinth of tombs and paths. When they had arrived at their destination, however, behold Monsieur Pan-Perdu awaiting them seated on the tomb of the family. Remark well that never before had he entered the cemetery, yet he has run straight to the right place. Who but an ancestor could have done this?"

Here was no jesting. The poet's face was grave, his tone composed and serious. "What happens next is even more pronounced," he went on. "It is that he desired, it seemed, to come under the rites of the Church. The bishop was holding a service of confirmation in the little village church. Pan-Perdu had never been there. Ah, he knew well that dogs are excluded from such services, but on this occa-

sion he crept in quietly and all unobserved, and as the bishop laid his hand on the bended heads of the children, *voilà!* There is the black head of Pan-Perdu thrust under his hand. 'What is this?' cries Monseigneur, all startled and shocked, and the children look up and smile and say excuses. 'Oh, this is Pan-Perdu, the dog of the poet. He is not as other dogs. He has always his way.'

"'Oh, the dog of the poet!' the good bishop cries, and stretches out his hands and lays them, also, on the head of Pan-Perdu, which you see confirms him also! At this Pan-Perdu licks all respectfully the Episcopal ring, and at once discreetly retires. This is not sacrilege, not at all, for never lived Christian more truly fulfilling all that makes a good life than this Pan-Perdu as he fulfilled his, yes, to the very end. There go two of his descendants, son and grandson, as if arrived to vouch for the truth of all I say," he ended, pointing to two dogs bounding over the field. "There are other marvelous things. Some day, indeed, they must all be written, but you see, you judge for yourself if they are not worthy to be remembered."

"But his descendants? Are they also as gifted?"

"But no," and the poet shook his head. "But no. What would you? A dog like Pan-Perdu comes but once in a lifetime, yes, even in a century. There is no other, none."

"A BOY should realize that when he goes to school he goes for work, and serious work, and certainly many things devised to amuse and interest should be relegated to the hours of play. We need more Puritanism in our early education. A boy should bring, therefore, to the secondary school at the age of thirteen or fourteen a mind wonderfully trained, according to our present

standard, in rote memory and habits of accuracy. . . . Above all, he should bring a sense of duty and a familiarity with hard work earned through six or eight years of practice. Our present method is to make school half play for the first six or eight years, to require nothing that calls for hard work or develops a sterner side, or develops the power of concentration or the willingness to undergo drudgery."

Service or Services

By Kate Gannett Wells

WHICH shall it be, a general purpose or specific methods; continuous action or sporadic devotion? Temperament will decide; whichever way, it is not necessarily making the other way wrong, since truth is many sided, reformers and despots to the contrary. It is only a question of methods (of compromises if you will) as to how the essential fact of personal and collective salvation shall be obtained.

People quarrel over such non-essentials. The bride-to-be threw over her intended bridegroom because he was determined to saw the wood he had bought for the cooking-stove that she had purchased, longer than she considered best for the stove's welfare. Whichever length it was, according to his or her opinion, the fire would have cooked his dinner. Bentley, master of Trinity College, found his prospective marriage threatened, inasmuch as he insisted that Nebuchadnezzar's golden statue, sixty cubits high and six broad, was out of all proportion, "which made the good lady weep." Had not the Bible said so? Absurd, argued her dogmatic lover, it would have been top-heavy; and then, both being more intent on marriage than on controversy, the dispute was settled by his gracious supposition that the sixty cubits must have included the pedestal. The dinner was lost, the marriage saved, because of a non-essential in each case.

Personal disputes are one thing, and methods are another! exclaims the woman who is too well bred to quarrel, but so philanthropic as to believe that methods in social service are the most important thing, that there is only one way and one kind of truth, and that any form of symbolism is a perversion of an exact statement. So the

persistently implacably truthful woman has a far easier time with herself, though not with the world, than the woman of courtesy, who must keep a constant watch over herself lest her courtesy towards another's truth leads her into a lazy degeneracy towards what she herself considers is essential truth.

The more incisive grow our moral issues and the higher our standards, the more do they often miss the truth of sympathy, which fetches out the glimmer of progress from the meshes of narrow insistences. Again is it service, not services. Garrison's announcement, "I will not equivocate," is the reverse utterance of Browning's line, "Other heights in other lives, God willing." The reformer of single instances cannot wait while the worker in many causes seeks to correlate them all through patience. Both are striving to be of service, the one by insistence on points, the other through the grouping of effects. Each is true unto his best vision, the ultimate truth neither may ever reach. Only more and more do we need a liberal sympathy in judging of others' methods, as, for instance, in regard to Settlement work.

Said a despondent minister: "I had hoped that the failure of the churches to make good would be supplemented by Settlement work. Now, alas, I have placed my hope upon the public schools; manual instruction will develop that truthfulness in character which mathematics and classics have failed to do."

"How about the dishonesty of contractors? Were not they first taught some trade?" asked his friend. The minister smoked in silence.

"Settlement work is all right in

itself," maintains a believer in creed, "only it should be developed from the church as the nucleus of faith, the source of activity." "Not so," answers the college girl or man, "we cannot reach all shades of character, racial and individual, unless the Settlement works independent of any creed, save that of good will, so that Jew, Gentile and Catholic may be drawn into social life."

The purpose of the blighted minister, the zealous church-woman, and the know-it-all collegian is the same unit of service, the same intense desire to be helpful. But the services, methods, by which this unit is shaped into action are myriad and temperamental. The pietist avers that charity covers a multitude of sins. The old-fashioned thinker says, "My dear, you can't get rid of temperament." And the up-to-date, social expert replies jubilantly, "Psychology shows me how to manage other people's temperaments, I myself have not any worth mentioning."

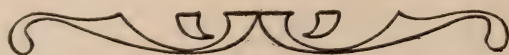
Eager to be of service through our enthusiasm for humanity in general, we yet offer our services as specific acts or methods, to be shaped into conformity with what others think best, for we learn by experience that we cannot always have our own way, and, also, that often another way is better, mortifying as it may be to prove ours only a second best. The comfort is, that if not obstinate, we need not stop working, since we can get along with mystics, symbolists or realists.

Today's trained enthusiast for social welfare, however, accepts neither statistics nor general statements until she has brought them before the bar of her common sense. Why, not any kind of a woman would have been caught in believing as did Lombroso, the Italian specialist in criminology, that

Captain Hobson received ten thousand kisses on one of his trips through the country! Yet the Italian man accepted the humorous newspaper statement as fact and published "A study of osculation, or the kissing mania in the United States."

The same trained enthusiast for service will also recognize that the services of Settlement work are but provisional, until each man's home has become his infallible panacea against restlessness. The pleasures, social good times, etc., of settlements and clubs for those who are what is called "poor," detract from the unity of a home, yet when the home is that of cellar or attic, social life naturally exists outside of it, even though home life among the poorest is better today (because of a more widespread knowledge of cookery through public schools and magazines) than it was twenty years ago. Still the social amenities of such uncomfortable homes do not yet preclude the need for Settlements, only the wise worker in them is careful to emphasize the integrity of home life as eventually more satisfying than the sociability of a Settlement.

Thus is it that each, agreeing service for the world's welfare must be carried on somewhat, somehow, somewhere along the highway of life, varies her contribution to it by the services (methods, creeds, symbolism) with which her service is invested. If one person refuses to endanger her truthfulness by acceptance of symbolism or creed, another will not impoverish her life by lack of them. Temperament rules, and the more fully "social experts" recognize it, and, also, the many-sidedness of truth, the less futile research need there be into other people's convictions and circumstances.



Eccomi! Enrichetta

By Elizabeth G. Bissell

IT was our first venture with il campanello. Whenever the signorine wished anything, had said la padrona, with the air of one who was presenting an Aladdin's lamp, there was il campanello. What we could see of il campanello, the long, thick tasseled cord dangling inertly from the wall, did not look propitious to granting wishes, but there was a wish to be granted somehow.

In the enthusiasm of a first morning in Florence, we had rushed, warm from bed, to hang out our windows; and up the narrow street of rows of gray houses, their green shutters still tightly closed, we looked to the hills of Fiesole, touched lightly during the February night with a film of snow.

Only shivers and a chattering of teeth could bring us back, at last, to our room and The Pig. We flew to it hopefully, the little round iron Pig with the snout that dove upwards into a tiled grate. It did not belie its name. With an obstinacy from which no amount of patient coaxing could dissuade it, The Pig refused to burn. It metamorphosed the cones, those wonders of ignitable power, according to la padrona, from blazing pyrotechnic displays into sad charred masses, and it smoked wilfully, everywhere but in the place it was supposed to, through its snout. Smoke oozed in thick clouds through every pore of its fat body, and we, coughing, weeping, freezing, the last cone gone, the windows open to the brisk air, charged frantically for il campanello.

It rang, rang with more success than we had anticipated; for instantly there rose in the hall a terrifying babble of Italian voices and the sound of rushing feet.

Out of the clamor soared the call

of la padrona, shrilly, "Enrichetta! Enrichetta! The young ladies ring. Va presto! Where are you, then? Enrichetta! Dove sei, dunque?"

There came the answer in a cheerful high-keyed treble, as we heard it so many times afterwards, "Eccomi! Eccomi!" and repeated at our door a moment later, with a timid knock, "Eccomi, signore! Que vogliono Loro?"

She was so tiny and so old looking that visions of Dickens's children leapt before us, to bring the suspicion of a poor, abused little household drudge. Her dress was so poor; her hair was pulled back so tight into a sad little wisp of a braid; her eyes were so brown and serious; and — our hearts ached — her cheeks and hands were so rough and blue. We saw those things first. Then we noticed that she wasn't, anyway, so thin; that her little figure was stocky in the poor dress; that her cheeks were plump, if they were chapped and purple, as a child's ought never to be; and that there was a glint of childish curiosity in her big, solemn eyes, as she stood, taking us in without any doubt, the forestiere.

"Buon giorno, signore! Que vogliono Loro?" she repeated, bringing back her gaze from a quick, flitting survey of the new strange objects in the room to let it rest upon us, our hair, our eyes, our kimonos. Her curiosity grew, centering itself upon our lips with an evident wonder as to whether they were mute or spoke an intelligible language.

There lay the rub! It was our wonder as well as her own; but The Pig smoked and we froze. Necessity drove the cherished words of our frugal vocabulary to a disordered line of battle. "Il fuoco!" we gasped, "il fuoco è — è spento!"

"Ah!" Enrichetta was at the wood-basket, responsibility calling attention to her whole little person. "I pini—non ce ne sono—Aspettino!"

A whisk out of the room, a whisk back with an apron of cones, a whisk to The Pig, and presto! a cone blazed into flames above the blue fingers, was thrust into The Pig, covered with wood, and "Va ora, il fuoco!" exclaims triumphantly Enrichetta. "Nient' altro, signore?"

Could we wish anything else? We were in Florence, The Pig burned, and there was Enrichetta!

But the purple of her cheeks and the purple of her hands! Toasting ourselves in the glowing warmth of the chastised and obedient Pig, we shrank before the discovery of a cruelty that bound her like a little serf of the middle ages. That they should not keep her warm! We had not learned that there was a coldness in Italy that whipped the purple into face and hands. Chilblains were a later experience. La padrona explained.

"Che che! Geloni! Nothing else. One has always geloni. Have le signorine seen the janitor della casa? How terrible he is! Così rosso!"

Yes, Enrichetta was very little, but the work was not hard, went on la padrona. If le signorine knew what she had to do at home in the mountain village where la padrona went in the summer! Her family were contadini; and how those women treated their children, loro proprie creature. Once, when she passed Enrichetta's house, she heard her crying so piteously that she went in. Her mother was beating la poveretta because she had left her prayer-book at church. It was impossible to believe. They said they were their own children and could do with them as it pleased them. And Enrichetta was a good little one. She had grown fat in Florence. If le signorine could believe how thin she was! Dio mio, how she ate! She was

soon to have a new dress, un bel vestito that la Pierina was making. Ah, then Enrichetta's mother would not recognize her!

We started to converse with Enrichetta. Our lessons with la padrona and the Italian theater were beginning to at least give us confidence.

"Eccomi, Enrichetta! Il vassoio. Buon giorno, signore. You have reposed well?" Enrichetta put the tray on the table, arranged the chocolate-pot and plate of toasted panini. Then, with her hands on her hips and her eyes very bright and very, very curious, "Nient' altro, signore?"

"No, thank you, Enrichetta. Have you ever been to school, Enrichetta?"

"Si, signore, un poho" — Enrichetta spoke with the Tuscan accent. "And you? Have you ever been to school?"

We confess gravely that we have, and wonder if Enrichetta can read for us. Certo, if it pleases le signore. There is the story of the "Rescue of la bambola" in her schoolbook in the kitchen. We were right. Enrichetta is really a little eleven-year-old girl, with all a little girl's enthusiasm about little girl things; and we are thrilling with her over the ragged child's rescue of the doll from the puddle, when —

"Enrichetta! Enrichetta! Dove sei, dunque? Vieni! Il posto!" and "Eccomi! Eccomi!" cries Enrichetta, flying into the hall. There hangs the basket, which she lowers on its string from the fourth floor to the pian terreno, where the letter-carrier fills it with mail for Casa Pellegrini.

Enrichetta pulls up the basket slowly so nothing will fall out. "Vengo!" she responds to the demands of la padrona and la padrona's daughters, and le forestiere, "Eccomi! signora. Eccomi! signore!"

But to see Enrichetta in the glory of her position in the Pellegrin household, one had to spend an afternoon in the kitchen and watch the artichokes

cook. It was Olga, the cook with the curly black hair, tucked up skirts, and carpet slippers over her shoes to keep away the geloni—for the stone floor of the kitchen was as cold as a glacier,—who prepared i carcioffi. There was a new recipe discovered by la padrona. Fried artichokes had already won us over to Italian cooking; the signora prophesied she would strengthen our faith. Cleaned, quartered and put into a dish of water, they were consigned to the stove—and Enrichetta. What could the stove do without Enrichetta? The carcioffi sat passively in cold water on one of the holes in top of the square stone stove. Under them was heaped a bed of coals; and the carboni glowed sullenly, turning black on the edges. Olga stooped to look in upon them through the grated square opening in front of the stove. "Enrichetta!" she called. "Vieni! I carboni! Subito!"

With an "Eccomi! Eccomi!" Enrichetta appears with il ventaglio, takes her stand before the stove and begins to fan i carboni. Then all at once the kitchen is changed into a vero inferno. The stove erupts in a blaze of infernal viciousness; red sparks shoot upward in revengeful flight to the ceiling and out to the four corners of the room; a cloud of soot rains down upon the table, stove and floor. Between blinks, one sees Enrichetta, a little brown imp, her eyes and earrings gleaming mischievously, her tight little pigtail waving as she fans i carboni.

And i carboni come to life with a steady glow, the water boils, the artichokes grow juicy and tender. That night, at the table, Enrichetta passes the new dish with the solemnity of a king's page. Our patriotism must rise in defense of our favorite asparagus; but there are the carcioffi, chopped fine and melting with a delicious cream sauce, fanned into wonderful palatability by Enrichetta. A national prej-

udice cannot live, we confess, to the delight of la padrona.

One day Enrichetta comes to our door with la padrona's scaldino to beg some live coals. Two lire and a half a basket for wood is too much to warrant la padrona's keeping an active Pig of her own.

"You have diverted yourselves last evening al teatro, signore?"

We glance up from our Baedeker in which we have been too absorbed to notice an unusual flutter, and our gaze rests upon a new Enrichetta, an Enrichetta transfigured by a new apron and—wonder of wonders!—a short crop of wavy, thick brown hair.

"Is it not beautiful, il grembiule?" she demands. Her eyes dance with pleasure. "Le signorine Pierina and Tina have made it for me. Are they not good? And it has two pockets!"

"But, Enrichetta!" we gasp, "your hair! What has happened? Que bei capelli!"

"It pleases the signorine?" smiles Enrichetta, contentedly. "Piace anche a me! It gave annoyance to la Signorina Pierina to arrange it. It goes better cosi, a l'inglese."

Whether Enrichetta has lost any of her picturesqueness is beside the question; she has gained a piece of her birthright; she is a child instead of a little, old woman. Not even a little Italian scullery maid can look very ancient in a gay English crop and a new striped apron with pockets! When la padrona reminds her from the other end of the hall that she must hurry to the macellaio's at the corner, she lingers to put a diminutive ivory duck on the back of a silver donkey in our menagerie upon the table before she answers slowly, "Ecco mi, signora! Vengo subito!"

So Enrichetta being a little girl, there came to us the idea of the excursion. In our reminiscences of childish joys rose ice cream as a conspic-

uous feature. "È buono, signore? inquired Enrichetta, with polite passivity, when we mentioned it to her. It was evident that she must have her first experience under our supervision, and when la padrona wondered whom she could send to chaperon la Pierina home from school, since neither she nor Olga could conveniently go, we said, "Why not we—and Enrichetta to carry her books?"

We started out down Via Niccolini, Enrichetta in her new apron, bare-headed, her earrings shining in her crop of hair, a gay shawl over her shoulders. In the piazza of Santa Annunziata there were the bambini of Lucca della Robbia to look at silently. It was the first time that Enrichetta had been further than Pietro Piano, where she went with Olga to buy bombolini, since she had come to Florence from the village in the mountains.

Emerging from Via dei Servi, we skirt the cathedral to the piazza and stop by the Baptistery. Enrichetta has insisted upon keeping at a discreet distance behind us. "Eccomi!" she cries, as we search for her in the crowd that eyes us curiously, le Americane in their tailored suits and veiled hats, and the little bareheaded contadina with the bright shawl over her shoulders. "Oh, come è bello, il Duomo!" she murmurs, clasping her hands dramatically, "Come è bella, Firenze!"

La Pierina is waiting for us with her schoolbooks in her arms, and we proceed straightway to Gilli's up Via Cerretani to crowded Via Calzolaio, where Enrichetta gazes breathlessly into shop

windows, and on to Piazza Vittorio Emanuele.

We find a table in front of the big mirrors. Enrichetta sits upright and dignified. Il cameriere bites his lips as he bends above us for his order.

Arrived the quattro gelati and the plate of paste, Enrichetta's dignity increases. We take up our spoons and dip them into the ice. She studies our movements, watches our faces for enlightenment concerning the emotions the strange dish will evoke.

"But why do you not eat? Non fanale!" exclaims la Pierina a bit impatiently. "It does not hurt! Mangia, mangia!"

Enrichetta gathers courage, dips her spoon, shaves a bit of ice, and carries it carefully to her mouth. As the spoon disappears from her line of vision, her eyes open wide with wonder and anxiety.

The ice slips off the spoon upon her tongue. Her eyes grow rounder. It slips again; her throat contracts, and all at once an expression of absolute bliss steals over her face.

"Come è freddo!" she murmurs, as though in a dream. The hand with the spoon is still poised in the air. Her look is far away and shining with the surprise of a wonderful discovery.

"Enrichetta!" laughs la Pierina.

"Eccomi!" Enrichetta comes back slowly with the rapt gaze of one who has looked into Paradise.

"Ti piace?" demands la Pierina.

"È buono, davvero!" smiles Enrichetta, and dips her spoon deep into the gelato.

NEO-PLATONISM is a progressive philosophy, and does not expect to state final conditions to men whose minds are finite. Life is an unfoldment, and the further we

travel, the more truth we can comprehend. To understand the things that are at our door is the best preparation for understanding those that lie beyond.—HYPATIA.

Diet and Endurance

By Jean Williams, M.D.

(Concluded from November Number)

IT has also been proven that combustion is retarded, when the blood is loaded with uric acid and kindred irritants, and perfect oxidation is one of the most important contributing factors to our sense of well-being and power of endurance.

Careful experiment has shown that certain foods tend to the accumulation in our systems of these irritating substances so diverse in their methods of making their presence known. The worst of these foods are, in the opinion of Dr. Alexander Haig, — one of the most extensive and careful investigators along this line, — beef, mutton, lamb, veal, liver, kidney, tea and coffee. Of course beef tea, meat extracts and soups contain a concentrated supply, hence their stimulating power, for the first effect of uric acid and its related poisons is to stimulate.

Tea and coffee demand a little extra attention. You will immediately see that they are not highly nitrogenous foods and may wonder that they should appear in the list; but they are peculiarly bad, in that they carry to the system the poison with no compensating nutriment. The active principles of coffee and tea, caffeine and thein, are so closely related to uric acid that they may be considered identical, so far as their effect upon the system is concerned; their first effect is one of stimulation, but secondarily they always act as depressants; they force nature to be unduly extravagant of nerve energy and, in addition to this, so increase the sum total of poison to be excreted that, in many people a little below par and those in delicate health, the eliminating organs are overtaxed and a store of retained poison is gradually accumulated.

Tea and coffee are excellent stimulants, and as such they are valuable for occasional or very moderate use; but as common and liberally used articles of diet they are most active enemies of good health.

It is quite true that there are countless outdoor workers who have eliminative power equal to almost any diet, but there are also thousands of individuals who could lay hold of new life, could they but grasp the truth that in a great measure they might control their destiny, if they could intelligently learn to control their diet.

In closing, I would call attention to the great modern lesson in dietetics taught the civilized world by the Japanese army. The Japanese have proven themselves to be one of the strongest races, mentally and physically, yet meat is practically eliminated from their diet. Their wonderful endurance is an excellent argument for those scientists who have long pointed out to a scornful public that such advantage was to be obtained from a non-meat diet.

Among the very poor of Japan the diet consists almost entirely of rice; but those who are slightly better off eat fish, eggs, vegetables and fruit. Weak tea is their favorite beverage, with the exception of water, of which they drink most freely, an individual commonly consuming one gallon per day.

I cannot hope, nor do I wish, to make my readers strict vegetarians; but if I have thrown out a few facts that will lead them further to investigate this question and, perhaps, meet abnormal physical conditions with a more scientific modification of diet than heretofore, I shall have accomplished my purpose.

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POWER OF LIVING WASTED

THE tendency of the age is to the full utilization of all the powers of industry. No workman can afford to use poor tools, or practise out-of-date methods. Within a few decades the conveniences of life and labor-saving devices have multiplied almost beyond human comprehension. By means of modern appliances the effectiveness of a single individual, both physically and mentally, has been most wonderfully expanded. All waste of time, energy or substance, we have come to know, leads to naught save distress and decay.

In every line of endeavor the conservation of power of every kind and character is the *sine qua non* to the

most successful achievement. None of our powers are to be trifled with or let run to waste. On this subject a writer in the *Christian Register* recently admonishes his readers thus:

"More of the power of living is wasted in useless excitements and irritations than is used in regular work or profitable pleasure. Men are like steam engines which waste nine-tenths of the energy generated in the boiler. The electric dynamo is said to be nearly perfect. Ninety-five per cent of the power is utilized. When men learn to use power in economical ways, life will be longer, happier and more complete. All anger that does no righteous work burns out the machine without advantage. A grudge nursed and gratified eats out the temper of the mind and makes one unfit for good work. Envy is canker. Jealousy corrodes and destroys. Discontent wears out the mind without doing anything. Vain longing wastes as much nervous force as a heavy task. Emotion excited to no purpose, sympathy which has no object, desire that leads nowhere, and all active impulses which have no end are injurious wastes of energy. Life is not long enough to be spent in any form of malice, uncharitableness, evil speaking or evil thinking. Such things waste power, and leave one weary with the effort without compensation.

"All work which crosses the track of conscience promotes unrest. Work which one has to make allowances for, and which puts him on the defensive with his own conscience, is wearisome. To rest well, one must be on good terms with himself. If apologies are necessary, it is not possible to have an idle mind. Specters and forms of evil omen haunt the mind of the untruthful man. The effort to keep up appearances with one's self is one of the most fatiguing of tasks. For there are no quiet, restful moments when 'the conscience, like a sea at rest,' reflects the heavens, and

in its own peaceful depths gives back the images of the stars."

DIETING AND EXERCISE

DIETING and exercise for women and the benefits of swimming to improve the figure was the subject of a lecture given recently by Annette Kellerman at the Boston Theatre before a large audience of women. Miss Kellerman said, in part:

"It seems to be a general impression that whenever a girl or woman takes up athletics she abandons her feminine ways and undertakes to look masculine, and others are afraid to take up athletics on account of muscular development. Now, I maintain that any woman can take up athletics and still remain feminine and artistic.

"Of course, sometimes athletics tend to make a woman muscular, but with the right exercise this is easily overcome.

"Now, the main point is, of course, exercise. Second is dieting. It seems remarkable that many women complain of their weight and can't seem to understand it. They live an easy life, eat and drink just whatever they please, regardless of the harm it does. I have always noticed, there has never been an exception, that while in a restaurant some women will eat and drink to excess.

"Now, of course, no woman can be right physically if she doesn't choose her food. They seem to take it as a matter of fact, while others do not indulge in that way, but go in more for exercise. The first thing a girl does after taking up athletics is to adopt a masculine appearance, walk and action. Now, I think that is all wrong, for no matter how much of an athlete a girl may be, she should never forget that she is a woman.

"Another thing I want to speak of is dieting. In order to be in good physical condition you must sacrifice little pleas-

ures in the way of eating. It may be interesting to you to know that I seldom eat meat. I am not a vegetarian by any means, but, regardless of all theories, I maintain that the less meat you eat the more perfect will be your health and strength. The only time I eat meat is before taking a long swim, and this merely to add weight instead of strength.

"I will give you an example of how my meals are taken. On arising in the morning the first thing I do is to take a lemon in a glass of hot water. I never miss a morning without my lemon and hot water. It is without doubt the healthiest drink, far better than breakfast coffee or plain hot water. I have never missed this drink for the last four years. If you will try this, you will find, much to your surprise, how refreshing it is, and in a week's time you will feel like a new woman. Nothing but just lemon and hot water. After that I exercise twenty minutes.

"At noon time I eat my first and best meal of the day. My meal consists of vegetables and sometimes oysters. Of course, there may be a lot of women who could not get along without meat, but just try it and, after a while you will see how easy it is to enjoy a meal without meat.

"In the matter of drinking — time and again I have gone into a restaurant and noticed women drinking beer, wine, etc. Of course, I do not say that it is wrong for a woman to drink, but she should choose her liquor as well as her food. They do not feel the effects until later on, then they begin to grow fat, begin to complain, and can't imagine the reason why. That is why I say by sacrificing yourself a little before you will gain so much after.

"Another thing, never eat anything before retiring. If you are very hungry, take a biscuit and hot water — by that I mean one of those little crackers — and you will find that you will sleep much better and feel much better the

next day, for a healthy body always has a healthy mind."

Miss Kellerman attributes her most perfect physical condition to swimming, which she regards as the greatest of all exercises, and yet she declares the only place to learn swimming is in a natorium or swimming school.

Now, it is quite evident that swimming is a form of exercise impracticable to most people. Comparatively few women, especially, can avail themselves habitually of this athletic accomplishment. But everybody can walk, and walking is regarded by many as the most natural and wholesome kind of exercise. In these days, when health is being sought more and more through proper diet and exercise in the open air, it is the part of wisdom for woman to keep abreast with the thought of the day and make the most of her time and opportunities. Faithful in a few things, she may become ruler over many things.

FRENCH HUSBANDS AND WIVES

THE French husband is proud of his wife. She is an ornament to his home, a valued possession. He does not grudge her the money for her well-selected toilet; he advises and assists and encourages her to the best of his masculine ability.

As she sallies forth on his arm he is pleased to think she belongs to him, and watches with satisfaction the admiring glances bestowed on her by the passers-by. The Englishman never knows when his wife wears a new dress, and is always begging her to dress in black or in white muslin (simplicity is so charming), recking little that good black and good white that will look well are quite the most expensive style of dress possible. The Englishwoman rushes to sales, buys innumerable summer clothes, slightly soiled, in the autumn and winter, garments a little faded in the spring. She lays in a

stock of useless bargains, ribbons and silks of all colors, cloaks that do not match, hats quite unsuitable, and all sorts of snippets and odds and ends, incongruous, jarring or grotesque, in the hope of fitting them in, in the future, believing fondly that she is thus saving her money.

The Frenchwoman, on the contrary, sits down and counts the cost; plans out her clothes according to a scheme of color; one year perhaps she prefers blue, the next green, but whichever it may be all is in harmony, every lace, trimming and embroidery complete in itself. She will get all the little accessories for her dainty toilet, the collars, the ties, the sashes, at the same time, knowing that in these trifling details the supreme taste and individuality of the woman reveal themselves. It is all a question of degree. The smart woman has more toilets, a greater variety of costumes, but the same severe eclecticism applies to all. The Frenchwoman would as soon dress at haphazard, or wear a bodice that did not fit and a skirt that did not hang, as she would give up her pretty coquettousness, her grace of movement, her supreme "coquetterie de femme." — LADY VIOLET GREVILLE in the *London Chronicle*.

SERVIAN PROVERBS

SOME of the Servian proverbs are interesting. One is, "What is taken by force or unjustly is cursed." Others are as follows: "God does not settle His accounts with men every Saturday, but the day comes on which He settles them"; "Where big bells ring, the little bells are not heard"; "Boast to a stranger, complain only to a friend"; and "In evil days the man shows what he is." Another of their sayings, "The fools build the houses, the wise men buy them when they are ready," would probably be reversed in this country.



DIVINITY FUDGE CAKE. (See page 239)

Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

IN all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. When flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or a teaspoonful of any designated material is a *level* spoonful of such material.

Creamlette Corn Soup

CUT a peeled onion and half a green or red pepper, from which the seeds have been taken, in slices. Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan; add the onion and pepper with two outside stalks of celery (with leaves), cut in pieces, and stir and cook until the vegetables are softened; add a quart of broth or boiling water and a soup bag and let simmer half an hour, then press through a sieve, pressing through as much of the vegetables as is possible. Return to the fire with a can of creamlette corn, to become very hot. Melt one-fourth a cup of butter; in it cook one-fourth a cup of flour and a teaspoonful of salt, then add three cups of milk and stir until

boiling; add to the corn mixture and stir until the boiling point is again reached. A cup of tomato purée may be used in place of one cup of the milk; it gives a pleasant change. Add to the corn mixture the last thing, let boil up once, then serve without delay.

Consommé Adelina

For eight plates prepare two quarts of consommé, half a cup of cooked peas (canned at this season), half a cup of carrot balls or dice (size of peas), and eight small chestnut timbales. Wash and drain the peas; cook the carrot in boiling water or broth and the timbales in the usual manner (on folds of paper and surrounded with hot water). Let all be

hot and carefully drained when set into the plates of soup, or, if the soup is served at the table or side table, have the soup in the tureen, the vegetables and timbales, covered with a little of the hot consommé, in a vegetable dish.

Chestnut Timbales for Consommé

Boil shelled-and-blanchéd chestnuts till tender, drain, mash, and press through a sieve; to half a cup of purée add half a cup of cream, scant half teaspoonful of salt, a grating of nutmeg, if liked, and the yolks of four eggs, beaten light; mix thoroughly

above and in the center of the potatoes turn one cup of smoked halibut, picked in tiny bits, cover and let cook until the potatoes are tender. Drain the water from the dish and mash the potatoes and fish very thoroughly. Add pepper and a very little salt. Beat one egg; add a little of the mixture and when well blended beat into the rest of the mixture. Shape into balls, pressing the mixture lightly into shape. Fry, five at a time, in deep fat. Use a frying basket. Drain on soft paper, and serve at once. The balls should assume a delicate amber color in about two minutes.



SOME DELICACIES FROM THE SEA

and turn into very small moulds, or divide the mixture among eight larger moulds. Let cook as above. When firm in the center unmold and keep hot in broth, if there be any delay in serving. For a more elaborate timbale decorate the mould with figures cut from sliced truffles.

Smoked Halibut Balls

Pare and cut into quarters enough small potatoes to make one pint, wash thoroughly and put into a saucepan; pour in boiling water to come nearly to the top of the potatoes;

Shrimp Salad

Fresh or canned shrimps may be used for this salad. If canned shrimps be used, cover them with cold water, let stand two or three minutes, then drain and dry on a cloth. Reserve a whole shrimp for each service, and pick the rest into two or three pieces, each, discarding the intestinal vein. Mix the pieces of shrimp with mayonnaise or cooked dressing and dispose in nests of lettuce. Garnish with the whole shrimps and a few capers, and serve at once.

Cooked Salad Dressing

Beat the yolks of two eggs very light; add half a teaspoonful, each, of salt and sugar, one-fourth a teaspoon-

pronounced, then beat in two table-spoonfuls of butter and set aside to chill. When ready to serve fold in one-third a cup of double cream, beaten solid. Remove the dressing



SMOKED HALIBUT BALLS

ful, each, of mustard and paprika and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar or lemon juice; set the dish into another containing boiling water and stir constantly while the mixture thickens; remove from the water and let stand on the table while the white of one egg is beaten dry; turn the beaten white into the mixture and return the dish

from the hot water before the butter is added. Beat in the butter, a little at a time. The butter may be omitted, when the quantity of cream may be increased to half a cup. This dressing may be used in any salad in place of mayonnaise. When it is to be used for fruit, use lemon juice instead of vinegar.



SHRIMP SALAD

to the hot water while the two are folded together; continue the cooking and folding until the whole is very hot and the smell of the vinegar very

Ham-and-Cheese Savory

Melt two (level) tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook two tablespoonfuls

of flour, and one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika, then add one cup of thin cream or rich milk and stir constantly until boiling; add half a cup of grated cheese and stir until melted, then add one cup of cooked ham, chopped fine; mix thoroughly and let stand over hot water until the whole is very hot. Serve on toasted crackers.

Creamlette Corn Omelet

Beat three eggs until a full spoonful can be taken up; add half a tablespoonful of fine-chopped green or red pepper,

Roast Spareribs of Pork

Select a piece from young pork. If not too fat the ribs need not be trimmed, though the term "spare" would indicate that the skin and a layer of fat had been removed from the ribs. If the skin be left, score it for cutting in slices; this is easily done with a thin sharp knife. Dredge with salt, pepper and flour and set to cook in a very moderate oven; let cook twenty minutes for each pound, basting every fifteen minutes with the dripping in the pan. To be whole-



ROAST SPARERIBS OF PORK

half a teaspoonful of grated onion, half a teaspoonful of salt, three level tablespoonfuls of creamlette corn and two tablespoonfuls of milk or water, and mix thoroughly. Melt a tablespoonful of butter in an omelet pan; tilt the pan to butter the surface thoroughly, then turn in the mixture, and shake the pan on the hot stove lid, tilting it to let the uncooked mixture run down onto the pan. When the egg is set, roll the omelet and turn it onto a hot platter.

some, pork must be thoroughly cooked. If set to cook in too hot an oven, the outside will become seared over before the heat has penetrated the meat and the center will not be thoroughly cooked. Serve with apple sauce.

Squash Fried in Deep Fat

Pare the squash, remove the seeds, and cut into small pieces about two inches square. Have a kettle of fat about as hot as for frying doughnuts; put in the squash, leaving a little

space between the pieces; let cook about half an hour or until tender. Skim from the fat to soft paper, dredge lightly with salt and serve at once. The fat will bubble during the cooking, but the squash will absorb no fat.

Squash Biscuit

Scald one cup and a half of milk; soften half a cake of compressed yeast in the half cup of milk, cooled to a lukewarm temperature. To the cup of milk add a cup of cooked-and-strained squash, half a cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth a

thick; cut into rounds, and when doubled in bulk bake about twenty-five minutes. When nearly baked brush the top of the biscuits with cornstarch paste, dredge with granulated sugar and return to the oven. The recipe will make about two dozen biscuits. These are of soft, creamy texture and a golden color. They are recommended for a change. To make the paste, dilute two teaspoonfuls of cornstarch with a little cold water, then pour on nearly a cup of boiling water and stir until boiling. Let simmer until ready to use.



PLUM PUDDING, ST. GEORGE. HARD AND LIQUID SAUCES

cup of melted shortening, the milk in which the yeast was mixed, and enough bread flour to make a soft dough. It will take about five cups of flour. Knead the dough until smooth and elastic, adding as little flour as possible. Cover and let stand in a temperature of about 60° Fah. till morning. If the dough be set to rise in a temperature of about 70° Fah., and this temperature be retained for two or three hours, no harm will come to the dough if, later on, the thermometer goes down to 50° Fah. In the morning turn the dough upside down onto a board lightly dredged with flour, and roll into a sheet three-fourths an inch

Plum Pudding, St. George

Chop fine half a pound of kidney suet (beef); add half a pound of seeded raisins, one-fourth a pound of cleaned currants, one-fourth a pound of figs, cut in thin slices; one-fourth a pound of blanched almonds, chopped fine; half a pound of sugar, mixed with one teaspoonful, each, of salt, cinnamon and mace, and half a pound (scant weight) of sifted bread crumbs. With the hands mix all together thoroughly; add one-third a cup of flour and mix again; then stir in three eggs, beaten and mixed with one cup of milk. Turn into a buttered mould, cover

closely and let steam about four hours. A mould holding two quarts will be needed. Serve with hard or liquid sauce or with both.



LOAF OF BISCUIT D'EPERNAY. TEA PRETZELS

Liquid Sauce for Plum Pudding

Boil two cups of sugar and one cup of water six or eight minutes; stir in three level teaspoonfuls of arrowroot, mixed with a little cold water, and let simmer five or six minutes, then add half a cup of candied cherries, cut in halves, and one-fourth a cup of blanched pistachio nuts, cut in quarters. Flavor to taste.

Hard Sauce for Plum Pudding

Beat one cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in two cups of sugar, and when very light beat in the whites of one or two eggs, beaten dry. Dispose on a flat dish and grate a little nutmeg over it.



SHAPING TEA PRETZELS.

Tea Pretzels

Beat one-third a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in one-fourth a

cup of sugar, then one egg, beaten without separating the white and yolk, and one cup and a half of pastry flour. Cover the dough and let it remain in a

cool place for one hour. Break off small pieces of the dough, knead to a smooth mass, then roll under the hands to the shape of a bread stick, about as thick as a round lead pencil; bring the ends towards the middle of the dough, pressing them onto it about an inch apart, forming two rings, then set on a baking tin, one

ring overlapping the other. Brush with a beaten egg, diluted with a little milk, and press blanched-and-sliced almonds onto the dough. Bake in a moderate oven.

Biscuits d'Epernay

Beat the whites of seven eggs dry and the yolks till light colored and thick; into the yolks gradually beat one cup of sugar, the grated rind of a lemon and two tablespoonfuls of fine-chopped or grated almonds; fold in half the whites of the eggs, then one cup of sifted pastry flour, the other half of the egg-whites and one-fourth a cup of melted butter. Bake in small fancy tins, well buttered. This cake may also be baked in a sponge cake pan.

In serving break into pieces, at the table, with two forks.

Choice Cream Caramels, with Pecan Nuts

Put one pound (two cups) of granulated sugar, one pound (one cup and a half) of corn syrup, half a pound (one cup) of but-

ter and one cup of cream over the fire. Stir and cook until the mass boils throughout, then stir in gradually—so as not to stop the boil-

ing—a second cup of cream. Boil to 250° Fah. by the sugar thermometer, stirring every three or four minutes. Stir in a cup of pecan nut meats and a teaspoonful of vanilla and turn into two brick-shaped bread pans. When nearly cold cut in cubes and roll the cubes in waxed paper. At 250° Fah. the candy when tested in cold water may be worked to a firm ball.

impress of the pictures upon the dough; cut apart the little squares with a sharp knife and set aside, on a board lightly



SPRINGERLE

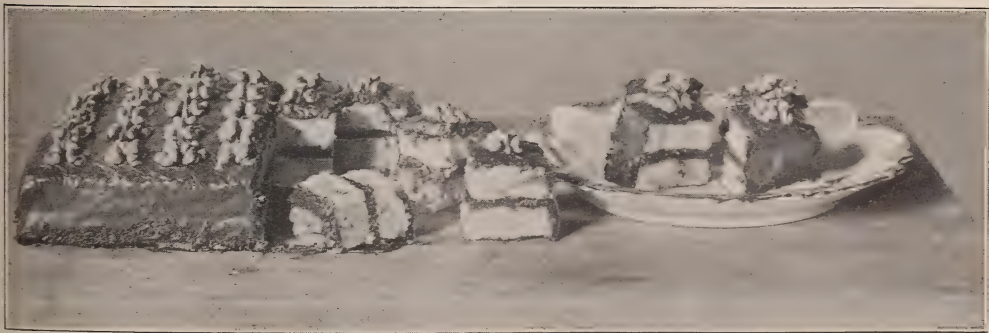
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Beat the yolks of two eggs until light colored and thick, the whites of two eggs until dry, then beat together; add the grated rind of half a lemon, and, gradually, half a pound (one cup) of granulated sugar; sift together half a pound (two cups) of flour, half a level teaspoonful of baking powder and a few grains of salt, then stir into the eggs and sugar. Knead the dough and cover closely; let chill two hours or longer, then roll, a small piece at a time, into a sheet about one-fourth an

floured, till the next day. In the morning transfer the cakes to buttered tins sprinkled with anise seed, and bake in a rather slow oven. The cakes will be whitish on top and yellow on the bottom, a few anise seeds should adhere to the bottom of each cake. These delicious little cakes are rather hard, but may be made softer, if one desires, by storing them in a closed earthen jar.

Divinity Fudge Cake

Beat half a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat into it one cup and a



WHITE CAKE, CHOCOLATE FROSTING. (See page 246)

inch thick; with a very fine sieve dust the dough lightly with flour, then press a wooden springerle mould down very hard upon the dough, to leave a perfect

half of sifted brown sugar. Beat the yolks of two eggs, then beat in half a cup of sifted brown sugar and beat the two together; add four ounces of

chocolate melted over hot water; pour half a cup of hot water into the chocolate dish, rinse thoroughly and add with half a cup of sour milk, to the egg and butter mixture, alternately, with two cups and a half of sifted flour, sifted again with one level teaspoonful of soda. Flavor with vanilla, and beat in the whites of two eggs beaten dry. Have ready three layer cake pans; put mixture into two of these, leaving one-third of it in the bowl; to this add half a teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-fourth a teaspoonful of cloves and half a cup of chopped raisins, and French fruit (softened in hot water if needed); beat thoroughly and turn into the third tin. Put the layers together and cover the outside with Divinity frosting. Decorate the top with a wreath of cherries cut in pieces or with small red candies.

Divinity Frosting

Boil two cups of sugar (either granulated, brown or maple), half a cup of Karo corn syrup and half a cup of water, until a rather firm soft ball is formed when the syrup is tested in

cold water. Pour in a fine stream onto the whites of two eggs, beaten dry, beating constantly meanwhile. Beat occasionally until cold; add one cup of pecan nut meats, broken in pieces, one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt, and four cooked figs, cut in thin slices. Flavor to taste.

Steamed Marmalade Pudding

Mix together one cup, each, of stale bread crumbs (not dried), flour sifted with three level teaspoonfuls of baking powder and fine-chopped suet; add one-third a cup of sugar and one cup of orange marmalade. Beat three eggs very light; add three-fourths a teaspoonful of salt and one cup of milk. Stir the liquid into the dry ingredients. Steam three hours in a mould, closely covered. Leave plenty of room in the mould for the pudding to swell. Serve with hard or liquid sauce.

Marshmallow Marguerites

Take any variety of thin, unsweetened cracker, spread lightly with butter and set in a baking pan; on the center of each cracker dispose a marsh-



mallow, with a bit of butter above,—the butter may be omitted,—put the pan into a hot oven until the marsh-mallow is softened and browned a little, then serve at once.

English Tea Cakes

Sift together one cup and a half of flour, half a cup of sugar, scant half a teaspoonful of salt and two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder; with the tips of the fingers work in half a cup of butter; add half a cup of currants. Beat one egg (take out a tablespoonful of egg and set aside to glaze the top of the cakes), add about two tablespoonfuls of milk and mix the dry ingredients to a dough. With the hands roll the dough into balls the size of an English walnut. Set the balls in a buttered pan, some distance apart, brush over the tops with the egg, dredge with sugar and bake in a quick oven. Serve hot or cold with tea or cocoa. The recipe makes about fifteen cakes.

Burnt Leather Cake

Quite a large number of recipes for this cake have been received. All are very similar; variations in the quantity of flour and caramel are the principal differences. After making the cake we decided that the recipe sent by Mrs. Guck of Calumet, Mich., was the one with which our subscribers were most likely to succeed. It is as follows: Stir and cook one cup of brown sugar over a quick fire till it becomes rich, dark-brown caramel; add half a cup of cold water and let boil four or five minutes. Then set aside for use. Beat half a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in one cup and a half of granulated sugar, then the well-beaten yolks of two eggs, one cup of lukewarm water and two cups of sifted flour. Beat five minutes; add three tablespoonfuls of the caramel syrup, one teaspoonful of vanilla extract, four level teaspoonfuls of baking powder,

sifted with half a cup of flour, and, lastly, the whites of three eggs, beaten to a stiff froth. Bake in layer cake pans in a quick oven. (The cake batter seems very thin, but, if more flour be added, the cake will crack open. — EDITOR.) For filling and frosting boil one cup of sugar and four tablespoonfuls of water to a syrup that will spin a thread about three inches in length; pour in a fine stream onto the whites of two eggs, beaten dry; add a tablespoonful of the caramel syrup and a teaspoonful of vanilla. Beat occasionally until cold. (We would suggest using the white of one large egg rather than the whites of two in making the frosting, also the boiling of the caramel syrup with the sugar and water. — EDITOR.)

Crème de Menthe

(By Request)

Chop enough spearmint to fill a pint fruit jar, putting the mint in loosely. Put in alcohol of the best grade, to completely cover the mint. Put on a rubber, and screw down the cover. Let it stand for three or four days. Then strain through a doubled cheese cloth. Make a syrup by boiling a quart of sugar and a pint of water five minutes, skim and let cool. While still warm, but not hot, mix with the mint mixture an equal measure of the syrup. Then bottle, and set aside in a cool, dry place. To use after a luncheon party, partly fill tiny cordial glasses with shaved ice, and pour over each from one teaspoonful to one tablespoonful of the crème de menthe. Pass in the library or reception room on doily-covered plates holding after-dinner coffeespoons.

This cordial is particularly fine flavored; nothing better can be secured for flavoring the Turkish mint paste given in the October issue of the magazine. The paste is popular at luncheon and dinner parties.

Menus for a Week in December

"It is a good rule to dine out once a week, since variety in food is a sort of amusement. Re-creation must be favored by change of thought, by amusements, as we term the brain-resting class of occupations."—MRS. RICHARDS.

SUNDAY	Breakfast Broiled Bacon Delmonico Potatoes. Fried Apples Fried Corn-Meal Mush Cereal Coffee Dinner Chicken Broth with Celery, Rice, etc. Fillet of Beef, Roasted Scalloped Potatoes, Canned String Beans Endive and Bananas, French Dressing Pumpkin Pie (reheated), Cream Cheese Half Cups of Coffee Supper Ham-and-Cheese Savory Toasted Crackers. Canned Fruit Marshmallow Marguerites. Tea	Breakfast Gluten Grits, Cream Corned Beef Potato-and-Red Pepper Hash Baking Powder Biscuit Cereal Coffee Dinner Fresh or Salt Mackerel, Baked in Milk Mashed Potatoes. Buttered Beets Apple Pie, Fritters or Dumplings Cheese. Half Cups of Coffee Supper Stewed Lima Beans. Bread and Butter Winter Pears, Baked Chocolate Nut Cake Cocoa. Tea	WEDNESDAY	
	Breakfast Oatmeal, Cream Creamlette Corn Omelet Buttered Toast Grapefruit Marmalade. Cereal Coffee Dinner Cream-of-Celery Soup Cold Fillet of Beef, Sliced Thin, Hot Brown Sauce Baked Sweet Potatoes Canned Beet Salad. Queen of Puddings Half Cups of Coffee Supper Cream Toast. Smoked Halibut Apple Sauce Baked in Bean Pot Cream Sponge Cake. Tea	Breakfast Corn Meal Mush, Rich Milk Country Sausage. Fried Apples Delmonico Potatoes Bread-Crumb Griddlecakes Honey. Cereal Coffee Dinner Roast Spareribs of Pork. Apple Sauce Squash Fried in Deep Fat Mashed Potatoes. Cabbage Salad Rice Pudding with Raisins Half Cups of Coffee Supper Oyster Stew. Cranberry Sauce Bread and Butter Parker House Rolls		
	Breakfast Smoked Halibut Fish Balls Tomato Catsup Dry Toast. Corn Meal Muffins Cereal Coffee Dinner Corned Beef. Boiled Turnips Boiled Potatoes. Boiled Cabbage Baked Indian Pudding (with Sweet Apples) Cream. Half Cups of Coffee Supper Creamlette Corn Soup. Toasted Crackers Squash Biscuit (reheated) Hot Apple Sauce English Tea Cakes. Tea	Breakfast Cereal, Thin Cream Hamburg Steak, Maitre d'Hôtel Butter French Fried Potatoes Parker House Rolls (reheated) Cereal Coffee Dinner Slices or Fillets of Fish, Baked, with Bread Dressing, Drawn Butter Sauce Boiled Onions, Buttered. Lettuce, French Dressing. Nut Ice Cream (frozen with Snow or Home Made Ice) English Tea Cakes. Half Cups of Coffee Supper Lettuce-and-Fish Salad. Beaten Biscuit Stewed Figs, Cream. Cereal Coffee		
MONDAY	Breakfast Cereal, Thin Cream Cold Ribs of Roast Pork Baked Potatoes Spider Corn Cake Cereal Coffee	Dinner Chicken Pie Glazed Sweet Potatoes Apple-and-Celery Salad Ribbon Pudding (White and Chocolate) Raspberry Jam Half Cups of Coffee	Supper Shrimps in Cream Sauce Boiled Rice Zwieback Cereal Coffee	THURSDAY
TUESDAY				FRIDAY
SATURDAY				

Economical Menus for a Week in December

(FAMILY OF FOUR)

"Exercise properly taken means a keener appetite and permits less expensive food."

—MRS. RICHARDS.

SUNDAY

Breakfast

Cereal, Top Milk
Smoked Halibut Fish Balls
Chopped Beets (reheated and buttered)
Bread-Crumb Griddlecakes
Cereal Coffee

Dinner

Roast Spareribs of Pork, Apple Sauce
Mashed Potatoes. Squash
Cabbage Salad
Steamed Prune Pudding
(Cooked Prunes in place of Marmalade)
Hard Sauce. Coffee

Supper

Hot Boiled Rice, Milk. Bread and
Butter. Cottage Cheese. Apple Sauce

Breakfast

Boiled or Baked Potatoes
Country Sausage, Apple Sauce
Fried Corn-Meal Mush
Cereal Coffee

Dinner

Fresh or Salted Fish, Boiled
Drawn Butter Sauce. Boiled Potatoes
Boiled Onions. Boiled Squash
Apple Pie. Cheese
Coffee

Supper

Creamlette Corn Chowder
Bread and Butter
Gingerbread
Tea

WEDNESDAY

MONDAY

Breakfast

Oatmeal, Top Milk
Mashed Potato Cakes, Fried
Smoked Beef. Dry Toast
Cereal Coffee

Dinner

Round Steak, Cooked in Bean Pot
(Potatoes, Onion, Carrot)
Celery Hearts
Baked Apple-Tapioca Pudding
Cheese. Cookies. Coffee

Supper

Roast Pork-and-Potato Hash
(Red or Green Pepper in Hash)
Bread and Butter. Apple Sauce
Tea

Breakfast

Boiled Hominy
Cold Boiled Ham, Sliced Thin
White Hashed Potatoes
Squash Biscuit
Cereal Coffee

Dinner

Hamburg Steak
Canned Tomatoes, Stewed
Scalloped Potatoes. Turnips
Baked Indian Pudding
Coffee

Supper

Hot Ham Sandwiches
Bread and Butter. Canned Fruit
Tea

THURSDAY

TUESDAY

Breakfast

Corn Meal Mush, Milk
Salt Mackerel Cooked in Milk
Boiled or Baked Potatoes
Doughnuts
Cereal Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner

Curry-of-Mutton Breast
Boiled Rice. Stewed Lima Beans
Squash Pie. Tea

Supper

Creamed Celery with Cheese
Corn Meal Cake
Entire Wheat Bread
Stewed Prunes
Tea

Breakfast

Wheat Cereal, Top Milk
Bread-and-Bacon Fritters
Doughnuts
Coffee

Dinner

Fresh Fish Chowder
Cold Slaw
Bread and Butter
Apple Dumpling, Hard Sauce
Cereal Coffee

Supper

Creamed Ham on Toast
Apple Butter
Cookies
Cocoa. Tea

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

Breakfast

Broiled Tripe
Baked Potatoes
Entire Wheat Biscuit
Cereal Coffee
Cocoa

Dinner

Cannellon of Beef
Tomato Sauce
Baked Sweet Potatoes
Celery
Chocolate Cream Pie
Coffee

Supper

Cream-of-Celery Soup
Bread and Butter
Dried Apricots, Stewed
Tea

Menus for Christmas Day

Dinner

I

Grapefruit Cocktail
Consommé, Adelina
Celery. Olives. Salted Pecan Nuts
Boiled Halibut, Egg Sauce
Persillade Potato Balls
(Boiled, sprinkled with Melted Butter and Chopped Parsley)
Swedish Timbale Cases with Oysters in Brown Sauce
Roast Goose, Apple Sauce
Mashed Potatoes, Boiled Onions, Hollandaise Sauce
Roast Loin of Venison, Cherry Sauce
Endive Salad
Christmas Plum Pudding, Hard and Liquid Sauces
Lady Apples. Cumquats. Tangerine Oranges
Christmas Candy
Coffee

II

Tangerine Orange Cocktail
Consommé with Flageolet, Cubes of Carrot and Macaroni Rings
Pin-Money Mangoes. Celery. Salted Nuts
Crab Meat Mousse, Hollandaise Sauce
Chicken Croquettes. Canned Asparagus Tips
Crown of Pork, Filled with Buttered Brussels Sprouts
Hot Apple Sauce
Mashed Potatoes. Creamed Celery au Gratin
Red Pepper-and-Cabbage Salad
Frozen Pudding, Whipped Cream Sauce
Chocolate Mints. Nuts
Coffee

III

Creamlette Corn Soup
Olives. Salted Nuts
Roast Duck
Mashed Potatoes. Baked Squash
Endive and Sliced Oranges, French Dressing
Mince Pie
Vanilla Ice Cream. Marrons
Coffee

High Tea or Supper, Christmas Eve

Oyster Soup. Olives
Chicken Salad
Baking Powder Biscuit
Orange Marmalade Bavarioise
Springerle. Biscuit d'Epernay
Coffee



COOKERY FOR YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS

By Janet M. Hill

Lesson XVI

Flour Mixtures, Continued: Cake

TO do anything well it must be done often. With nothing in the line of cooking is this more true than with cake-making, and especially that part of the process that has to do with the baking.

But cake is a luxury and not a very hygienic one, as it is often another example of concealed fat. Thus, being an article for occasional rather than daily consumption, the opportunity for practice is infrequent, and it were well for the young housekeeper to confine her efforts to a few varieties.

Some of the Qualities of a Good Cake

Good cake is light, velvety in texture, and fine rather than coarse grained. It does not have a sugary, brittle edge. It is of uniform height, and is baked to a uniform color — the shade depending on the variety of cake — on the bottom, top and sides.

How Cakes are Lightened

Cakes are made light in the same manner as other batters and doughs, *i.e.* (1) by the expansion of air beaten into some of the ingredients, as eggs, butter, butter and sugar, or into the finished mixture; (2) by carbon dioxide set free during the growth of yeast plants, or from a carbonate by an

acid; (3) by the expansion of the air or gas, or both, when heated; (4) by the hardening (by heat) of the cell-walls during cooking.

Ingredients used in Cake-Making

Pastry flour, on account of its whiteness and smoothness and the quality of its gluten content, is better adapted to cake-making than are the so-called bread flours. Powdered sugar gives a dry cake, and now that fine granulated sugar can be bought anywhere, powdered sugar is rarely used. It is not necessary that the butter be made into handsomely stamped cakes as for the table, but in other respects the choicer the butter the better the cake. Eggs a day old are in the best state for beating. Four eggs should fill the measuring cup and weigh half a pound, but often five will be required to secure this weight and fill the cup. Often eggs are the only liquid used in cake. Water can always be substituted for sweet milk that is called for in a recipe, but there will be a difference in the cake; often the cake is more tender and delicate, but it does not look quite as spongy or white. The grated yellow rind of an orange or lemon that contains the rich, characteristic oil of the fruit gives a most delectable flavor to a cake, but the juice of

these fruits contains little flavor, and this, as also the volatile flavor of extract of vanilla, are lost during the cooking. Lemon juice, being an acid, if used in a cake made with baking powder or cream of tartar and soda, will materially change the proportions of the leavening ingredients and spoil the cake. When used, soda to correct the acidity must also be used. Caramel gives a pleasing flavor to cake and one that is retained during cooking. In frosted cakes flavor may be added to the frosting just before it is spread upon the cake without danger of loss, and this will suffice to flavor the whole cake.

Proportions of Ingredients

Usually a cake batter is of such consistency that it needs to be spread in the pan. Sometimes the heat of the oven will cause it to sink to a level before cooking begins, but as a rule the batter should be spread with a spoon and drawn away from the center of the pan towards the edges. Exact proportions of ingredients that will answer for all cakes can not be given. In general, twice as much flour, by measure, as of liquid is a safe rule. Eggs are considered a liquid, but half a cup of milk could not replace half a cup of eggs. Butter equal to one-third the volume of flour is not often exceeded. From half to two-thirds the volume of flour is the usual proportion of sugar.

Manner of Mixing Ingredients

Before beginning to combine the ingredients have everything ready, that the mixing may be done quickly. The oven of a coal or wood range must be put into a condition that will insure the proper heat when the cake is ready. If the butter be firm and cold, rinse the mixing bowl with warm water, wipe it dry and put into it the desired quantity of butter; break the butter in pieces and let stand to soften while

other things are being made ready. Butter the pans in which butter cakes are to be baked, or, better, line the pans with paper and butter the paper thoroughly. Pans for sponge cake need neither lining nor buttering. To line a pan, turn it upside down; select thin wrapping paper, spread the paper over the bottom of the pan with the edge of the paper on the edge of the pan, then press down upon the paper over the opposite edge to crease the paper; fold and cut in the crease; put the paper in the pan with the ends hanging over a little. The pan is now ready to butter. Break the eggs, the yolks into one bowl, the whites into another, and set the whites aside in a cool place. Measure or weigh out the sugar and sifted flour, also the liquid and the leavening agents. Sift together, three or four times, the flour and baking powder, or cream of tartar and soda, also salt and spices when used. Have fruit and nuts ready to add to the mixture. Now with a perforated wooden spoon work the butter to a cream, then gradually beat in the sugar, keeping the mass light and fluffy. In cold weather warm the liquid a little, to avoid curdling the butter and sugar. If yolks are to be used, beat them till light and thick, then add to the butter and sugar; rinse the bowl with the liquid and add it to the mixture, alternately, with the flour, etc. Lastly, add the whites, beaten stiff. Fruit or nuts may now be added, or they may be added to the creamed butter and sugar before the yolks of the eggs. This is the usual method of mixing a cake in which butter is used, but there are many variations from the rule.

Method of Mixing a Sponge Cake

Beat the yolks till thick and light-colored; gradually beat in the sugar; add flavoring (grated rind of an orange or lemon) and lemon juice, if used, then beat the whites till dry; fold half

of the whites into the yolks and sugar; fold in half of the flour, the other half of the whites and the other half of the flour. In a sponge cake proper the lightness depends entirely upon the air beaten into the eggs, and great care must be exercised to handle the mixture in such a manner that none of the air cells be broken down. Stirring must be avoided. The cake is mixed entirely by beating and folding, and when ready for the pan will be a delicate, fluffy mass. The long beating of the eggs necessary to insure a light cake renders a sponge cake dry; this may be remedied to some extent by using a greater number of yolks than of whites. Cheaper sponge cakes may be made by cutting down the number of eggs and using milk or water as a part of the liquid; with such cakes a leavening agent must be employed.

Baking Cake

In baking cake the size of the cake has much to do with the required temperature of the oven; the larger the cake, the longer is the time necessary to heat the mixture and expand the mass. The cake must not crust over (by heat) until it has risen to the proper height. A cake, in layers, will bake in from fifteen to twenty minutes; in a sheet, in about thirty minutes; in a loaf, from forty minutes to two hours, according to its thickness. *The oven should be at a temperature to raise the cake to its full height in one-fourth the time required for baking.* During this time, the cake should not brown. During the second quarter of the time in the oven, the cake should brown in spots. During the third quarter, the browning should be completed. The heat should be gradually reduced, during the last half of the time in the oven. When baked, butter cakes will separate from the sides of the pan. This will be seen in the last quarter, and during this time the cake will also

settle a little in the pan. Let stand a few seconds after removal from the oven, then carefully turn from the pan to a wire cake cooler. Often a cake may be lifted from the pan by the paper hanging from the ends of the tin. Sponge cakes baked in unbuttered tins may be inverted and cooled upside down in a draft of air. When a cake is thus suspended, the air cells are elongated until dry and firm; and if the cake was light when taken from the oven, lightness is assured thereafter.

Sponge Cake

Using two whole eggs and an extra yolk, half a cup of sugar, half a cup of flour, the grated rind of half a lemon and one tablespoonful of lemon juice, prepare a mixture according to the directions given above for mixing sponge cake. Bake from twenty to thirty minutes. Baked in the regular sponge-cake pan with feet for cooling, this cake will not be very thick. It may be baked in a new bread pan and then inverted to cool by setting something under the ends of the pan. In serving do not cut sponge cake, but break it apart with two silver forks.

White Layer Cake

Beat half a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in one cup of sugar, then, alternately, half a cup of milk and two cups of sifted flour, sifted again with three level teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Lastly, beat in the whites of three eggs, beaten dry. Bake in two layers. Put the layers together and cover the top and sides with chocolate frosting. Decorate or not as desired with halves of English walnuts.

Cream Sponge Cake

Pass through a sieve together, three times, one cup and a half of sifted flour, two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one cup of granulated sugar

and one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt. Break two large eggs into a half-pint cup, then fill the cup with thick, sweet cream. Pour the eggs and cream into the flour; add the grated rind of a lemon or orange and beat the mixture thoroughly. Bake in a rather thick sheet about forty minutes.

Other Cakes

The Biscuit d'Epernay, on page 238, is an example of a sponge cake enriched with melted butter. The recipe for English tea cakes, page 241, gives a quick method of mixing and shaping a sort of cooky.

Informal Evening Entertainments

By Emma Lee Walton

THE great difficulty in obtaining entertainments for informal gatherings lies in the finding of something new under the sun which is also worth while. A little ingenuity will sometimes make over a well-worn game so that it be scarcely recognizable and, frequently, elaboration makes a success of what might have been flat failure. Original invitations, whether in verse or prose, go a long way toward arousing interest and curiosity among the guests who come prepared to have a "different" and probably delightful evening. Half the battle is won when friends come in this spirit, and the hostess' pleasure is doubled because she feels their enthusiasm. It is a delight to the truly hospitable to acquire a reputation for original and delightful parties, and it is well worth the trouble of the winning.

For a mixed gathering a Peanut Jamboree is very great fun. On little tables, around each of which are placed four chairs, are put trays holding unshelled peanuts, which the guests are to spear with long hatpins provided for the purpose. Score cards, on which to write the number of peanuts caught, are given the spearers, and those gaining the largest and smallest scores are the winners of the prize honors. The head table rings a bell when it is time

to begin and again when its tray is empty, then all must stop playing. The two having the largest number scored at the table where they are seated pass to the next table, partners being played if desired. The left hand must not be used, and peanuts may be removed from the pins only by rubbing them against some part of the clothing. If peanuts fall out, they must be replaced in the tray.

The following May Party may be added to by consulting the dictionary, and is more puzzling than it appears to be. If the decorations and refreshments have a spring flavor, the affair will have even more interest.

MAY PARTY

	<i>Answers</i>
Builders	Masons
Perhaps	Maybe
A famous ship	Mayflower
Something to remember	Maine
A ship's officer	Mate
A young girl	Maid
Her mother	Matron
A list of good things	Menu
To injure	Maim
A tree	Maple
An officer	Major
Madness	Mania
A chief magistrate	Mayor
A labyrinth	Maze

An Enigmatical Menu may have invitations, following the form used for dinner invitations, and the cards on

which the game is written are very effective when decorated with forks, knives, beets, etc., in a shower.

SOUPS

Capital of Portugal	Pea
Imitation reptile	Mock turtle

FISH

Largest part of Sambo's feet	Soles
An express label	C.O.D.

GAME

A universal crown	Hare
To shrink from danger	Quail
First word on Cæsar's banner and a relative	Venison
To dodge	Duck

ROAST MEAT

A genial English author	Lamb
The country of the crescent	Turkey
A tailor's iron	Goose

BOILED MEATS

One of Noah's sons	Ham
Woman's best weapon	Tongue

VEGETABLES

To steal mildly	Cabbage
Complete upsets	Turnips
Wins	Beats
Yankle Doodle's feather	Macaroni

RELISHES

Pertaining to regions underground	Celery
Elevated felines	Catsup
Comical performances	Capers
Lot's wife	Salt
A crush	Jam

PUDDINGS

Exactly perpendicular	Plum
What we don't like to say to our creditors	Suet

PIES

To walk in an affected manner	Mince
Closely related to rural reservoirs, Pumpkin	

FRUITS

The historian's delight	Dates
Happy lovers	Pears
Fruit that must be married at home	Cantaloupe

WINES AND LIQUORS

Lover's address to his sweetheart	Sherry (Cherie)
Pretended agony	Champagne
Traveler's haven	Port
Funeral furniture	Beer

A traveling party, whose invitations announce a Personally Conducted Tour of the world, is very great fun. A desk arranged as a ticket office meets the

eyes of the guests, when they return from the dressing-rooms where their wraps have been checked, with numbered cardboard checks, and here they are handed tiny envelopes containing tickets for the trip. These tickets are made of long narrow strips of colored paper with perforations, made by a pattern wheel, between each two questions. At the top is a rule regarding dogs that must be muzzled, and a list (tall, light, dark, fat, etc.) that must be punched or marked to aid in identifying the proper holder of the ticket. Other things, such as, "Not transferable" or "Passenger must sign below," may be added if desired. Below the last perforation is "Good for one lunch," and between the others are typewritten the following cities, which may easily be increased to fifty, if a longer game is necessary:

CITIES

	<i>Answers</i>
Where all have been	Boston
The greatest engineering feat	Wheeling, W. Virginia
The improved Noah's boat	Newark
A military defense and a Paris dress-maker	Fort Worth
A city whose end and aim is "go"	Chicago
Our board of city fathers and precursors	Council Bluffs
An exclamation, an appeal to maternity and a laugh	Omaha
An opera encore	Sing Sing
A deceased farmer of Rome	Cincinnati
A place for lingerers	Tarrytown
A girl's name and relatives	Nankin
An American product and a continuous structure	Cornwall
A girl's name and a Roman garment	Saratoga
A great surgical feat	Lansing, Michigan

About the room are maps, time-tables and advertisements of excursions, as well as the usual signs which are easily made, "Smoking Room," "Beware of Pickpockets," "Count Your Change," etc. The dining-room buffet is quickly made into a newsstand with newspapers and magazines on it, and posters may be obtained at any bookstore, for it does not matter if they are old. For

refreshments, cardboard boxes containing sandwiches, fruit and doughnuts make a great hit, and fancy lemonade, served from a punch bowl, relieves the dryness delightfully.

Cards to aid in finding partners are always interesting, when they are somewhat different. Halves of quotations to be fitted together, a quotation and the source to be matched, a picture of a celebrity on one and his name on the other, or a conundrum and its answer are a few of the new notions, and these may be varied in many ways.

When entertaining on Valentine's day or for a bridal party, hearts containing the following list, the idea being to name the other one of the pair, make an interesting game.

NAMES		Answers
David Copperfield	Dora or Agnes	
John Alden	Priscilla	
Desdemona	Othello	
Gabriel	Evangeline	
Minnehaha	Hiawatha	
Rizzio	Mary, Queen of Scots	

Dido	Eneas
Lohengrin	Elsa
Rowena	Ivanhoe
Isaac	Rebecca
Joan	Darby
Don Quixote	Dulcinea
Romeo	Juliet
Paris	Helen
Queen Elizabeth	Leicester
Paul	Virginia
Cleopatra	Anthony
Petrarch	Laura
Ophelia	Hamlet
Faust	Marguerite
Swift	Stella
Guinevere	Launcelot
Abelard	Heloise
Beatrice	Dante

The great idea on such evenings is to mix up the guests and thus avoid the wallflower trials which, when once begun, are ruination to all sociability. Give your guests something to do that will make them move about, and before you know it, if you yourself enter into the spirit of the occasion, you will have created the genial atmosphere you have wished to have present, and people will be glad to come again when next you entertain.

Example

By Charles R. Barnes

Miss Turner came over, last Thursday, to call,
 And I was just playing around in the hall,
 While mother was showing her clothes to Aunt Min —
 I heard her tell Emma to say, "I'm not in."
 Whee, that was a fib, but it worked pretty well,
 For Em will keep mum, and I know I won't tell;
 My mother is clever, I've heard people say —
 It shows that she's smart when she does things that way.

Next day I was down where my pop keeps the coal,
 And playing that I was a bear in his hole,
 I gr-r-owled at the furnace and snapped at the dark,
 And reared, when the make-believe bear dogs would bark.
 Then mother's voice sounded: "Oh, where can Jack be —
 I want him to go on an errand for me."
 I just kept real still in that dirty coal bin,
 And whispered, "Dear mother, I guess he's not in."



HOME IDEAS AND ECONOMIES

Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

In the "Furnished Room"

NOW, my dear, — you who are so lonesome, sometimes, — don't think that because you have no home of your own, in the sense of a whole house, you must, therefore, be condemned to the lonely, inhospitable life that many girls do live in single rented rooms.

When two of the girls come round to spend Sunday afternoon and go to church in the evening with you, don't take them trooping out to a restaurant, but serve a little "supper" in your room in this way.

In the first place, have just a few dishes, just, maybe, three plates, three glasses, and three or four tiny bowls that will hold anything: olives, cracked nuts, jelly, bonbons. They should hold about a small teacupful. Where will you keep these dishes? Why, I'm sure I don't know, but there's a place somewhere in your room. At least, I never saw a girl's room where there was n't.

Have three forks and spoons, a knife for cutting and spreading butter, one larger plate, and a little salt dish, a tiny pitcher (you may some time have some cream), and a larger pitcher for milk, lemonade or whatever you may have to drink. And have one of those little fifty-cent grinders.

You can keep by you a very few supplies, — a box or two of sardines or some nice canned meat in *small* cans, a little sugar (a quarter's worth will last a long time), some lemons (kept in

a Mason jar of water so as not to dry out), a box of crackers, and a bottle of salad dressing.

You may not need these things often, but some rainy day they may be very handy to have.

Invite the girls to come, and then, when you go home Saturday night, carry with you half a dozen bananas, quarter of a pound of shelled pecans, a bunch of lettuce, and one of those little cream cheeses, wrapped in tin-foil, that cost just a dime (or one of those little jars of cheese at the same price). Order a quart of milk left for you in the morning.

You will find some nice bread at a delicatessen shop or woman's exchange, if not at the bakery or the grocery; and you might get a few little cakes costing five or ten cents.

Now, when it comes time for your luncheon, lay a lettuce leaf on each plate. Lay a split banana (flat side down) on the leaf. Dress with the bottled salad dressing, then fasten your grinder to the table edge and grind a couple of tablespoonfuls of the nuts and throw over the dressing on the banana.

There is a very nice salad for each girl. Now make a good sandwich, by mixing to a paste a little of the cream cheese (possibly half) with a spoonful of milk and spreading slices of bread three-eighths of an inch thick.

These with a glass of lemonade (or, if you prefer it, milk) and the cakes you bought will make a luncheon good enough for any one, and you still have

left part of your bananas, cheese, milk, and bread, enough for another lunch for you and another girl tomorrow evening if you wish, and you have spent only about fifty cents — for the three of you.

Or some day mince the sardines from one of your supply boxes by grinding in your table grinder, squeezing in lemon juice as you do so. Spread this on a lettuce leaf between buttered slices of bread. Have an orange for each of you, and a cup of tea made over an alcohol lamp.

Or spread *brown* bread with the mixture of cheese and the tiny bit of milk or, better still, cream. Find some store where they sell good gingerbread; serve some with the sandwich and a glass of milk and an apple of good flavor.

Fig sandwiches are made by spreading thinly buttered slices of bread with a paste made by grinding figs as fine as possible and making soft by the addition of a little milk. One of these with an orange and a glass of milk is very good.

Spread white bread with peanut butter — which you can now buy at most groceries in ten-cent jars — over which you sprinkle ground olives. (You cut the flesh from the stones of large queen olives and put it through your indispensable little grinder.) One of these sandwiches, with a banana and a glass of grape juice, is immensely better than any luncheon you are likely to get at the restaurant.

Slice apples, then slit the slices into match-shaped pieces, heap on this thin slices of banana, pour over salad dressing and dust with ground nuts. Serve this salad with small rich cakes and milk.

E. P. C.

Spiced Roast Beef

TAKE a roast from the round some three inches thick, and with a sharp knife make an incision, like a

“sign of addition,” clear through the meat. Into this hole insert a slice of breakfast bacon. Several such incisions may be made, then rub well with salt and pepper and sprinkle with flour.

Put the roast into the pan and pour over it a dressing made of half a cup of vinegar, into which has been stirred a tablespoonful of sugar, one-fourth a teaspoonful of mustard, and a few whole grains of allspice. Add a little water for basting. This is good served hot, but is most delicious when cold.

To Improve the Flavor of a Fowl

WHETHER the chicken be old and tough or young and tender, it is greatly improved by this treatment: After it is killed, let it stand some fifteen minutes, to allow the animal warmth to cool, then submerge in a vessel of cold water, being sure that every part is under. Put a weight over it and leave some ten or twelve hours, then remove, scald, pick off the feathers, and truss. The toughest chicken will be good and juicy after this treatment.

Small Birds “En Brochette”

ANY small bird that is good to eat, even the little English sparrow, is nice, prepared in this way: After cleaning the birds, split them open in the back, and, using a stout twine and coarse needle, string them together, putting a slice of breakfast bacon between each bird. About two dozen birds make enough for an ordinary-sized family. After stringing these, reserving the giblets for gravy, tie the ends of the string together firmly, making a compact little roast of them. Season with salt and pepper, rub well with flour, and then put into the oven to roast until the flesh is tender. This requires about an hour. When ready to serve just cut the string, and spread upon the platter, garnished with parsley. It is a pretty and a delicious dish.

A. J. G.

Oil and Japan Polish

TO polish old furniture is discouraging, because so many prepared polishes leave a deposit of oil that soon becomes gummy and filled with dust. A great deal of rubbing is required by some varieties of polish, and this the tired house-mother, busy man of the house or hired maid cannot do.

Some furniture done over recently at a home, received praise, and the owner said the painters mixed for her boiled linseed oil with japan. The allowance was two teaspoonfuls of the japan to a cup of the boiled linseed oil. Do not try to boil oil, for it might catch fire and so prove an expensive experiment. Buy it boiled. But if you must boil it yourself, remember that like lard or other oils it does not boil up in bubbles, it only smokes. When lard bubbles there is water with it. This polish is easily applied and makes furniture "look like new."

A recent visitor to the operatic composer Puccini describes a luncheon table built in the open air between three trees. The principal dish was risotto with small birds in it, presumably nightingales! Near by were fruit trees, many of them laden with choice plums.

The telephone girls in Paris have luncheons supplied to them now, because complaints were numerous about ill service and irritability, which it was believed would be remedied by better feeding, to supply strength for the nervous strain of their work.

Beef, mutton and plenty of sweets are provided for small sums, such as twelve or fourteen cents of our money.

Camel meat is now an authorized staple in Paris. It is sent from Algeria, a firm there having signed a contract with French sellers. The

part best liked by epicures is the hump, and the young camel meat resembles veal. J. D. C.

Doubling up Christmas Money

"OH, how I wish I were rich at Christmas time!" is the universal cry, showing that hearts are usually so much larger than pocketbooks, despite the assertions of pessimists. Consequently each is anxious to make the little he or she can give go as far as possible.

Besides this puzzle, there is always the problem of how to give acceptably to one who is poor and proud and sensitive, who almost hates a gift because she (it is usually "she") cannot give in return. To be sure, the spirit is wrong, but the fact remains that many of the ones we love most and are most anxious to give to feel just that way.

If such a relative or friend lives at a distance, some other plan must be devised; but if she be near, why not call her chief talent, whatever it be, to your assistance, in your Christmas planning, thus tactfully giving her an opportunity for service and, what she is craving most of all, a bit of independence?

For instance, she may be skillful at embroidery, or some art work, fine at dressing dolls or dainty needlework, at contriving fancy articles or making candy. Go to her in October or even earlier, and ask her to help you in your gift-making to charity, to personal friends or the church bazar, stipulating at once what you can pay, and making the arrangement as businesslike as possible.

A lady I know had ten dolls to dress in one day for a free kindergarten. Suppose, instead of taking her own time, which was exceedingly precious just then, and racking her nerves with the last-minute hurry, she had put this charity work into the hands of some young friend — in her very neigh-

borhood, perhaps—who would have been glad to do it at so much per doll. She could easily make the young girl feel that the price was so low that she was giving half the donation to the kindergarten.

To the skillful candy-maker one could put it as a special favor: "Won't you *please* when you make your supply of — make double quantity and sell me half at — a pound? We like home-made candy so much better than what the stores sell, and I have too much to do (or "no knack") to attempt it."

Thus one's bit of Christmas money is made to do double duty, to give two happinesses instead of one. It requires forethought, however, so look about you right now and see if you cannot work such a scheme as this next Christmas time, when you are sure to feel too limited in pocketbook, in time and in strength to fulfill your heart's dictates, when your friend is sure to be as proud and wistful as now.

L. M. C.

Removing Ink Stains

I AM surprised to find how few people I know of the following infallible method of removing ink stains (old ones as well as new) from *white* goods. It has rescued many baby dresses from ruin (all babies seem to experiment at least once with an ink bottle), not to mention shirt waists and handkerchiefs spoiled by fountain pens.

Soak the spots first for half an hour in vinegar; rinse and put into a solution of chloride of lime until the spots disappear; then wash carefully to remove all the chloride and prevent injuring the article. The label on the chloride cans give the proportions for making a bleaching solution. If the stains are very old ones, it will be necessary to increase the strength of the solution, but it may be made strong enough to remove the stains, if the

fabric is taken out at once and thoroughly washed the minute the stains disappear. When I gave this formula to a professor of chemistry he said, "Why, certainly;" so it is evidently based on scientific principles; at any rate it works. I have used it for years.

C. P.

A Few Egg-Helps

THE uses to which one can put a separate white or yolk should be pasted in the cover of the cookbook, and, by referring to it when making out the weekly menu, it will be easy to use the left-over white or yolk which seems to fit in nowhere. The following suggestions may be of some assistance. A single yolk may be used for all these sauces: white, chocolate, Hollandaise, Bearnaise, hot maître d'hôtel, drawn butter, also for mayonnaise, boiled dressing, force meat balls and dumplings for soup. A surplus white or two may be used for meringues, snow puddings, cream whips, macaroons, sherbets, for clearing soups, coffee, jellies; added to cream it will increase the bulk and speed whipping; if well beaten and applied lightly with a piece of flannel it will cleanse and freshen all leather.

Variety in Raw Eggs and Milk for the Convalescent

HOT, eggs may be served in tea, coffee, chocolate and in gruel. Cold, they may be used in eggnog, lemonade, orangeade, wine and caudle.

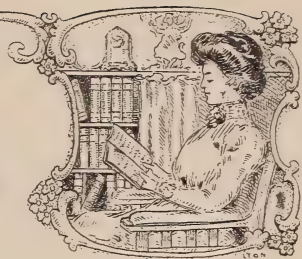
Milk, hot or cold, may be varied by adding one tablespoonful of cinnamon water and a little sugar to each glass, or one tablespoonful of caramel, a very little ginger, or a pinch of salt and pepper, and do not forget the various milk punches and junkets.

None of the additions materially alter the nutritive value of the milk, and the variety thus obtained will induce one to take more than if given plain.

A. C.



QUERIES AND ANSWERS



THIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economies in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. For menus remit \$1.00. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answer by mail, please enclose postage stamps. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, editor, BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

Miss B. C., Georgia, wishes the recipe for brown bread referred to by W. L. D. in the Department of "Home Ideas and Economies," in the October number of this magazine. Others, doubtless, will be pleased to try this recipe, and if W. L. D. will kindly mail the recipe to us, we will publish it in an early number of the magazine.

QUERY 1410. — M. G., Hamilton, Mass.: "Recipe for Deviled Sauce to be served with meats."

Deviled Sauce

Melt one-fourth a cup of butter, then stir constantly while it cooks to a chestnut-brown color; stir in half a cup of flour and stir and cook about five minutes, then set the saucepan on a cooler part of the range and let cook very slowly, stirring occasionally until the mixture assumes a rich dark-brown color; now add half a teaspoonful of salt and two cups of brown stock or beef broth and continue cooking and stirring until the mixture boils; let the sauce stand where it will simmer very gently on one side for two or three hours and skim off the fat as it rises. The fat may be used in making another sauce. In the meanwhile put in a saucepan three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one-fourth a cup of chopped shall-

ot (or mild onion), five parsley branches, a tiny bit of bay leaf, a bit of thyme, a clove of garlic, crushed and chopped and half a soup bag; let boil about five minutes, then strain into the brown sauce; add, also, one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of black pepper and cayenne, half a cup of red wine, two tablespoonfuls of mustard prepared for the table and two tablespoonfuls of tomato sauce.

QUERY 1411. — Subscriber, Athol, Mass.: "Recipe for Sauce, Robert."

Sauce, Robert

Peel two onions weighing about three ounces each; cut these into small bits or chop them in coarse pieces. Put the bits into a saucepan with one-fourth a cup of butter and stir and cook until they are very soft, but not browned, then drain off the butter. To the onions add a cup of consommé and half a cup of white wine, and let cook very slowly until the liquid has evaporated, leaving the onions in a glaze (or thick liquid). Add one cup and a half of brown sauce (see preliminary sauce in recipe for Deviled Sauce, above), sauce from which the butter has been skimmed, half a cup of rich veal stock, one-fourth a teaspoonful of sugar, a teaspoonful of vinegar, a

tablespoonful of mustard and a few grains of cayenne. Boil and skim if needed.

QUERY 1412. — Mrs. K. H. S., Pasadena, Cal.: "Recipe for a dish served this past summer at a shore dinner. The dish was composed of a mixture of chopped clams and green corn with a little green pepper through it. The mixture was yellow as though eggs had been used. It was baked in large clam shells."

Scalloped Clams and Corn

Chop fine half a small green pepper from which the seeds have been removed and a slice of onion. Cook the pepper and onion in one-fourth a cup of butter until softened and yellowed, being careful not to brown either butter or vegetables. Add one-fourth a cup of flour and stir until frothy. In the meanwhile heat one pint of clams (carefully washed in half a cup of cold water poured over them) to the boiling point in their own liquor, strained through a cloth; let boil all over, then drain and chop — the tough part of the clam may be discarded before chopping. To the clams add half or an equal measure of corn pulp. To prepare this from green corn, cut the tops of the kernels from the corn and add to these the pulp pressed from the rest of the kernel with the back of a silver knife. When fresh corn is out of season, creamlette corn (canned) may be used. To the butter and flour, cooked with the onion and pepper, add from half to a full cup of the clam broth and stir until boiling; add the beaten yolks of two eggs, diluted with three tablespoonfuls of cream; stir (without boiling) until the egg thickens, then add the corn and clams. Dispose the mixture in buttered shells; spread a cup of cracker crumbs, mixed with one-fourth a cup of butter, above and set the shells into the oven to brown the crumbs. This may not be the exact recipe desired, but is as near as we can come to it without seeing the dish.

QUERY 1413. — Mrs. J. B. S.: "Recipe for Chocolate Brownies."

Chocolate Brownies

Stir one-fourth a cup of melted butter into one cup of sugar; break in an egg and beat the whole together; add two squares (or ounces) of chocolate, melted over hot water, and beat again; add a teaspoonful of vanilla, half a cup of sifted flour and half a cup of walnut meats, and beat until well mixed. Line a pan about seven inches square with paraffine paper, spread the mixture over the paper, evenly, and bake in a slow oven. Turn from the pan as soon as baked and peel off the paper, then cut the cake into strips with a sharp knife. When the cake is hot the paper is easily removed and the cake is cut in regular-shaped pieces.

QUERY 1414. — L. C., Swampscott, Mass.: "Recipe for Banburies."

Banbury Tarts

Chop fine one cup of stoned raisins and one-fourth a pound of citron; add the grated rind and juice of a lemon, one cup of sugar, one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt and an egg beaten light. Roll rich pastry into a sheet one-eighth of an inch thick, and cut into rounds between three and four inches in diameter. Put a little of the mixture on each piece; moisten one-half the edge with cold water and fold over the pastry, pressing the dry edge upon the moistened edge very closely. Bake about fifteen or twenty minutes. Sometimes the filling is cooked in a double boiler and used cold for filling small, puff-paste, patty cases, Swedish rosettes, etc. The pastry should be reheated and filled at time of serving.

QUERY 1415. — Miss L. F., Cleveland, O.: "Several recipes, each, for puddings made with canned peaches and pineapple."

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Delmonico Peach Pudding

Dispose the peaches in a baking dish suitable to send to the table, and pour over a very little of the syrup; reserve the rest to add to a dish of apple sauce. Over the peaches pour a cornstarch mixture, prepared as below, and above the cornstarch spread a meringue; set the dish into a slow oven to cook the meringue. It should take about eight minutes to color the meringue. This pudding will serve eight or ten people. Serve hot or cold.

Cornstarch Mixture for Delmonico Pudding

Let three cups of milk scald in a double boiler. Stir half a cup of cornstarch with a cup of cold milk to a smooth consistency, then stir into the hot milk and continue stirring until the mixture thickens and is smooth, then cover and let cook ten minutes. Beat the yolks of four eggs; add one-third a cup of sugar and a teaspoonful of salt, mix thoroughly and stir into the hot mixture; stir and cook two or three minutes, to set the egg, then pour over the peaches in the dish.

Meringue for Pudding

Beat the whites of four eggs until dry; then gradually beat in four level tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar; lastly cut and fold in four level tablespoonfuls of sugar and spread over the cornstarch mixture; cook as above.

Peach-Tapioca Pudding

Put about eight large halves of canned peaches into a baking dish suitable to send to the table. Stir half a cup of some quick-cooking tapioca into a pint of boiling water to which half a teaspoonful of salt has been added; set the mixture into a dish of boiling water and let cook until the tapioca is transparent; add one-fourth a cup of sugar, the juice of a lemon or a teaspoonful of cinnamon as desired

and, when mixed together, pour over the peaches; set the dish into the oven and let cook fifteen or twenty minutes. Serve hot with cream and sugar.

Croutons of Cake and Peaches

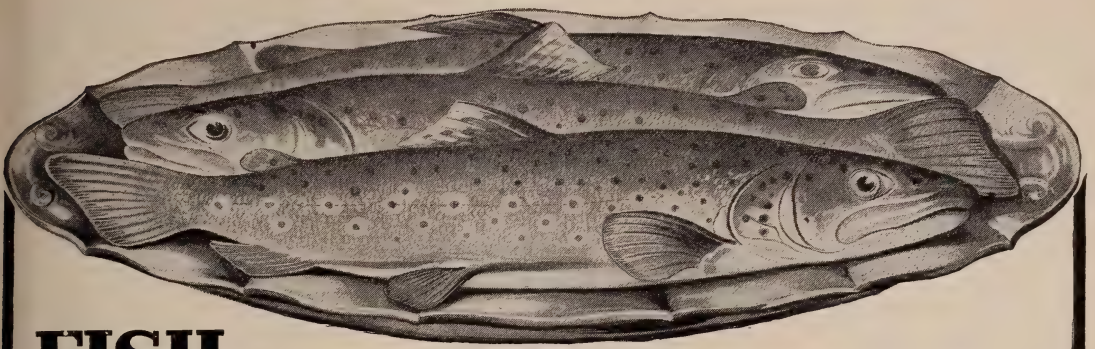
Drain the juice from a can of peaches; measure the juice, and for each cup take a level tablespoonful of arrowroot or cornstarch and two or three tablespoonfuls of sugar; scald the juice and into it stir the starch and sugar mixed together; let cook about ten minutes, then add the peaches and keep the whole hot without cooking. From a loaf of stale sponge cake (hot water or cream sponge cake answer nicely) cut rounds or slices for each service. Have a tablespoonful or more of butter melted in a frying pan and in it cook the cake, first on one side and then on the other. Set the cake on individual plates, a slice or round on each plate, put one or two halves of peach on each piece and over it pour a little of the syrup. Flavor the syrup with lemon or orange juice or rind.

Pineapple-Tapioca Souffle

Put a can of grated pineapple and a cup of water into a double boiler and when hot stir in half a cup of a quick-cooking tapioca; stir occasionally until the tapioca is transparent, then add the juice of half or a whole lemon, a cup of sugar and half a teaspoonful of salt. Beat the whites of three eggs until dry; turn these into the mixture and cut and fold the two together. Serve hot with cream and sugar.

Pineapple Omelet

Cook two level tablespoonfuls of flour and one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt in two tablespoonfuls of butter; add one cup of grated pineapple, one-fourth a cup of sugar and a tablespoonful of lemon juice, and let cook until boiling; remove from the fire and beat into the yolks of five eggs; beaten very light; fold in the whites of five eggs,



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MEAT OR TURKEY DRESSING (equally good when baked and served separately). Toast 7 or 8 slices of white bread. Place in a deep dish, adding butter size of an egg. Cover with hot water to melt butter and make bread right consistency. Add an even tablespoon of Bell's Seasoning, an even teaspoon salt, and 4 slices of salt pork, fried to a crisp, and chopped fine. When well mixed, stir in 1 or 2 raw eggs. Bake in small pan.

NOTE.—The above dressings may be improved, to some tastes, by adding chopped nuts of any kind, chestnuts, peanuts, walnuts, etc. Oysters also give a fine flavor.

Remember, a 10c. can of Bell's Seasoning is sufficient to flavor the dressing for 100 lbs. of meat or poultry, and the 25c. can 300 lbs.

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beaten until dry, and turn into a hot, buttered frying pan. When the egg on the bottom of the pan is set, put the frying pan into the oven and let cook until, when tested, no uncooked egg adheres to the spatula or knife. Turn onto a serving dish and pour the rest of the can of pineapple, made hot over the fire and sweetened with sugar, around it.

Pineapple Bavariose

Soften two level tablespoonfuls of granulated gelatine in half a cup of cold water, then dissolve by letting the dish stand in hot water. Add the dissolved gelatine to one cup and a half of grated pineapple, the juice of half a lemon and half a cup of sugar; stir, in ice water, until the mixture begins to thicken, then fold in one cup and a half of double cream, beaten solid. Turn the mixture into a mould partially or wholly lined with paper and let chill thoroughly. Serve, unmolded, with or without whipped cream.

Canned Pineapple Fritters

Drain the slices of pineapple from the syrup in the can. Dip the slices, one at a time, in fritter batter and fry in deep fat to a delicate amber tint. Drain on soft paper. Serve at once with a hot sauce made of the syrup from the can, or with powdered sugar.

Sauce for Fritters

Put the syrup from the can of pineapples and three-fourths a cup of sugar over the fire to boil; mix a level teaspoonful of arrowroot to a smooth, thin consistency, with three or four tablespoonfuls of cold water; stir the arrowroot into the boiling syrup and let simmer five or six minutes. When ready to serve add one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of lemon juice and Kirsch, claret or rum to taste. Serve as an entrée, with roast meats.

Batter for Pineapple Fritters

Beat one egg; add one-half a cup of milk and gradually stir into one cup of sifted flour, sifted again with one level teaspoonful and a half, each, of baking powder and sugar and one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt.



Nation of Boarders

WASHINGTON, August 18. — Rev. Dr. Geo. Bailey, pastor of the Western Presbyterian Church, declared in an address at an open-air mission meeting: "We are rapidly becoming a nation of boarders. There is too little of home life; we lose sight of our families; we are not in close touch with our parents. An orator has said there is not a man who will not answer the call to arms in defence of his home. But who will shoulder a musket to defend his boarding-house? There is something indescribably beautiful about the word "home," with all of the associations it calls to mind.

Do It Now

If you have a task worth doing,
Do it now!
In delay there's danger brewing,
Do it now!
Don't you be a "by-and-byer,"
And a sluggish patience-trier;
If there's aught you would acquire,
Do it now!

If you'd earn a prize worth owning,
Do it now!
Drop all waiting and postponing,
Do it now!
Say, "I will!" and then stick to it,
Choose your purpose and pursue it,
There's but one right way to do it,
Do it now!

All we have is just this minute,
Do it now!
Find your duty and begin it,
Do it now!
Surely you're not always going
To be "a going-to-be"; and knowing
You must some time make a showing,
Do it now!

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There is a demand in many a home for a book of just this character. This is really the best thing of the kind we have ever seen. It seems admirably adapted to prove itself suggestive and helpful on many a social occasion.

How to Cook Fish. By OLIVE GREEN. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16mo, cloth, \$1.00 net.

This is a complete and comprehensive little volume. It is well and attractively gotten up in plaid gingham covers, with gilt top. It contains a large number of tried recipes on how to cook many a kind and variety of fish. With this volume at hand one need not be long at a loss as to what to do in the cooking of any kind of fish; also for those looking for change or variety in method the book would be most helpful and satisfactory.

As the author says: "When all is said and done, the catching of fish is a matter of luck, a gambler's chance if you will have it so. The cooking in unskilled hands is also a lottery, but by following the appended recipes it becomes an art to which scientific principles have been faithfully applied." It is a handy and useful book for many households.

Home Problems from a New Standpoint. By CAROLINE L. HUNT. Boston: Whitcomb & Barrows. Cloth, \$1.00 net.

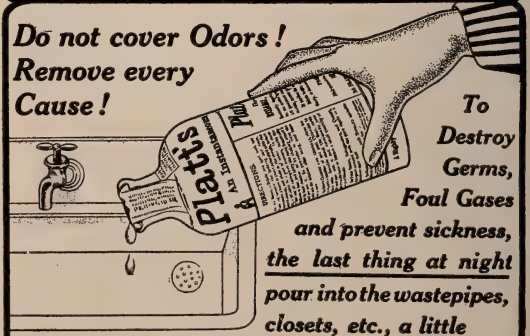
The conditions in the world at large have brought new problems to the home, and to men and to women new responsibilities, new opportunities and new privileges. These new responsibilities, opportunities and privileges are considered in the pages of this volume.

More Life for Women, More Life for Men, More Life for the Household Employe, More Physical Vigor for All, More Joy in Mere Living, More Beauty for All, More Pleasure for the Producer of Household Stuff, and More Conscience for the Consumer are the subjects under which home problems from the modern point of view are discussed.

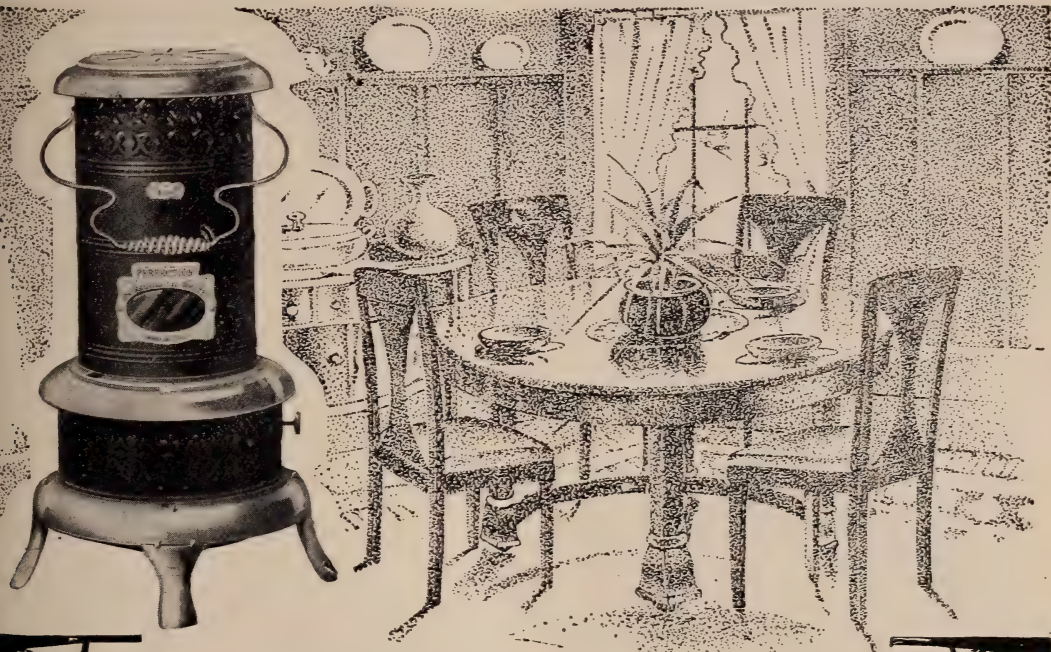
The author reaches this final conclusion; that "present conditions in the home seem to demand that women must have greater and not less freedom in its service, greater and not less power for use in its protection, and so long as love and intelligence last, they may be expected to use added freedom and added power for the

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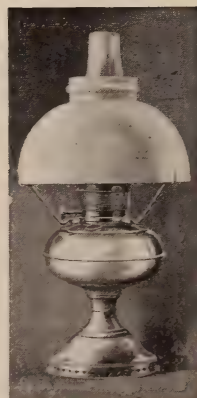
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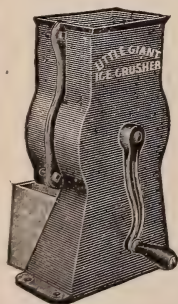
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The book is well written and readable. It is of immediate interest and concern to every home-maker. The home is a prime factor in the social problem, and no thoughtful, earnest woman can prudently neglect to keep herself informed on the latest phases of inquiry and study that throw light on home problems.

The Cure of Consumption, Coughs and Colds. By FRED G. KAESMANN. Lawrence, Mass.: Heath-Wealth Publishing House. Paper, 10 cents.

The foregoing is the title of a booklet that is full of practical hints and suggestions on a subject of concern to many people. To avoid or get rid of a preventable and a curable disease is an important matter. The aim of the writer of this booklet is to give plain and simple direction that can not fail to be helpful to many a sufferer.

Gifts

To choose an appropriate gift—one to be received with genuine pleasure—is truly an accomplishment. Perhaps a suggestion will be of assistance to you before making your purchases for the holiday season. Have you ever considered that an up-to-date unabridged dictionary is a gift to be longer enjoyed, longer treasured, and of more constant service to the recipient than any other selection you may make? The One Great Standard Authority is Webster's International Dictionary, published by G. & C. Merriam Co., Springfield, Mass. It is recognized by the courts, the schools and the press, not only in this country, but throughout the English-speaking world, as the highest triumph in dictionary making. It is the most choice gift. *Get the best.*

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Send us more of the tops as you get them, and send 10 cents with each to pay the cost of carriage and packing. We will send one spreader for each top until you get the six.

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A Monthly Catalogue of Cooking Recipes

☐ Index 12 envelopes in left upper corner for the twelve months, typewriting underneath, right on the outside of the envelope, just the name only of those meats, vegetables, fruits, etc., in season that month and therefore both cheapest in price and best in quality. This for marketing reminder to be looked over for ideas for the week's menus.

☐ Inside the envelopes slip new recipes to be tried, or new ways of serving fruits and vegetables in season that month.

☐ In typewriting on front of the envelope these reminders, it will be well to have fish in season in one column, fruits in another column, vegetables in another column, etc.

The HAMMOND TYPEWRITER

writes cards and envelopes without bending, and large and small type may be used on the same machine.

SECONDHAND MACHINES AT VERY LOW PRICES

188 DEVONSHIRE STREET, BOSTON

Right Living

The Fourth "R" in Education

THE new education adds a fourth "R" to reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic — Right Living. Its basis is Hygiene—all that makes for health—personal hygiene, healthful houses, healthful food, etc. Then comes the Economy of Living—true economy of time, effort and money, and most important—the children, whose health, character, and life success are so largely determined by the home care and training.

Every one who has a home will be interested in the bulletin of the American School of Home Economics, which tells of this new education and gives synopses of the home study courses for home-makers, teachers, institution managers, etc.

This attractive 70-page booklet is sent on request. Address postal or note, A. S. H. E., 643 W. 69th Street, Chicago, Ill.

American Abundance

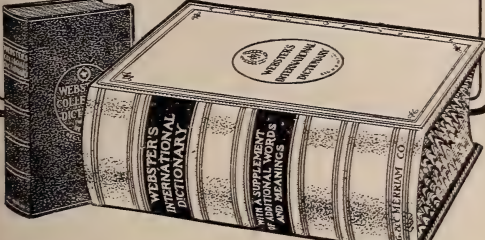
AMERICANS traveling in England complain that they get so few of the fruits and vegetables that they are accustomed to have at home freely. Bananas, pineapples, peaches, melons and grapes, in which we revel, are far more expensive in Great Britain. Of course there is the never-ending orange marmalade for breakfast. One party laughed, on their return, over changing boarding places after a week of green gage tart for dessert, with no alternate choice, only to find green gage tart the staple dessert at the next place, and the party was composed of people well blessed with this world's goods and paying good prices. An English gardener, now settled in America, said to the writer that when on board ship he was told that a workingman could have all the peaches he wanted here for a small sum of money; he thought he was being guyed, since in England

WHAT GENUINE PLEASURE
To receive as a gift
**WEBSTER'S
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DICTIONARY**

It is the BEST GIFT. A library in a single volume, of constant service and value to the home, professional and business man, and the student. The work answers correctly all kinds of questions in language, about places, rivers, men, names in fiction, foreign words, and many other subjects. 2380 Pages, 5000 Illustrations, Enlarged by 25,000 Additional Words. Useful, Attractive, Lasting. The final authority for the United States Supreme Court.

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**At Holiday
Time**



The Housekeeper's Interest centers on her dining table, the chief charm of which is the Silver and Glassware.

To have their appearance perfect, they should be cleaned with

**ELECTRO
Silver Polish
SILICON**

It imparts an unsurpassed beauty and brilliancy—easily and quickly—and does not scratch or wear.

Send address for **FREE SAMPLE**, or 15c. in stamps for full sized box, post-paid.
The Electro Silicon Co., 30 Cliff St., N. Y.
Sold by Grocers and Druggists.



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TRUE**

**SEE
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HOUSEHOLD FAVORITES
SAWYER'S
50 YEARS THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE

SAWYER
CRYSTAL BLUE CO.

47 BROAD ST.
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**X-RAY
Stove Polish**

Ask
Your
Dealer
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Trade-Mark

**SHINES EASIEST
SHINES BRIGHTEST
CANNOT EXPLODE
LASTS LONGEST**

Free Sample, Address Dept. 23

**LAMONT, CORLISS & CO., Sole Agents,
78 Hudson St., New York.**

Exquisite Desserts

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Delicious Ice Cream

Made With

Junket Tablets

Your grocer or druggist sells them or we mail post-paid ten tablets to make ten quarts for 10 cents and give you the charming brochure "Junket Dainties" free.

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LABORATORY**

Box 2507. Little Falls, N.Y.

HOME CANDY MAKING

SEND FOR A
FREE BOOKLET

We teach
professional
methods and
recipes

adapted for making candy at home, with home utensils. No testing, no anxiety, no failures. Success is *absolutely guaranteed*. You can make candy for one-fourth the price you pay at the confectioner's, and what you make is purer and more palatable. Instructions are easy to follow. Illustrated instructions for coating chocolates. Recipes are practical. We teach you to make a great variety of candy, among them our famous "Oriental Creams," which have a centre like whipped cream. We can supply you with everything needed to make and pack the candy. Our fine candies are shipped to all parts of the U. S. Price of outfit, \$3.00.

AGENTS AND DEMONSTRATORS WANTED

THE HOME CANDY MAKERS
DEPT. B, CANTON, OHIO

he had only helped to raise them on the estates of the wealthy, for they must be trained against sunny walls, and tended with care in that climate.

A pleasant Irish girl, rejoicing in the comforts of American homes, told her mistress of the privations of the Irish peasantry. She spoke of the free use of tea here, and said that, at an orphans' home maintained by hard-working Catholic sisters on the loch where she had formerly lived, tea was given to the children twice a year, on Christmas and Easter, as an especial treat. To these days the children looked forward with greatest pleasure on account of that longed-for hot drink of sweet tea. American children, even of the poorer class, can hardly understand this. In old English stories we read of the cottagers and humble villagers pulling green herbs from the garden to make tea, instead of using expensive "China tea." The French use many herb drinks, but rather for their medicinal value; still, soup and bread is the mainstay at breakfast of many children at boarding schools, tea, cocoa or grain coffees not being in vogue there, to replace the *café-au-lait* that forms, with a roll, the usual breakfast of adults.

How to prepare vegetables so new to them is a puzzle to Irish maids, wonted only to potatoes and a few other staple vegetables. An Irish girl in Pennsylvania was taught what rhubarb was and how to prepare it by skinning the coarser stalks. Some days after she brought some bundles of green stuff to her mistress, inquiring how she was to skin all those. It was asparagus, but, being green and tied in bundles, she thought it required the same care as rhubarb. Fortunately she inquired, and did not stew the asparagus in sugar.

We need not laugh at poor Bridget, for a lady of the writer's family tells her daughters how, as an inexperienced bride, she began housekeeping, she *boiled some radishes*. Her husband sent

The Aristocrat of Breakfast Fruits

Atwood Grape Fruit

No other fruit at breakfast time is so thoroughly appetizing, so keenly enjoyable or so highly healthful as a luscious, juice-filled ATWOOD GRAPE FRUIT.

You have already eaten grape fruits of indifferent kinds—the rough, thick-skinned, bitter sort, or the little-better, half-dried, small-proportioned kind; but until you have been served at breakfast with a delicious ATWOOD Grape Fruit, filled with its cooling juice, you will never know how thoroughly refreshing or how delectable grape fruit can really be.

The ATWOOD Grove at Manavista, Fla. is the largest grape fruit grove in the world. Its 25,000 trees, if set in one row, would extend 80 miles. A quarter of a million dollars have been expended in producing a grape fruit superior in quality to any other grown.

The ATWOOD trade-mark is on the wrappers. This is your guarantee of the perfect product. Look for it when you buy.

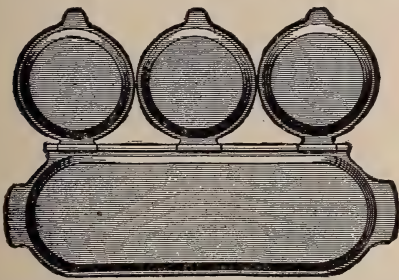
To serve—cut in cross sections, remove the core and serve with or without sugar. Grape Fruit is better when served without ice.

THE ATWOOD COMPANY

KIMBALL C. ATWOOD, President and Treasurer, 290 Broadway, NEW YORK



CAKE GRIDDLE



THIS SIZE BAKES SIX CAKES PER MINUTE

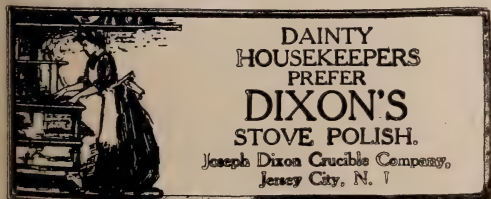
This griddle is made of best gray iron; weighs about 4 lbs.; sets right on top of the stove (fits any stove); will heat or cool in five minutes and bakes six cakes at once, holds the steam generated in the cake until ready to turn, making the lightest and most palatable Griddle Cake ever tasted by mortal man.

Price, 75 cents. Prepaid east of Mississippi River

F. A. WALKER & CO.

83 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

Established 1825



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Teaches the Sick
How to GET Well

IN THE WORLD

Teaches the Well
How to STAY Well

HERE IS JUST WHAT YOU HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR

GOOD HEALTH

A wide-awake, up-to-date, all-around health magazine, full of meat as a ripe nut, edited by America's leading authority on right living—a thoroughly dependable

Edited by J. H. Kellogg, M. D.

GUIDE TO GOOD HEALTH.

Dr. J. H. Kellogg, the editor of GOOD HEALTH, is superintendent of the great Battle Creek Sanitarium, where thirty years of research and progress have developed a world-famous system of health training and healing the sick. Thousands swarm to Battle Creek yearly to learn at this great health university how to eat, to exercise, to bathe, and even to sleep for increased bodily efficiency.

GOOD HEALTH is the printed word representing this great system of correct living. It is not a dull, prosy book of exercises and diet rules, but a live, inspiring, illustrated magazine—one of the best-printed and most closely read publications in the world.

GOOD HEALTH is the original health magazine. It is entering upon its forty-fourth year. Subscription price, singly, \$1.00 per year. Canadian postage, extra, 35 cents. Foreign postage, extra, 50 cents. Sample copy, 10 cents.

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Good Health, Battle Creek, Mich.:

Gentlemen:—For \$1.00 enclosed please send me GOOD HEALTH for one year beginning with the _____ number. I am to receive FREE Healthful Cookery (300 pages) and the last three numbers of GOOD HEALTH.

Name _____

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Buy advertised goods — do not accept substitutes

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Gold Bond Pure Food Sea Products packed for you to order and delivered at your home by express, **Charges Prepaid.**

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☐ A postal from you will bring you full particulars and our Free cook book.

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GLOUCESTER, MASS.

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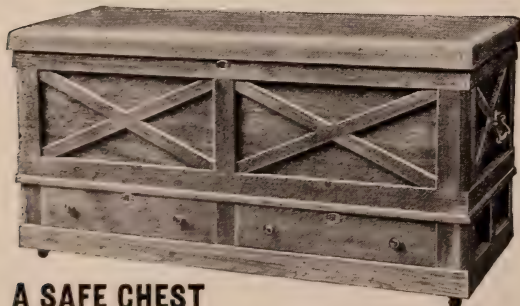


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TEA**

ANTITANNIC INFUSER

Made of Fine White Earthenware. 50c., by Mail 60c.

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In which to store your best Goto-Meetin' clothes. Your furs and woolens will be at hand yet absolutely safe from moths, dust and dampness. Its low price will surprise you. We sell direct to the consumer and that explains it. Freight prepaid. Write for catalog describing many different styled chests. **Piedmont Red Cedar Chest Company,** Dept. 19, Statesville, N. C. **A GIFT OF SENTIMENT AND USE.**

home some vegetables with green tops and small red roots, and she thought that they were young beets with the leaves to be cooked together; so she directed the cook, who was as untaught as herself, to boil them. When they were served, she took all the laughter and exonerated her Bridget.

A Chance Shot

To the turkey that was tame epicures the country over prefer the turkey that was wild. However, clergymen are notoriously not epicurean in their tastes, and a certain Methodist preacher in Baltimore had once definitely expressed a preference for the domestic bird. Accordingly, when one day last winter he accepted an invitation to dine with a member of his congregation, that member, in ordering the dinner of the colored servant, laid stress upon this point.

"Now remember, Ezekiel," he commanded, "Doctor Fourthly likes domestic turkey. You will therefore discontinue your usual practice, and get, not a wild but a tame one."

"Yassir," nodded the darky.

"Understand?" repeated the host-to-be. "A domestic turkey."

Again the negro assented, and though the family funds were at a low ebb, the dinner of his providing proved most elaborate. How so little money went so far was a mystery, until the host began to carve the turkey.

Then a thimbleful of shot rolled out upon the platter.

"Ezekiel," said the host severely, "I thought I told you to get a domestic turkey."

"Yassir," said Ezekiel. "That there's a domestic turkey. Ah knows it."

"But," objected the host, "look at the shot in it."

Ezekiel grinned sheepishly.

"Yassir," he stammered. "Ah—Ah sees 'em, sir; but them thar shot wasn't meant fer the turkey, sir; they was meant for me."—*Saturday Evening Post.*

OLNEY'S CREAMLETTE CORN

¶ Have you tried it? Do you know the American people consume so much indigestible "stuff" that about nine-tenths of the physicians' calls are for indigestion?

¶ **Olney's Creamlette Corn** is not only eaten but thoroughly enjoyed and digested by people whose stomachs rebel at the hulls found in ordinary corn.

¶ By our own patent process the hulls are left on the cob, and when you buy **Olney's Creamlette Corn** you get the cream of the kernel.

¶ Ask for our **Cook Book**, "Soups, Salads and Desserts," containing fifteen half-tone illustrations for the housekeeper's guidance in setting the table and serving the dishes.

¶ If you cannot obtain **Olney's Creamlette Corn** or **Olney's Canned Products** from your grocer, write us, mentioning his name.

The BURT OLNEY CANNING CO., Oneida, N. Y.

What it Means

to have your shingles stained with

Cabot's Shingle Stains

It means that they will not rot; that the colors will be soft and beautiful; that they will wear as long as colors can, and grow old gracefully; and that the cost will be 50 per cent. less than that of paint. Made in all colors, with Creosote, "the best wood preservative known."

Samples on wood, and color-chart, sent on request.

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141 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

28 Dearborn Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Agents at all Central Points



Hoppin, Koen & Huntington, Arch'ts, N. Y.



"Silver Plate that Wears."

Since Christmas, 1847,

the year Rogers Brothers perfected the process of electro silver-plating, the "**1847 ROGERS BROS.**" ware has proved one of the most popular of gifts. This is due not merely to the artistic patterns but because of the wonderful durability, proved during the past sixty years.

**"1847
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Knives, Forks, Spoons, and Fancy Serving Pieces are for sale by leading dealers. Send for Catalogue "Z-3" showing all the newer as well as standard patterns.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Meriden, Conn.

(International Silver Co., Successor.)

Meriden Silver Polish, the "Silver Polish that Cleans."

Buy advertised goods — do not accept substitutes

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GELATINE

A Pure, Wholesome Food.

For Table Jellies,
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lotte Russe, etc.

Our Gelatine is pulver-
ized and dissolves quickly.
It is therefore the most
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FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

Quilted Mattress Pads

Money spent wisely means comfort
and pleasure to the spender. You
go to bed to rest.

Quilted Mattress Pads

will make your bed comfortable as
well as keep yours and baby's bed
in a perfect sanitary condition.

The cost is small and when
washed they are as good as new.

Ask your Dry Goods dealer.

EXCELSIOR QUILTING CO.,

15 Laight St., New York, N. Y.

PREHISTORIC. — The rebellious an-
gels had just been cast out of heaven.

In the swift downward flight Lucifer
overtook Beelzebub.

"What's troubling you, Bub?" he
called.

"An old problem," answered the
future foul fiend, between somersaults,
"where are we going this fall?"

— *Philadelphia Record.*

Sporty Nibs' New Pup

Mr. Sporty Nibs bought a Setter
Pup at the Dog Show, and with manly
pride assured the family that "Tige"
was an all-round house-dog as well
as prize hunter.

The first night Tige kept the house-
hold and neighborhood awake by
howling and whining in his strange
kennel, and to relieve the tension
Mr. Nibs crawled out in the early
morning hours and shut the dog in
the kitchen with a bone to take his
mind off "his lonesomeness."

Ten minutes later wild shrieks from
the cook and fierce barking by Tige
routed the family from their beds, to
find the cook trembling in a corner
while Tige was evidently trying to
eat up the gas range. Seizing the dog
by the collar, Nibs dragged him away,
but breaking loose, Tige returned to
his ferocious attack upon the oven-
doors. Then light dawned upon Nibs;
Tige was trying to whip another dog,
the counterpart of himself, reflected
in the shining surface of the range,
and the maid explained that she had
used X-Ray Stove Polish the day
before — until it shone like a mirror —
and Tige wasn't so much to blame,
after all, for tackling the supposed
intruder.

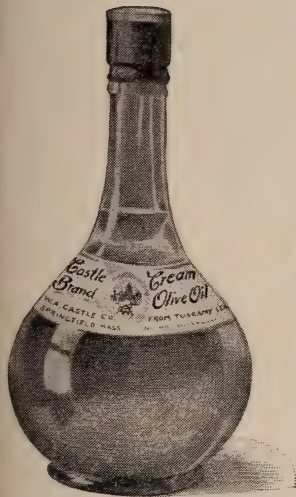


SANITARY COFFEE MAKER

Fits any coffee pot and makes 10
cups pure coffee at a time; needs no
settler; saves twice its cost in two
weeks. Agents write for terms;
sample 15c. Sells at every house.

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Castle Brand Cream Olive Oil



is the acme of Olive Oil production. Its use in the making of salads and salad dressings is a sure harbinger of success.

Imported from Tuscany, Italy, it is the product of the world's most renowned olive oil makers from the world's greatest olive groves.

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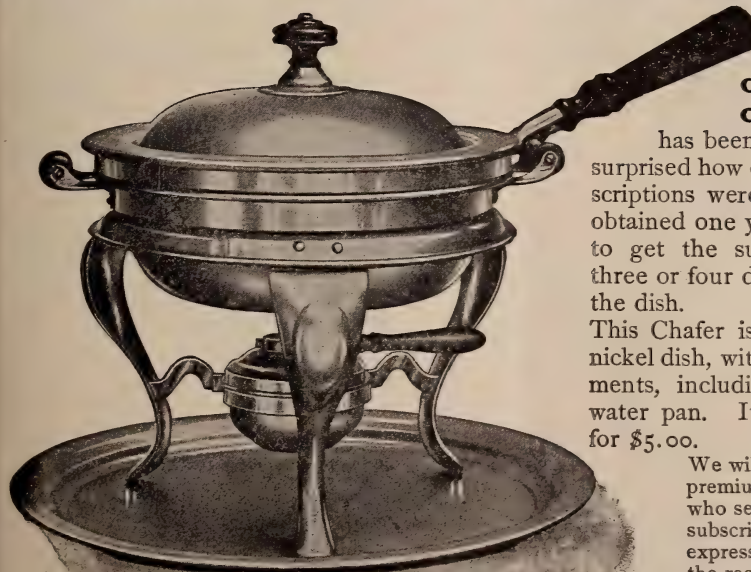
has a flavor all its own; one most delightful. It is absolutely pure virgin oil, pronounced by those who know, as the best procurable in America.

Can be had in bottles like illustration — all sizes —
or in tins from a quart to ten gallons.

Your grocer can doubtless supply you — if not we shall be glad to do so, carriage paid.

W. A. CASTLE CO., Springfield, Mass.

The Best Premium Offer We Ever Made



**Every one who
has received
one of these
chafing dishes**

has been delighted with it, and surprised how easily the necessary subscriptions were secured. Have *you* obtained one yet? If not start to-day to get the subscriptions, and within three or four days you will be enjoying the dish.

This Chafer is a full-size, three-pint, nickel dish, with all the latest improvements, including handles on the hot water pan. It is the dish that sells for \$5.00.

We will send this chafing-dish, as premium, to any present subscriber who sends us six (6) NEW yearly subscriptions at \$1.00 each. The express charges are to be paid by the receiver. The tray is not included.

Address

THE BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, BOSTON, MASS.



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Patty Irons — Wafer Irons

For luncheons, teas, parties and entertainments of all kinds.

Patty Irons for making dainty, flaky patés or timbales; delicate pastry cups for serving hot or frozen dainties—creamed vegetables, salads, shell fish, ices.

Wafer Irons for making deliciously crisp, melting wafers—a tempting dessert served in many delightful ways.

With these irons, twenty minutes time, and ten cents worth of materials, you can make 40 of either—patty cups or wafers. Caterers charge you 50c a dozen for them.

Dealers everywhere sell our Rosette Irons at 50c a set, either style. If you cannot get them, order by mail from us.

Patty Irons, 2 designs, with full directions and illus. book of recipes, packed in neat box, sent postpaid... **75c**

Wafer Irons, 2 designs, with full directions and illus. book of recipes, packed in neat box, sent postpaid... **70c**

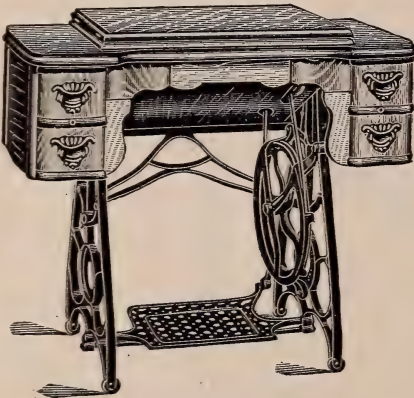
New Catalogue of Culinary Novelties free on request.

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Better than ever. Improved and Beautiful
Case Designs. Now ready for delivery



NEW STYLE 14 A. Automatic Lift
The Lifting Device is Strong, Unique and Reliable

The Standard Sewing Machine Co.

F. C. HENDERSON, Manager

Sold in Boston by Shepard Norwell Co.,
in New York and Phila. by Wanamaker

Fashions in Food

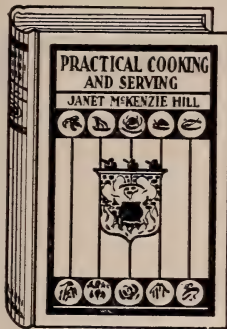
Fashion, fickle jade though she be, has of late years shown a decided and persistent tendency towards lightening our meals. This is one reason why competent cooks are more in demand than ever, and that the public is now taking an interest in the question of teaching girls and apprenticing boys in kitchens. Because with the desire for lighter luncheons and dinners has come the demand for more dainty cookery; and success here means long training. A curious phase of this turning away from heavy dishes and overcrowded menus is the growing number of devotees to vegetarianism found in London society. Quite a number of leaders of fashion are non-eaters of flesh, and are demanding of their chefs the difficult task of two distinct meals at each function; for, of course, few of them attempt to impose restrictions on their guests. Whether this is an enduring change of habit or merely a passing whim, it is difficult to say.

Wooden Wedding Gifts

A unique present for a wooden wedding is one of the candle boards to hold birthday or other cakes for special occasions. These are made of a smooth whitewood, about twenty inches in diameter. The center is left plain or is burnt to a delicate tint, while around the edge is a border burnt or painted in rich colors. On the outer rim and the depth of the border within it are set candle-holders at intervals of an inch or more apart. The inner circle of candles must be big enough to allow your largest circular cake pan to slip into the space easily.

KITCHEN	SAMPLE	GIVES A DELICIOUS FLAVOR AND RICH COLOR TO SOUPS, SAUCES, GRAVIES -ETC.-	FREE	BOUQUET
	Used by Leading Chefs and Eminent Teachers of Cookery.			
THE PALISADE MFG. CO., 353 CLINTON AVE. WEST HOBOKEN, N.J.				

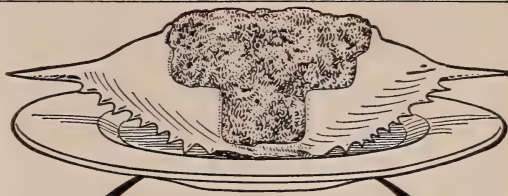
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Address all orders to
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MAGAZINE CO.**
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



A Sea-food Delicacy for Your Table

Think of having sea-fresh deviled crabs any time of the year, *and wherever you live* — as sweet, tasty and good as those served at the shore.

McMenamin's Deviled Crabs

are cooked, spiced, and hermetically sealed within an hour of the time they are hauled from their deep-sea haunts. Nothing so delicious or so easy to prepare was ever known.

There are many ways of preparing tasty crab meat dishes that add an extra charm to the diet — all told in our book which is sent free on request.

Free shells accompany each can of Deviled Crabs. See that you get them from your grocer. For sale at best stores.

McMENAMIN & COMPANY,
20 Linden Ave., Hampton, Va.

These trade-mark criss-cross lines on every package

CRESCO FLOUR For **DYSPEPTICS**
SPECIAL DIETETIC FLOUR
K. C. WHOLE WHEAT FLOUR

Unlike all other flours. Ask grocers.
For book of sample, write

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Domestic Science

Home Study Courses

and books: food, health, housekeeping, clothing children. For home-makers, teachers, institutional managers, etc. Illustrated 70-page booklet, "The Profession of Home-Making," free.

Am. School of Home Economics, 603 W. 69th St., Chicago, Ill.

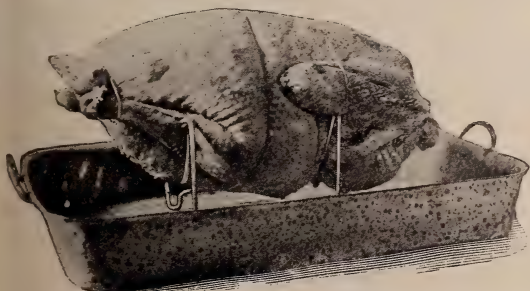
TEDDY-BEAR PINCUSHION

in color pleases the little folks, useful for everybody. This souvenir and Mrs. Alice G. Kirk's Famous Recipes sent free on request, together with information on Never-Break Cooking Utensils.

AVERY STAMPING CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

If your dealer does not handle "Never Break" STEEL SPIDERS, we will send you a No. 8 Spider, all charges prepaid, upon receipt of money order for 75 cents.

DO YOU WANT YOUR MEAT ROASTED OR BAKED?
DID YOU ROAST THAT THANKSGIVING TURKEY BREAST DOWN?



IF NOT, WHY NOT?

All good cooks agree that poultry should be Roasted Breast Down, as the breast is then rendered moist and improved in flavor by the juices from the back.

THE JĀVEE ROASTING SADDLE

supports it in that position, as shown in cut, and will be sent prepaid to any address for 25 Cents.

JĀVEE MFG. CO., Penacook, N.H.

THE season is approaching when most people subscribe to the magazines.

We have an attractive proposition to make to those who will take subscriptions for THE BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

Write us for it if you wish to canvass your town or if you wish to secure only a few names among your friends and acquaintances. You will be surprised how easily you can earn ten, twenty or fifty dollars. Start the work at once and be under way when the rush begins.

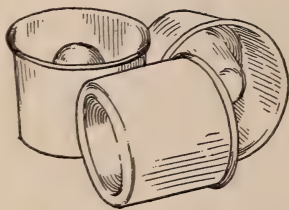
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BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, BOSTON, MASS.

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Have Been

THE INDIVIDUAL MOULDS



To any present subscriber who will send us TWO NEW yearly subscriptions, at \$1 each, we will send, postpaid, as premium, **either** a set of eight aluminum *timbale* moulds, fancy shapes (make your own selections), **or** a set of six *patent charlotte russe* moulds.

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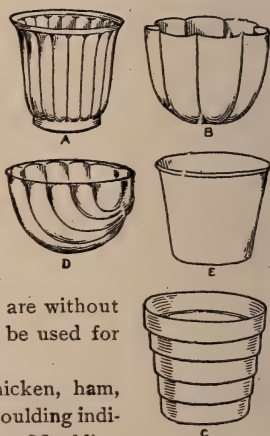
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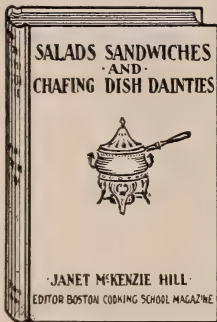
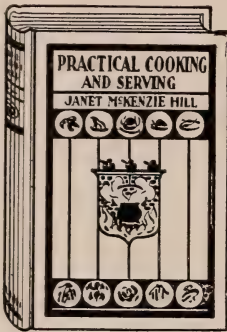
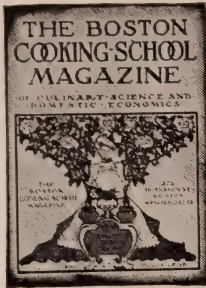
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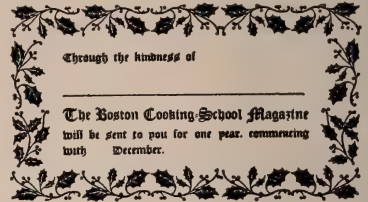
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Slices of Boned Loin of Lamb, Roasted
Pineapple Fritters
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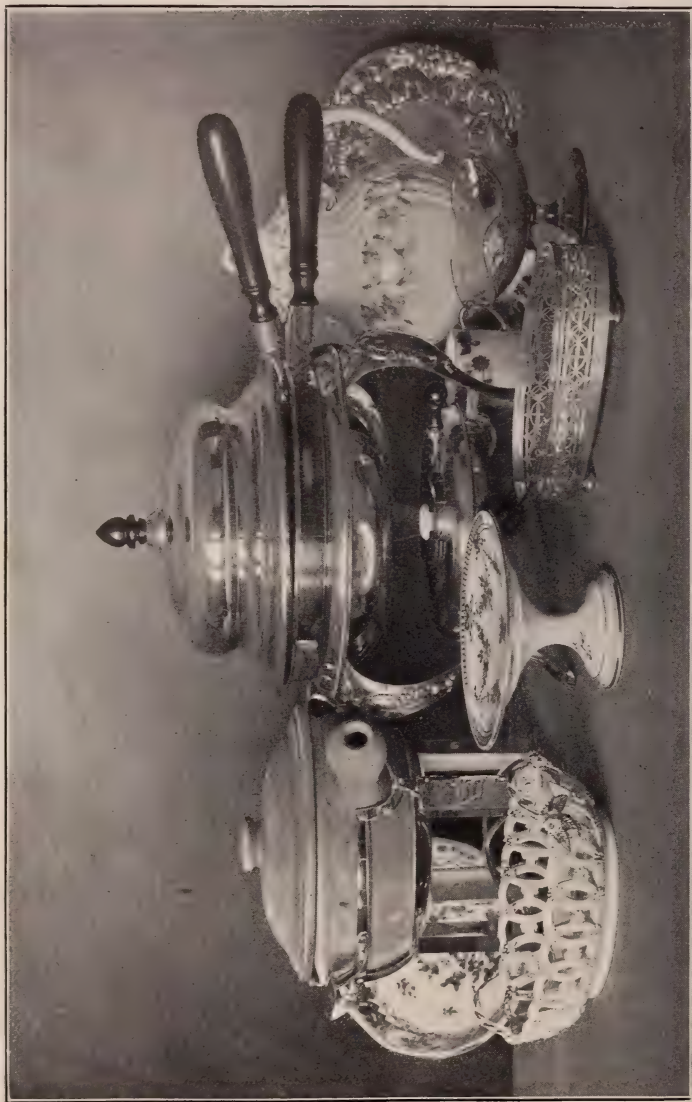
Luncheon

I

Creamed Crab Flakes au Gratin
Olives
Parker House Rolls
Chicken Salad
(Lettuce, Celery, etc.)
Macedoine of Midwinter Fruit
(Oranges, Bananas and Dates)
Toasted Crackers
Cream Cheese
Black Coffee

II

Grapefruit-and-Canned-Pear Cocktail
Shrimps, Newburg
Salad Rolls
Cold Roast Chicken
Candied Sweet Potatoes
Lettuce, French Dressing
Ginger Ice Cream
Swedish Sponge Cake
Black Coffee



CHAFING DISH, CASSEROLE, CHOCOLATE POT AND BONBON DISHES

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The Boston Cooking-School Magazine

VOL. XIII

JANUARY, 1909

No. 6

Old Blue China

By Rachel Weston

OUR pioneer ancestors of slender purse and simple taste contented themselves with dishes of wood and pewter, and until the days of the Revolution there was practically no china in America. The first imported china came from Holland. Plates, teapots, tea-caddies, round platters, tiles, punch bowls and apothecary jars of this early Delft are found scattered throughout New York and many parts of New England. The pottery is rather coarse, with a grayish-white glaze; the decorations are blue, with sometimes a rim of buff or a touch of green.

The apothecary jars, more than a century old, are from eight to ten inches in height, and are decorated with abbreviated names of the drugs, painted in clear blue letters, and surrounded with garlands and quaint little cupids. There are no tops to these rare old jars, as they were tightly covered with oilskin.

Much of the decoration on the old Delft is of Oriental design, as the Dutch very early imported quantities of china

from the East and the decoration of their own pieces was often the Dutch interpretation of the Chinese idea. Many Dutch families of New York still treasure these old dishes of their ancestors, and punch bowls, teapots, caddies, jars and platters are among their most cherished relics.

The tables of our forefathers were furnished with a beautiful ware, not china, but a good serviceable pottery, decorated with American views, portraits of heroes and historical happenings, done in a rich, deep shade of blue. The potters at Staffordshire, England, early recognized that a ware designed especially for Colonial trade



ROGERS TEAPOT AND SUGAR BOWL

would prove profitable, and in the latter part of the eighteenth century



STATES PLATE, CLEWS

they began to send to this country dinner, tea and toilet sets in great quantities. The patriotic designs, and views of American scenery, became so popular that over sixty English potters found it to their advantage to manufacture for this market.

Not only American, but English, German and Italian views, as well as classical and historical subjects, were used in the hundreds of designs made. Very many patterns were made from views in and about New York; Albany, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore, and a historical value is given to the

quaint old pieces, as the designs were made from original drawings of the subjects. The borders are of flowers, leaves or fruit, sometimes with medallions.

Several of the makers used individual borders, by which their wares may be known. The clear, beautiful shell border is found on the plates and platters by Wood; and the characteristic scroll, eagle and rose design shows the mark of Stobbs, though his name does not always appear on the back of his pieces.

In the color of the old blue lies its greatest charm. There is nothing quite like its deep, glowing hue. The makers of today use aniline dye, and do not exactly match the long-ago tone.

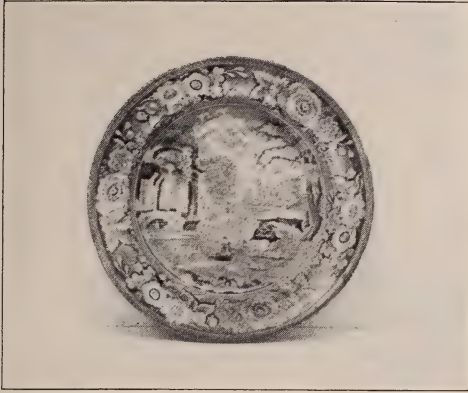
For about fifty years the Staffordshire wares in the dark rich blue were sent to this country, after which the designs were stamped in light blue, brown, pink, green and black. At the present time there is a pottery in Staffordshire making honest reproductions of old Wood and Clews potteries, good in color and moderate in price. But the collector must beware of fakes, as these reproductions are sometimes scratched with an emery wheel and boiled in fat, giving such an old-time look that one may be easily deceived.

Enoch Wood, whose pottery was established in 1784, was one of the first



STAFFORDSHIRE CUPS AND SAUCERS

to send his wares to America; so numerous were his productions that many



STOBBS PLATE

a piece still exists. Some of the large platters are highly valued, and the plates showing "The Landing of the Pilgrims" are worth thirty dollars. The designs relating to Lafayette also are in great demand.

Two of the most famous of the Staffordshire potters were James and Ralph Clews, makers of the celebrated "states plates and platters," which bear the names of the fifteen states in a festoon border. Other potteries with the Clews imprint are the series showing the droll adventures of Doctor Syntax and the American views, which include "The Landing of Lafayette," a design high in favor with the collector. It is said such respect and honor were paid to Lafayette by the patriots, that, even the china, bearing designs referring to him, was most carefully preserved and is found today in better condition than other specimens of the same period.

J. and W. Ridgeway are best known by an interesting set of early American views with a medallion border of roses. The tureens and platters of this series, called "Beauties of America," are very rare. Another potter, R. Hall, sent great quantities of his ware to America. His "Select Views" are well known to all lovers of old

Staffordshire. The nineteen-inch platter, shown in the photograph, has his mark on the back, in blue, "R. Hall, Select Views," also a cluster of flowers and the words "Stone China," while in an oval is the name of the view, "Church of St. James and Polytechnic School, Vienna, Germany."

In almost every country cupboard are to be found a few pieces of Willow Ware, which is not so old or rare as many suppose, and is largely reproduced today. Thomas Turner worked out this pattern from a Chinese design in 1780.

The first pieces, made in Caughley, England, are beautiful and of value. These early specimens are marked on the back with the letter S, a crescent, or the word "Salopian." A certain charm lingers about this old ware, because of the legend ascribed to the pattern, and we follow with interest the adventures of the Mandarin's daughter, who dwelt in a gorgeous mansion, surrounded by caterpillar trees. We see the little prison, built out over the water, where the maiden was kept from her suitor, the Mandarin's secretary. Here their pursuers cross the bridge to the island,



STAFFORDSHIRE PLATTER, HALL

where the lovers have escaped, and when, at last, they are discovered on the more distant island, we behold the souls of the devoted pair changed, in pity, by the gods to turtledoves.

There came an unfortunate period in our history when the good old fur-



"LA GRANGE," WOOD

niture, the tall clock and four-poster, the woven coverlet, pewter pots, silver ware in simple lines, and the old blue dishes, little cared for, were relegated to garret and half-forgotten nook. This was the day of black walnut furniture, Nottingham curtains and "flowered china." In such slight esteem were the few remaining plates of grandmother's set held, they were used for pie plates, and collectors often find the rare old specimens of Wood, Stobbs and Mayer grease-soaked and



SHELTER'D PEASANTS

nicked. The Stobbs plate shown in the photograph was in this condition,

but was greatly improved by being boiled in wood ashes. About the ruins of old farmhouses, in country gardens and chicken yards one sees again and again the tantalizing glint of the old blue, perhaps enough to show that here are the fragments of a "La Grange" plate, or one of Ridgeway's "Beauties of America."

An entire set is seldom found; the dishes were broken, as dishes are today, or the family divided and a few pieces were given to each member. That a great-grandmother's wedding set should be entire is worthy of note, but quite as remarkable, it seems to me, is the charming set of grandmother's little-girl dishes, decorated with weeping willows and castle walls. With what gentle touch was each tiny dish placed in the box, made from an old drum, after the miniature feast of those by-gone days. The rarity of good specimens of the old blue, its historic value and the beauty of the pieces make such a collection of deep interest. There is no more charming decoration for one's dining-room than the glowing blue of old Staffordshire placed on mantel and plate rail or hung against a plain wall of soft, warm tone. Hangers for the dishes may be purchased or fashioned from strong cord and big dress hooks.

The antique and secondhand shops hold treasures, no doubt, but the real joy of china hunting is when in some New York or New England village, or, perhaps, among the hills, one "neighbors with folks," and little by little discovers the choice objects of his search. Very often, nowadays, the old blue dishes are held in high esteem by the present owners, but sometimes the ready money is a great inducement to make the exchange. Whatever may be the case, the charm of the old blue is such that it is a pleasure to see and know where the pieces are, when they are valued possessions, even if one cannot own them. But one does rebel when Aunt Eliza keeps soft

soap in a rare old sugar bowl, and has a handy supply of salt in a "Peruvian Horse Hunt" cup, and insists on baking pies on a couple of Clews "States plates." Many of the old sugar bowls are crackled and discolored. It is interesting to learn the reason for this. Before the days of glass fruit jars, berries and fruit were dried for winter use, a bushel of blueberries being considered part of a thrifty supply, but for company use preserves were made, "pound for pound," to be stowed away in any available jar or sugar bowl, and something about the sweet compound discolored and crackled the old ware.

In hunting old china one is always meeting surprises. Off on a mountain side, among the deserted ruins of an old house, was found one of those tall, none-too-generous, pitchers which belonged to the toilet sets of the Staffordshire make. A similar pitcher, mended with putty and filled with bright pebbles, was a most acceptable gift from a mother, for some trifling kindness shown her children. In an old grocery store, where it had long served for measuring cochineal, was a squat blue cup, decorated with a cautious little hunter, who, with two stiff and spotted dogs, appears several times in the surrounding azure landscape. With quaint humor, the object of the hunt, a plump goose, is hidden in the bottom of the cup.

Come with me to a sunny old-fashioned dining-room; listen to the slow ticking of the tall clock in the corner; see the old-time secretary, the drawn and braided rugs, time-softened in color, the high and narrow mantel shelf, ornamented with a blue Staffordshire teapot and sugar bowl, beautiful in color, the design, the patriotic spread eagle, so popular in the early part of the last century. When Miss Olivia recognizes your genuine interest in her treasures, she shows you her choice old pewter, a beautiful minia-

ture of her great-uncle of Revolutionary fame and one of the pioneer settlers



NAHANT PLATE, STOBBS

in the Saco valley. She opens the door of the little chimney cupboard, and you see her rare old china and glass, little blue cups with a border of mayflowers and a Nahant plate especially good in color. A scroll with eagles and roses frames a view of the Old Nahant Hotel, built in 1818. "Nahant Hotel near Boston" is stamped on the back in blue script, surrounded by an oval border. This is one of Stobbs's plates.

The cups and saucers illustrated bear the T. Mayer imprint. The cups



PIECES FROM ROGERS SET

of this period rarely have handles, and the saucers are very deep. The grand-

mothers tell us that the steaming beverage was deftly poured in and sipped from the deep saucer, while the cup was placed in a tiny "cup plate" provided for the purpose.

"The Shelter'd Peasants" is a rare and charming design of old Staffordshire.

The price of old china is relative, depending largely upon the regard in which it is held by its present owner.

Collectors place high prices on the treasures they possess, but as a general rule they have paid far less than they ask. People, even in remote parts of the country, have learned there is a money value in the once neglected dishes, and if willing to part with them expect fair prices, though it is cheaper to buy from country homes than town shops, and one feels more certain that her old blue is genuine.



GRANDMOTHER'S PLAY SET

The Clock's Story

By Agnes Lockhart Hughes

Tick, tock, the minutes glide away,
The hour of One is born;
And with this infant comes a ray
Of peeping, struggling morn.

But, ah! it fades so very fast,
While in its wake comes Two;
But soon this hour breathes his last
And Three appears to view.

Then springs to life the child of Four,
That heralds rosy dawn,
As creeping through the open door,
Five comes with golden morn.

Now Six and Seven softly chime,
And lose themselves in Eight;
While down the gilded aisle of time
Ticks Nine with strident gait.

But he, too, must give place ere long
To Ten, his sands to run;
And so Eleven tunes his song,
To greet the noonday sun.

Alas! for Twelve, his boisterous mirth
Gives place to sighs at last;
For sixty minutes after birth
His reign is of the past.

The clock ticks on; time's silver wing
Sweeps back no page of day;
Life never held a bitter sting,
But yet it passed away.

Cousin Theodosia

By Mrs. A. T. Frost

"**H**E'S very plain looking," remarked Aunt Charlotte judicially, as I entered the room.

"Very," said Theodosia, like a silver echo, poisoning the teapot over a blue and green cup.

"But," continued Aunt Charlotte, nodding towards me, "I will say he's bright."

"Possibly," returned Theodosia with a rising inflection, and something in her tone told me to observe my young relative.

"Who's the person under discussion?" I inquired; "I arrived in the middle of the description." As I spoke I seated myself in the window seat, and accepted a steaming cup and a buttered scone. I looked at Theodosia, but it was Aunt Charlotte who answered my question.

"We were discussing the new physician; he has come within a fortnight and taken the old Mulford place — you must know the house, Richard." I did know the house, a quaint, gray stone affair on the street below; English looking, ivy and all that.

"Shall you employ him?" I ventured.

"I have already," answered my aunt; "at first, I approved his horse and trap, no crazy automobile for him, evidently; then I approved the house he chose, and, my rheumatism being unusually troublesome, one day I sent Theodosia around to summon him."

"Young?" I continued, stoically nibbling my muffin.

"Well, yes," said Aunt Charlotte. "That's all I have against him, for he evidently understands my case perfectly."

I glanced meditatively at Theodosia; the leaping flames seemed to turn her hair to bright gold, and the pink of her frock suited her marvelously. As

if in answer to my look Aunt Charlotte hastened to add, "He *may* be young, but he managed to inform me in that first call that he was to be married, and before long, so that makes him quite satisfactory, quite."

"Have some more tea," said Theodosia hurriedly, "do," turning the full battery of her smile on my defenceless self. Now, I love tea as well as does a woman; perhaps Theodosia would have regarded her far-away cousin more favorably did he not, but I accepted another cup.

Right here it may be fitting to add, that no princess of old in a strong tower was ever more carefully guarded than Theodosia. It is needless to say that, had I found favor in the pretty maid's eyes, I would not have been taking tea at The Crossways. The one other man who was made free to come and go was the rector, the Rev. Mr. Pompton, sixty if a day, and five years before, when he had come to St. Stephen's, rumor was rife that the reverend gentleman had taken the vows of celibacy, and Aunt Charlotte proved herself his firm friend.

"Want to have a look at our new Parish House?" said Theodosia, as I finished my tea, "eh, Aunt Charlotte?" Aunt Charlotte nodded sleepy approval, and ten minutes later we started off down the quiet street. The tender green of late April was transforming hedges and shrubs; some energetic robins, disgracefully plump, paraded over the lawns, while a young moon showed above a red gabled roof to our right.

Theodosia was wearing a new hat, and it so became her that perforce I walked along in moody silence. "For whose benefit is the hat, Theodosia?" I finally ventured.

"For either you or Mr. Pompton, I'm not particular which one of you," was her airy rejoinder. "I guess, after all, I'll decide it's for you," and she carefully adjusted a hat pin. Just then we discovered the rector standing in front of the unfinished building. His face lighted up surprisingly as he saw my companion, paying instant tribute to Theodosia, and to the hat. I found it hard to disengage her, for his talk flew to Easter music, Sunday School, the Missionary Society, and then back again to music, and Theodosia listened to it all with the sweetest deference. It was I who finally led the way past the stone house, and Theodosia demurely followed on.

Trim curtains draped the windows, and a smart maid tripped round the side porch. Two oppressively new signs informed the passers-by that here dwelt Dr. Pryor, physician. "Rather a pity," I observed, waving my hand towards the house, — "rather a pity that the plain physician is soon to become a benedict, it's hard on the town."

"He certainly took pains to inform Aunt Charlotte of his intentions," rejoined Theodosia. "Ugh! These spring winds are enough to give one a chill — let's hurry home!"

A week later it was Aunt Charlotte alone who welcomed me one afternoon when I dropped in at tea time; Theodosia, it seems, had developed an unruly throat, and had gone over to Dr. Pryor's for some tablets. I observed a pill box decorating the mantel, a prescription peeping out from a copy of the Rubaiyat, while a medical treatise lay out on the window seat.

"Is she in a bad way, Aunt?" I said; "isn't this throat something new?"

The child tells me she must have strained it practising Easter music," replied the old lady, taking up the afghan she was crocheting; and at the same moment in hurried Theodosia, flushed and apologetic.

"You don't look the invalid," I began; "I am pained to learn of your throat."

"The pain is mine, having the throat," rejoined Theodosia airily, "but it's doing well the doctor tells me, — quite as well as could be expected, and that is something to be thankful for, now isn't it?"

I mumbled a "yes," and Theodosia rang for tea. She was wearing her wraps when, ten days later, I made my appearance at the house, and I saw in her hand a small yellow box, which rattled cheerfully as she slipped out of her coat.

"Still troubled by the throat, Theodosia!" I exclaimed anxiously; "this is more serious than I had thought. You should take her away, you *really should*, Aunt," I said, and I meant it. "A change of air is what would set her up." Aunt Charlotte put on her glasses and surveyed her charge; was ever invalid so glowing with life and color!

"I'll have to talk with the doctor myself," she remarked, and took up her crocheting. It was a cut finger that afflicted Theodosia on my next visit. So formidable did it look in its neat bandage that I offered to support the teapot for her. "Quite professionally done up, Theodosia," I said; "which of you is responsible for it?"

"Oh," she answered, having the grace to blush as she spoke, and turning her back squarely upon Aunt Charlotte, "it always seems best to have a physician's advice about a cut; so many dreadful complications can enter in, if it's neglected or wrongly treated; so I — O — well, Dr. Pryor fixed it up in just no time. Now," hastily, "I won't worry about it."

"I wouldn't," I rejoined, "it's doing well, I'll warrant;" and then I fell to discussing a new novel with Aunt Charlotte.

She must be feeling her years, must Aunt Charlotte, I mused on my way

homeward. The dragon's eyes were no longer watchful as of yore. Spring and the new physician, or it might be more correct to say, the new physician and the spring, were working a change, a wonderful change in Theodosia. And strangest of all was the fact that my aunt was oblivious to the little comedy that was being enacted under her very eyes, and here I started up my horse.

It was late in June that one evening I headed for The Crossways, and had just turned out of the river road and entered the village street when I saw a trim trap approaching, and as it drew nearer discovered that its driver was the plain Dr. Pryor. He was not alone; on the seat beside him was a slim, white-clad figure, whose face was completely hidden by the veil she wore. Quickly they passed, and were lost in the shadows of the river road. I found my thoughts, oddly enough, returning persistently to that slight figure in the doctor's carriage; it somehow recalled Theodosia, though I knew the idea was absurd. I should find her, I told myself, a wonder of frilly draperies, seated on the piazza, in ladylike fashion, or wandering daintily around the rose garden.

Ten minutes later I alighted at The Crossways and entered the long living-room. "Is that you, Richard?" said my aunt's voice from a distant corner. "If I did not know it was never my custom, I would say that I had lost myself, for the moment, since I certainly did *not* hear you come up the drive."

"I don't see Theodosia," I began abruptly; "she's in the garden, I suppose."

"No," was the reply, "she went over to the Collinses this morning, expecting to remain for lunch, and was evidently prevailed upon to stay to dinner; she should be here by this time."

The clock announced eight-thirty, and at my aunt's request I adjusted the drop light. Nine o'clock struck,

and still no Theodosia. "Aunt," I commenced, then hesitated,—"Aunt Charlotte," I said, and again came to a pause.

"Speak up, Richard," said my elderly relation, "if there is one habit more unpleasant than another, it is to begin a remark, and then go up in the air; go on, Richard, go on!"

Thus encouraged I started in once more, "I met Dr. Pryor, Aunt, driving down the river road just as I came up to the village, and he was not alone. A girl, I'm sure it was a girl, was with him, and for one moment, one ridiculous moment, I was reminded of Theodosia; something in the carriage of her head, perhaps, for her face was well protected by a heavy veil, needlessly protected, I would say, considering the mildness of the evening."

"No doubt it *was* Theodosia," remarked my aunt. "Richard, just hand me my crocheting—no doubt it was Theodosia, and by this time they are well on their way to the Rectory at Glendale. I happen to know that the Rector is a patient of Dr. Pryor's."

"But," I gasped, "but why should they be going at this time in the evening?"

"Why, indeed!" and here my aunt's dry, cackling laugh echoed through the quiet room. "It looks to me strangely like an elopement; in fact, I'm quite positive it is;" leaning over the pink wool, as she spoke, to gather up a stitch.

"An elopement!" I repeated.

"To be sure," said Aunt Charlotte, dropping her work, and regarding me blandly. "It's all my own doing, all. Haven't I always arranged matters for Theodosia? Why, Richard, I was favorably impressed with the doctor at once. I went to Quaker School with his Aunt Henrietta years ago, and a pretty creature she was, too, by the way."

"I'd heard a plenty about this nephew of hers from time to time."

As soon as I saw the man's face I knew he'd fallen in love with Theodosia, and naturally he decided he'd be married as soon as he could persuade her to say yes. The whole thing has been as good as a tonic to me. Oh," with a retrospective chuckle, "how secretive the poor dears have had to be, and how thoroughly I've enjoyed the entire affair! At ten, I take it, they will reach the Rectory, and then I wish you to call them up for me."

It was Theodosia who was summoned to the phone, and her voice that tremblingly answered, but she was game, I realized.

"Oh, Theodosia!" I heard my aunt say, "you were so delayed at the Collinses that I began to be a trifle anxious. Some intuition prompted me to look you up at the Rectory." Then, after a slight pause, "Foolish child, of course, here's my blessing. Not the least surprised, not the least in the world; but, Theodosia, stay one moment; lord, child, the man can have you the rest of the time; as I once before remarked, Theodosia, he's very plain." And over the wire rippled Theodosia's answer, I heard it where I stood by the window, "Very plain, Aunt, very plain."

The Song

By Lalia Mitchell

If you would sing me a song of home,
Sing it, I pray thee, when far I roam,
Then shall my lashes with tears be wet,
Then shall I anguish in vain regret,
Then shall your fame to the skies be hurled,
Then will I praise you to all the world.
Touch with your pathos the homesick heart,
Weary and wretched, for that is Art.

If you would sing me a song of power,
Sing it not in my triumph hour:
But over my failure let it float,—
A mocking vision, a vexing note,—
Then can I see what means success,
Then can I know its power to bless.
Up from my depths I shall look and long.
And crown the singer, yet curse the song.

If you would sing me a song of youth,—
Youth with its portent and power and truth,
Sing it, I pray, when my eyes grow dim
And the weakness of age is in hand and limb.
Sing it when over my brow the snow
Mocks at the gold of the long ago.
Then shall I crown you a bard divine,
For the swan-song sent from your heart to mine.

Up to Date

By Kate Gannett Wells

IT is the not being up to date that so often makes trouble between grown-up children and parents. Just to be a dear, old-fashioned mother, "life-tried and sorrow-wise," or an "awfully" nice father does not answer the modern purposes of parenthood. For whether birth is intentional or unintentional, in either case it is independent of a child's desires, therefore all the more is it assumed that a parent should make up to his child for what it might have had, if it had not been born, a figure of speech in the same impossible line with the statement of a determined bachelor, that "his wife was dead and her mother was not born."

If parents would only conceive of being up to date as a position of dignity and authority, home friction would be less and comparisons would not be depressing. But when a girl smokes a cigarette or provides Santa Cruz rum as one of the ingredients for an afternoon tea, to be told not to do so because her mother never did is no reason at all to her or in itself. There are plenty of other arguments against either custom, drawn from modern science and æsthetics, which are not hopelessly old-fashioned. Late hours, bewilderingly décolleté dress, off color innuendoes, etc., can all be controverted better from the latest advances in scientific research than from the aged, moral, parental point of view. As for the obnoxiousness of flirtations, let mothers remember that they are but reversions to the eternally feminine, or else hereditary tendencies to be evolved in the course of centuries into prevailing intellectual friendships.

Arguing against minor offences from a high moral standard destroys the sense of proportion as to wrong-doing,

and is as weakening to rectitude as the declaration that everything which is not right is wrong. Absolute truth and right, asserted as such by any despot, reformer or conclave, meets with its own refutation in the trembling consciousness of average human nature. But if one keeps up to date, yet holding moral convictions, though couched in modern phraseology and ignoring the fatal futilities of family discussions, not making too much of little delinquencies, and above all not referring to the good, old ways as being the only ways to follow, then "things" go smoothly.

Some parents look so crestfallen and grieved when their children use up-to-date slang. Doubtless they did the same in their generation, save that old-fashioned slang was often in the form of oaths. General Scott said of George Washington, that at the battle of Monmouth he swore "till the leaves shook on the trees, charming, delightfully, . . . like an angel from heaven." What is modern slang to that? It is the vulgar slang that is never up to date, while the slang of colloquialism, locality and youth is amusing. "Quite a lot better," says the son about his mother who has "improved" in health.

Moreover, to be behind the times may wreak injury. One must know the last book, the newest topic, the latest remedy. A child had the croup, and its kindly mother and old-fashioned doctor treated it according to the rules in an old edition of a medical book. "Call an expert," demanded the modern father. The expert came and, when informed of what had been done, exclaimed, "You went by the first edition of the book, in the last a different procedure is ordered." The child got well.

It is just such up-to-dateness that is needed all the time in life, and however much ancients may dislike modernism, it is folly not to accept its dictum, as at least partial truth in its last edition, to be followed by another.

Nowhere more than in discipline has the modern superseded the old. It is now tact, not force, which settles disputes and compels attention. Not long ago some girls and boys giggled while Judge Lindsey was lecturing, because a kitten, straying on to the platform, had attracted their notice. Seeing what was the matter the Judge picked up the frightened creature and stroking her, as she seated herself comfortably on his shoulder, went on with his lecture, giving them unconsciously an object lesson concerning discipline.

It is claimed that somewhere in up-to-dateness there is a line which cannot be crossed. "I can stand a good deal, but not that," declares a mother, fearful of consequences, as she shrinks back on to her safe, conservative past. Perhaps it is in matters of religion that we oftenest grow aghast before our inquiring, irreverent children. Yet they have more real reverence before facts than we have before creeds. They are less afraid of sacerdotal power, of scientific criticism, or historic sequence in creeds than we, who think we know it all. The up-to-date child knows he does not and never can know it all. He takes things as they are, and waits to see what will come next, and we, who are afraid of any sympathetic insight into his wondering and standing-back attitude of mind, lest we ourselves should flounder about mentally, are impatient with his bluff "hello" before each unaccepted dogma.

The up-to-date mannerisms of behavior are more tangible than those of belief. Though gracefulness is always in order, it is shortsighted observation not to acknowledge that the over-short

dress, the golf stride, the swinging arms, the high crossed knees when sitting, the authoritative rasping speech of up-to-dateness are merely part of the athletic evolution of health in northern climes. The Greek athlete did not swing his discus on a raw November day and, moreover, he did not have to do "chores" for his women folk; they did them, and there were no newspaper headlines for him to read. So it was easy to combine strength with grace, as we too shall find, if we will believe that all our mannerisms have an historical background. Our athletics, gymnastics and home manners are compounded of our national independence, bravado and receptiveness to new fads. When we have mastered them all, American behavior, health and athletics will be as pleasing as they now are strong.

As to up-to-dateness in marriage, there is no end to the possibilities of usefulness it engenders and the mysteries it creates. Properly applied, it is the saving sense of humor anent implacable contrarities. It is feminine tact and a sense of mutual rights brought to bear upon domestic economy. It is men's bread winning and chivalric largess for their home. It is the acceptance of the untried new for the well-trod past, and it is the modern stoicism of insistent, persistent cheerfulness against placid resignation.

Conservatism and radicalism, the essential and the non-essential, up-to-dateness and behind-the-times, are inevitably and mercifully the opposing forces by which real progress is measured. If we ourselves can be neither scientists nor social experts, we, at least, need not look askance upon the surprising modernism of our children, though we may be permitted by them or by circumstances to deflect occasionally the course of their vagaries by more attractive and safer lines of growth.

Queen Victoria's Apple Cake

By Helen Campbell

FOR the child is always a conviction that kings and queens, whether in fairy tale or in real life, enjoy a perpetual feast, the tables groaning under the weight of delicious dishes of every order, the appetite perpetually stimulated, yet never cloyed by the long succession of delights. But even the child discovers, at last, that it is the rarity of such feasting that makes its real charm, and that a perpetual Thanksgiving would mean presently a penitential fast.

As to real kings and queens, knowledge of their actual habits is no less an astonishment, since the majority are simple livers with often distinct liking for very ordinary, even plebeian dishes. This is especially true of a long succession of rulers in England. George the Fourth delighted in nothing so much as plain boiled mutton and turnips; and another George counted apple dumplings the crown of all pastry or puddings.

Queen Victoria's taste was equally simple, roast chicken and tapioca pudding being her favorite lunch. Cinnamon was her chosen flavor for all sweets, like puddings or custards, and this fact was announced to every chef in the royal kitchen, who at times swore strange oaths as they found themselves compelled to introduce this, to them, ignoble spice into delicate creams and other creations in which vanilla and kindred flavors were to them obligatory. More than once a daring chef sent in the tapioca pudding flavored according to his own theories, and the queen's countenance grew dark as she tasted and sent away the disappointing dish. Fixed and unvarying forms became the unwritten law at last; and while large freedom was allowed for others, and state dinners

especially were elaborate to a degree, her own share in them remained of the smallest.

Of one dainty, discovered by herself in 1876 during a visit to Baden, she never tired. This was a noted apple cake, otherwise "Aepfel Kuchen mit Rahm Guss," made by a famous cook. The cake is an elaborate one, but it deserves its fame, though its composition is a trifle singular to English cooks. A paste is first made with one pound of sifted flour, half a pound of fresh butter rubbed into it, half a pound of sugar, a teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, and a quarter of a teaspoonful of ground clove; six raw yolks of eggs and six tablespoonfuls of cream. To this, when well beaten, is added six yolks of hard-boiled eggs which have been rubbed through a fine wire sieve, and half a teaspoonful of salt. This is to be mixed carefully and rolled out thin, large, round tins being lined with it, and the paste allowed to come a little above the edge of the tin. Six or eight choice, acid apples are to be peeled and quartered; these quarters are cut into the thinnest of slices, which are laid on the paste, and a small cup of currants and one of Sultana raisins are strewn evenly over the surface.

This would seem in itself to make a cake, but much more follows. Three-quarters of a pound of granulated sugar is put into a cake bowl with nine yolks of eggs, whipped into the sugar till very light. The whites are beaten to a stiff foam. Half a pound of sifted flour, with half a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, is added, and the whites, last of all. With this mixture the tins with their lining of paste are to be filled nearly to the top, and baked in a moderate oven for not less than half an hour. While the cake is still

hot, it is to be sprinkled with powdered sugar, flavored high with ground cinnamon. When quite cold it is cut in pieces and served on a napkin, the cake becoming a specialty of the royal kitchen, as it had been in Baden.

The Queen's faith in cinnamon rested on more than its flavoring qualities; for in her own training in girlhood she came into the knowledge of what part it played in the pharmacopœia of the middle ages, every monastery keeping a store of it for ready use and administering it in fever, dysentery and contagious diseases, and the castle mistress of that time and later on used it as freely. It has remained for the Pasteur Institute to place it first on the list of germicides, essence of cinnamon being one of the strongest of antiseptics, while the moment the aroma of the oil of cinnamon is introduced into a glass tube filled with microbes, they fall in shoals to the bottom of the tube, stupefied or killed. As specific for indigestion all the Georges took it more or less, and it was regarded as excellent for growing children, and thus was allowed the group in the royal nursery.

Another lunch dish, not German, but handed down from earliest Saxon days, invented, it is said, by the South Saxons, was a partridge pudding. For this a brace of well-hung partridges were required, cut into neat joints and skinned, if not very young. A suet crust was made, rolled half an inch thick, with which a quart pudding basin was lined, leaving it a full inch above the edge when trimmed. A thin slice of rump steak was laid on the bottom and on this the partridges, seasoned with pepper and salt, and over all was poured a cup of good

brown gravy, veal or beef. The cover was rolled out, and fitted over the dish, the edge moistened and the inch that was left round the rim pressed down carefully. A pudding cloth was wrung out of boiling water, well floured and then tied firmly about the dish, which was dropped into boiling water and kept on the rapid boil for an hour. At the moment of taking it out a small round was cut out of the top to let the steam escape. If this were not done, cases of poisoning sometimes occurred. Modern science has shown us that certain toxic qualities are in this form of steam, and that illness may result, if there is not a vent made for their escape. A few mushrooms are sometimes added, but the pudding ceases then to be true to its Saxon formula. The game was sometimes kept till "high" enough to give out phosphorescent gleams visible in a dark cellar, and an Austrian scientist of the nineteenth century actually constructed a lamp made up from luminous microbes or bacilli imbedded in gelatine. This surprising fact stirred some contributor to *Punch*, who sent in a series of verses, three of which hold all that is necessary in the way of comment.

"When, they tell me, food decays,
It emits quite dazzling rays;
And a lobster in your room,
If it's ripe dispels the gloom.

"Legs of mutton somewhat high,
Shine like diamonds in the sky;
Further than a lamp it seems,
Gorgonzola sheds its beams.

"Gas has had its little day,
Microbe light has come to stay;
Shortly we shall see each street
Lit by tins of potted meat."



How the Day of the Wise Men of the East is Remembered in France

By Julia Davis Chandler

JANUARY sixth is the day set apart to remember the visit of the Magi to the infant Jesus. It is called in France "Le Jour de Rois."

Friends are usually invited for the evening meal. If not, the family make merry, honoring the eldest member of the family by making him or her King or Queen of the Day, by having the bean hidden in the cake fall to the lot of the grandfather, the sprightly old grandmother or great-aunt.

Usually, however, it is a boy or girl, a young man or maiden, who finds the bean. Sometimes the tiniest of china dolls is used in place of the large bean. The cake, or galette, of sweet puff-paste, is served for the final course with a bottle of Burgundy, also other sweet dishes and nuts. The young folks only get "eau rouge," water reddened with wine; remember France is a wine-growing country, and this is the custom in family life, and deemed perfectly proper.

If a girl gets the bean, she must select a king, and if a boy gets it, he must choose a queen by dropping it in the other's glass. There are so very few occasions for young men and maidens to meet in France that chances like this are given for fun and acquaintance leading to matrimony.

The round cake, or galette, is cut in sections like a pie, and a part is kept for the poor, — not tramps like ours, but wayfarers, or humble callers from the neighborhood, who expect their dainty bit of food from the well-to-do or rich. Is it not called, "La part du bon Dieu" and always given to those who ask for "Charity, s'il vous plait?" ("God's share" for those who say "Charity, if you please!")

There are no especial games or antics similar to those at Hallowe'en, by which to discover one's future mate. The fun lies in the toasts offered to the King and Queen, and if the toast is not acknowledged by the bashful or pre-occupied majesties, the cry goes up from all, "Le Roi boit," or "La Reine boit." In short "Le Rois de la Fève," or "Kings of the Bean," might be called "Twelfth Night Kings." Our Twelfth Night cakes, full of sweet citron and almonds and spice, are suggestive of the spices and gifts of the East, just as all Christmas cookery is; the Christmas mince pies of manger shape, with spices, were always considered symbolical in medieval Europe.

Any good French pastry cook at a bakery, or any hotel chef in our American cities, would make to order a true French galette for the celebration of the Day of the Three Kings, or Wise Men, in true French fashion, and, if wine be not allowed, then substitute a good grape-juice beverage.

One of Guy de Maupassant's sweet little stories centers around this day and its commemoration in modern France. It is the story of "Mlle. Perle."

The story opens at a country home of the upper bourgeois; all is light and happiness indoors, while a furious snowstorm and high wind are raging around the house. The family group can hardly believe their ears, when the doorbell rings violently; no friend would think of coming, and no wayfarers, on such a night! The poor do stop for charity on this day, expecting surely the piece of galette, or cake, always cut off for such, — "la part du pauvre," it is called.

The men of the family go to the door and find there a great dog guarding a little baby in a carriage. No one can be seen, the storm hides all, and calls are not answered. The dog growls, but yields the infant to the family. The baby is a foundling, well dressed, and with her a note for ten thousand francs.

Whoever left her felt sure that no little one would be refused on this holy day, when the great Magi came to do homage to a little child.

To tell the story in brief is to spoil it, but the baby grows into a sweet child, beloved by all; her money is invested and doubles for her dowry. Her foster mother makes her feel her position is one in the family, but not of it; her foster sisters share their joys and pleasures with her as a friend, but

the elder son, betrothed to a cousin, loves her, despite her clouded and uncertain origin. Perle she is called, because so pure and fair and gentle, — this little blue-eyed foundling, born of refined parents, it is clear.

She never marries, nor seeks attention, rather disguising her charms, and letting herself age, devoting herself to her part in the family life, while the son marries dutifully, only in after years betraying his unspoken love for Mlle. Perle. The confession is wrung from him by his sorrow on seeing Mlle. Perle on a similar Jour des Rois, when she comes to his Paris home with the family. She is told what has been said that she may not die ignorant of the love that might have been hers. Overwhelmed she falls fainting. So the story ends.

Smithfield Ham

By Mrs. J. A. Moroso

ONE of the most distinctive and delightful of American dishes is scarcely known out of the State which produces it, and in which it is considered one of the greatest of culinary delicacies. It is true that the Virginia hams have been discovered and adopted in some of the cities of the North, but they have yet to discover and adopt the Virginia way of cooking them. To serve this peculiar kind of a ham with a sauce would be considered little short of barbarism in Virginia, yet that is the popular way of serving it in the North and East.

It was not long ago that the proprietor of New York's smartest and most exclusive restaurant, commenting on the possibilities of American dishes and cooking, mentioned casually the "razor-back hog that roams through

the forests of Virginia" as having a most delicious nutty flavor. As the gentleman in question is a foreigner, he could scarcely be expected to know that the nutty flavor of the Virginia ham is its prime characteristic and is due to the fact that these delicious porkers do not roam the forests, but the fields, where they are allowed to grub at their own sweet will the goobers or peanuts. It is this peanut diet that gives the ham its nutty flavor and causes it to be so highly prized by Virginians. These porcine delicacies are produced only in the peanut region in and around Smithfield, hence the name by which all Virginians know them — Smithfield ham.

Another hall mark of this ham is its thin, slab sides. Outwardly no other ham, cured, is like it. The Emperor

Wilhelm of Germany, who is a connoisseur in all pork products, is said to have been so delighted with a Smithfield ham, which he partook of on board an American warship, that he immediately ordered a number of them for his own use.

Outside of Virginia, it takes an Englishman to appreciate a Virginia ham, and his comment invariably is, "why, this is the nearest to English ham that I have ever eaten;" praise, indeed from an Englishman.

And now, to get at the meat of the matter, you first get your ham and then you cook it. It is no easy matter to get a good ham, unless you know your dealer. A Virginia housekeeper, who has lately taken up her residence in New York, saw in the grocery department of one of the big shops a line of hams which she knew to be good. To her amazement, she found them to be cheaper than in Richmond and she invested in one and went on her way rejoicing.

The ham was cooked with all the solemnity which invests the process in that household; but when, at last, the anticipated morsel was in her mouth, she found it so dry as to be tasteless. The process of curing renders the ham very dry, and if too old it

becomes uneatable; if too new it lacks mellowness and flavor. In Virginia they insert a probe in the ham and test it before it is sold, and that is really the only way to get a Smithfield ham.

Once the ham is procured it should be soaked over night. The next morning it is put in a ham boiler and covered with cold water; or better still, sweet cider. Into the boiler should be thrown some leaves and the root of a bunch of celery, an onion stuck with a half dozen or more cloves, a tiny bit of red pepper and a dozen peppercorns, a couple of bay leaves and, lacking the cider, a cup of vinegar in which has been stirred three tablespoonfuls of brown sugar.

The ham should be brought to a boil slowly and, when it has reached that point, let barely simmer until it is done. The time allowed must be proportioned to the size of the ham, as a ham that is overdone and falls to pieces, when it is cut, is ruined.

The ham should cool in the pot liquor and then the skin should be removed and a coat of brown sugar substituted for it. Dot with cloves, put in the oven to brown, and when cold, carve in wafer-like slices. You will have a dish fit for an epicure.

The Pleasant Life

By W. H. Davies

When I came back to Nature's ways,
After a city's ill-spent days,
And saw, in summer, fields of gold
That billowed in the wind and rolled
Against green hedges, and the tree,
When all its leaves danced merrily;
And saw the simple cattle look
With eyes whose lashes hardly shook;
And clouds that changed Heaven's face, and
could
Seem motionless, stare how I would;

And all the sweet, wild blossoms seen
In leafy woods and meadows green:
When I saw these sweet sights, and heard
The music made by brook and bird,
The skylark's voice that happy hour
He soared up through a sunny shower;
And woodland Brook, that raised his tones
Each time he came to rocks and stones, —
When I saw these sweet sights and heard
The music made by brook and bird,
"Nature," I said, "take thou my trust
Until this Earth reclaims its dust."

Where the Casseroles



THE LITTLE PORT

COME FROM
By
Floyd Jones

THIS is the time of the year when all eyes are turned

towards the Riviera, but how many among those winter birds of passage, who annually throng the hotels and pensions of Nice and Cannes, ever take the trouble to make an excursion to Vallauris, the head center for the manufacture of those baked-clay casseroles known the world over wherever the best traditions of the French cuisine are recognized?

The art-pottery establishments of Clément Massier and his fellows at Golfe Jouan, and on the orange and olive tree covered hillsides round about, are as far as the seekers of souvenirs of the Côte d'Azur ever go in their quest. Massier is a great artist, no doubt, though he might ever have been a simple journeyman potter, had he not, years ago, attracted the attention of Gerome, Cabanal, Puvis de Chavannes and the world of art at Paris, who prevailed upon him to devote his undeniable talents to the making of those exquisite forms and colorings which have made his jugs and vases and plates famous the world over.

Massier's work is to be found in the museums of the Luxembourg, the Arts

et Metiers, Sèvres, Limoges, South Kensington, Berlin, Vienna and Saint Petersburg, but where one example is to be seen, closely guarded in a glass case in a museum, hundreds of the casseroles of Vallauris are to be found among the chef's pots and pans of neighboring hotels and restaurants.

Almost within sight of Massier's establishment on the shores of the Mediterranean, where it is always summer, rise the tall stacks of an industrial community of some six thousand souls, who, here in the Vallis Aurea, the Golden Valley of the Romans, turn out each year countless thousands, perhaps millions, of those rough, shallow pots in *terre cuite*, which are exported to the ends of the earth. At least half the population of Vallauris gains its daily bread in the potteries, whose chief productions are marmites, poêlons and casseroles, the faithful handmaidens of the masters of cookery, the French chefs. To Barcelona, to Marseilles, to Genoa, to Naples, to Alexandria and to Trieste are shipped daily, from the little seaport a few miles distant on the shore of the Golfe Jouan, shiploads of these rough-made, pottery cooking utensils; and from thence they are reshipped in great liners to all the ports of the seven seas.

Fifty establishments, at least, at

Vallauris continue the old traditions, unaffected by the rise of prosperity and the art-potters of the neighborhood, who produce more æsthetic forms out of the same plastic soil. A mere lad earns four francs a day at the potter's wheel, but another workman, more expert, may turn out the same sort of product in sufficient quantity to augment his daily wage to twenty or twenty-five francs, a very high wage indeed in France, for what manufacturers are apt to refer to as merely the hire of a pair of hands.

Recently all Vallauris has been on a strike; it seems that the vogue of the casserole is growing to such an extent across the seas—and we in America have done our part to popularize it, as everybody knows—that the demand is greater than the supply, and Vallauris, being the chief center of production, and holding its own, because its output will stand a hotter fire and more hard knocking about than any other, was the first to feel the effects of this welcome prosperity. The employers sought to meet the issue by

installing mechanical turn tables, but the employees, many of them descendants of fathers and grandfathers who had assisted at the birth of the industry, would hear of nothing of the sort; rather the industry should perish, and the *bon vivant* of the outer world die from eating contaminated viands cooked in copper caldrons, or by swallowing chips of "enamel" from the popular priced substitute for the classic casserole; they, at any rate, would not increase their output merely to cut down their wages.

The economic aspect of such a decision need not be put in question here; it is not one that concerns us for the moment, nor indeed has it been answered. A *modus vivendi* has been arrived at, however, and Vallauris's three thousand potters are again at work, turning out casseroles as fast as human hands and feet can shape them; for the potter's wheels at Vallauris are still revolved by the agile nether limbs of the *bons provençaux*, the *coquins de bon sort* of the Val d'Or, the Golden Valley of Mediterranean Gaul.

A Fable

A RAGGED beggar was creeping along the street. He carried an old wallet and asked every passer-by for a few cents. As he was grumbling at his lot, he kept wondering why it was that people who had so much were never satisfied, but were always wanting more.

"If I only had enough to eat and wear, I should be satisfied," said the beggar.

Just at that moment Fortune came down the street. She saw the beggar and stopped. She said to him:

"Listen! I have long wished to help you. Hold out your wallet, and I will pour this gold into it, but I will pour only on this condition: all that falls

upon the ground shall become dust. Do you understand?"

"Oh, yes, I understand," said the beggar.

"Then have a care," said Fortune; "your wallet is old."

He opened the wallet quickly, and the yellow metal was soon pouring in.

"Is that enough?"

"Not yet," said the beggar.

"Isn't it cracking?" asked Fortune.

"Never fear. Just a little more," said the beggar; "add just another handful."

Another handful was added, and the wallet burst from end to end.—*The Round Table*.

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A NEW-YEAR'S WISH

To be free from narrowness;

To respond to the nearest need,

To help all;

To magnify the good in the meanest,

To minimize with love apparent faults
in others;

To give God his opportunity in me;

To further his plan for the world He
loves;

Let this be my wish.

W. P. LANDERS.

TRUTH AND JUSTICE

IT is a privilege to live in this twentieth century — a privilege far greater than it had been to live in any previous age. The volume of truth that beckons us on our way is

larger than ever before. Our faith is broader and more sane than that of generations past. Instead of a few sacred things, all things have come, in a measure, to be held as sacred. As knowledge has increased, life has become more cheerful and more hopeful. Fear, hate, jealousy and asceticism no longer are suffered to abide in the better minds of the present day. In wholesome lives fret and worry are out of order.

The history of the world is remarkable in nothing so much as for the changes that have taken place in man's conception of truth and error, right and wrong. In matters intellectual and moral the world's progress is no less marvelous than its growth in things material and commercial. Plain truth and justice are the standards today by which all methods and processes are tested. Even the ways in which men earn their living are subject to the closest scrutiny and analysis.

Some one has said "the sacred writ of yesterday is not the sacred writ of today, and that of today will not be adequate at all for tomorrow." As Lowell wrote:

"Truth is eternal, but her effluence,
With endless change, is fitted to the hour;
Her mirror is turned forward to reflect
The promise of the future, not the past.
He who would win the name of truly great
Must understand his own age and the next,
And make the present ready to fulfil
Its prophecy, and with the future merge
Gently and peacefully, as wave with wave.

"The future works out great men's purposes;
The present is enough for common souls,
Who, never looking forward, are indeed
Mere clay, wherein the footprints of their
age
Are petrified forever: better those
Who lead the blind old giant by the hand
From out the pathless desert where he
gropes,
And set him onward in his darksome way.

"Let us speak plain: there is more force in
names
Than most men dream of; and a lie may
keep
Its throne a whole age longer, if it skulk
Behind the shield of some fair-seeming
name.

Let us call tyrants tyrants, and maintain
That only freedom comes by grace of God,
And all that comes not by His grace must
fall;

For men in earnest have no time to waste,
In patching fig-leaves for the naked truth."

AN ASSOCIATION OF HOME ECONOMICS

THE formation of an Association of Home Economics, as indicated below, is one of the signs of the times that point to better things in the future. The problems of the home are coming more and more to receive something of that attention and consideration which they so richly deserve. How trite it is to say the climax of all living is in the happy, cheerful home!

It is said Denman Thompson's "Old Homestead" has been played seven thousand times and has earned more than \$3,000,000. What has given this rustic melodrama its unprecedented hold on the affections of the people? And the explanation seems to be: The "Old Homestead" makes a direct appeal to universal emotion — to the universal heart. People go to see it, not because it is brilliant, but because it is entertaining, and because, within its limits, it is truthful and suggestive.

The object of the American Association of Home Economics is the advancement and betterment of life in the home — that is, the higher welfare of mankind. This is officially stated as follows:

For ten years a group of devoted workers has been meeting for a week's conference each summer on problems related to the home, under the name of the Lake Placid Conference on Home Economics. Last summer, by invitation, the conference met at Chautauqua, and at that time the conference voted that the time had come for a country-wide organization, to include primarily those engaged in educational subjects connected with home, whether in lower or higher schools or collegiate institutions, but also, to include those engaged in household and institutional

management and in social and municipal work for home betterment. In short, the society would include scholars, students, and practical persons, who are actively concerned with matters that relate to the home and problems of living. The convention for organizing an American Association of Home Economics is therefore called to meet at Washington, D.C., December 31-January 2, and to this gathering all are invited who feel an interest in the purposes set for the organization. The control of conditions of living and the advancement to higher standards of life might be set as the society's motto. But its organizers propose to go about this ideal business in very practical ways by focusing attention on matters of food and nutrition, hygiene in its personal, home, and public aspects, a more enlightened care of children, the intelligent financing of the home through attention to standards, budgets and accounting, and such municipal topics as clean streets and markets. The distinguishing feature of the organization is that it proposes the educational method for advancing these ideas.

A PROTEST AGAINST GENERALITIES

(By L. M. C.)

SWEEPING assertions are uttered either by the careless or the prejudiced.

The careless use this extravagance of speech because it is so easy to declare, "All men are — so and so," "Women are all —," "Western people are like this and eastern people are like that." Their idea in conversation is simply vivacity, to skim over a theme without troubling their gray matter unnecessarily.

The prejudiced, however, make the same sort of assertions with the air of having, after a deal of study, come to this conclusion, and that this judg-

ment now uttered comes from a court that knows no appeals.

Both simply proclaim their own ignorance. For traveled people know that such broad statements concerning the human family are both foolish and misleading, that they work harm in the world instead of adding to "peace and good will among men."

When such creep into print they are hardly to be excused. Yet a literary editor of a southern publication, in reviewing a new novel of questionable morals,—one which should never have passed through a publisher's hands,—called it typical of "high society in the North," and declared it would "not appeal in the least to the southern people."

Evidently this editor is judging "the North" by the notorious class of wealthy miscreants that England judges all America by. Do you call England's judgment of us fair? Isn't it like looking at a plantation through a knot-hole in the fence?

Such "high society" as that portrayed in the book is not typical of any section, but abominably common in all our cities; while such disgusting novels as this in question do not appeal to one section more than another, but to the low-minded everywhere.

I am tired of these generalities! To call the women of the North suffragists, mercenary, cold blooded and loose moraled is no more just than to call southern women lazy, shiftless and ignorant.

The trouble with us, the world over, is that we take our opinions too largely from the news items in the daily papers. We forget that they print almost solely the startling deeds of mankind. When, for instance, does a woman's name get into the Associated Press dispatches except through some crime, or awful accident, or wild eccentricity? Follow out this line of thought, paper in hand, and you will readily see the bias given to our minds, if their judgments are to

be taken only from this source of information.

Then, remember, that even press dispatches are clipped by the editors, so that our papers everywhere are more or less sectional. A California deed must be exceedingly startling to get into the Alabama papers. As a result, "Deadwood, N. Dak.," to *us* stands solely for "Deadwood Dick" and way below zero weather. And, probably, from what *they* read in their periodicals, the Dakotans believe that southern men do nothing but walk the streets, pistols in hand, hunting their best enemies.

You see it doesn't do!

Of course, we must have, cannot help having, opinions and basing them upon such limited knowledge as we have; but we can all broaden our horizons a bit if we will, and keep our minds open to new impressions. For instance, this editor can learn much about the North, without so much as leaving his home city, if he will but study the hundreds of northern people all about him. Even this is hardly a fair criterion, but it will help, and I am sure it will lighten the blue of his glasses. (Or is it green?)

We need to travel a bit, to pull up roots and go to live in other parts of this big America of ours, if need be, to learn that human nature is "much of a muchness," as George Eliot declares; that God's good people live everywhere, with bad neighbors on every side of them; and that the bad neighbors usually make the biggest noise.

Of course predominating traits are to be found in each section, just as there are typical physiognomies and provincialisms in speech (differences which are fast disappearing), but to make sweeping assertions concerning any part of the country, especially assailing the character of its people, is simply libelous. Let us emulate the Japanese in striving to be one great family.

"In unity" — and in unity only — "there is strength."



ALEXANDRIA SALAD. (See page 286)

Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

IN all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. When flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or a teaspoonful of any designated material is a *level* spoonful of such material.

Sardines on Lettuce (Hors d'Œuvre)

OPEN a can of choice sardines and remove the little fish carefully, to preserve their shape; pat dry or free from oil with a soft cloth and lay on slices of onion set on a plate; put other slices of onion above the fish, cover closely and set aside in a cool place. When ready to serve set a crisp, clean, heart-leaf of lettuce on a plate, and on it dispose a sardine; sprinkle the whole with a teaspoonful (scant) of French dressing and serve at once with brown or rye bread-and-butter sandwiches.

Tomato-and-Tapioca Soup

Have ready a quart of beef broth, hot, in a double boiler; stir in one-fourth a cup of fine tapioca and stir

occasionally for half an hour, or until the tapioca becomes transparent; add a cup and a half of tomato purée (cooked tomatoes pressed through a sieve) and salt and pepper as needed. Serve very hot. The broth left from boiling a leg of lamb or mutton, reduced somewhat at a gentle simmer, may be used for this soup. If the broth is not flavored, sauté an onion, half a carrot, a stalk of celery and a piece of pepper in a little butter or olive oil; skim these from the fat and tie in a piece of cheese cloth; then add to the broth, cooking, with the tapioca. Before serving the soup skim out the cheese cloth.

Purée of Dried Red or of Lima Beans

Either variety of beans will be found very palatable, cooked in this fashion. For a family of four or five persons set

one cup of beans to soak over night in cold water. In the morning drain, rinse with fresh water and set to cook in plenty of cold water. Let simmer, covered, till nearly tender, then remove the cover, add a teaspoonful of salt, set the saucepan on an asbestos mat, and let cook until the water is evaporated. Mash the beans, then press them through a purée sieve, and return to the fire with one-fourth a teaspoonful of black pepper, a dash of paprika, salt, if more is needed, and three tablespoonfuls of butter; beat the mixture thoroughly and dispose it

hand and, with the back of the knife held between the skin and the fish gently pull off the skin, first on one side and then on the other; then scrape the flesh from the bones, first on one side and then on the other; cut the flesh in two-inch pieces. Cover the bones and trimmings with cold water and set over the fire; let heat to the boiling point, then simmer. Peel four onions and let cook fifteen minutes, then drain and add to the bones and broth and continue the cooking for an hour or more. Add with the onions three stalks of fresh



FOR HADDOCK EN CASSEROLE

on a hot dish. Surround with triangles of toasted bread, spread with butter. Serve at once, as the main dish at luncheon or supper, or as a vegetable entrée at dinner.

Haddock en Casserole

To serve four buy a fresh haddock weighing between two and three pounds. Have the fish dressed as for boiling, the head and tail cut off and a strip with the fins on the back attached cut out the entire length of the fish. With a sharp-pointed knife loosen the skin below the head of the fish, then take hold of the skin with the left

or dried parsley. Pare six potatoes, and cut them into quarters or eighths; cover with boiling water, heat the whole to the boiling point and let cook five minutes, then drain. Half an hour before the dish is to be served put a layer of the potatoes into a casserole, add a layer of fish, two of the onions, a sprinkling of salt and pepper, and a tablespoonful of butter in bits; then another layer of potatoes and of fish with onions and seasoning; strain in the broth, cover and let cook in the oven half an hour. Serve in the dish. A carrot, cut in quarters, may be par-boiled, and added with the onions.

Serve at the same time baking-powder biscuit or crackers and a fresh vegetable salad.

the meat over and over, that all parts may come in contact with the liquid. Then cover the dish and set aside in a



BONED-AND-MARINATED LEG OF LAMB READY TO ROAST

Boned Leg of Lamb, Marinated and Roasted

Have the bones removed from a leg of lamb. Cut a scraped carrot and a peeled onion in slices. Put over the fire about half a cup of raw ham, lean and fat, cut in small cubes; add two tablespoonfuls of olive oil or bacon fat and, when these are hot, the onion and carrot, two or three sprigs of parsley, half a red or green pepper, cut in shreds, and a piece of bay leaf; cook and stir until the vegetables are softened and browned a little, then add a cup, each, of water and cider vinegar and let boil about five minutes;

cool place. The meat may be kept for some time, a week or longer, by turning it in the liquid each day. When ready to cook wipe the meat and discard the bits of vegetables, etc.; bind the meat in a compact shape, rub it over with salt and flour, put it on a rack in a baking pan with salt pork above, and set to cook in a hot oven; when the meat is browned, reduce the heat and let cook about an hour and a half in all, basting often with the fat in the pan.

Sauce for Marinated Lamb

Put the marinade over the fire and let simmer until reduced one-half.



CANNED PEAS WITH FRESH CARROTS. (See page 288)

then set aside to become cold. Pour this cold marinade into the space from which the bones were taken, then turn

When the meat is cooked, remove it from the dish to the warming oven. Pour off the fat in the baking pan to

leave three tablespoonfuls; add three tablespoonfuls of flour, and stir and cook until well browned, then add one cup of brown stock or broth, and a scant half a teaspoonful of salt and stir until the sauce thickens; add half a cup of the marinade, stir until boiling, then strain into the serving dish. Instead of the marinade use half a cup of currant jelly, if preferred.

Chicken Goulash

Cut a cleaned chicken in pieces as

chicken is tender. With a skimmer remove the pieces of chicken to a serving dish, turn hot, boiled rice around the chicken, to form a border, and pour the sauce over the chicken. Serve at once. Cream may be used in place of the tomato purée. The feature of the dish is paprika, which should be added in generous measure.

Chicken Newburg

Have a cup and a half of cooked chicken cut in small cubes, both dark



POTATO SALAD, FRENCH STYLE

for a fricassee. Into a frying pan put three or four tablespoonfuls of olive oil, butter or other fat and in it cook the chicken about ten minutes, turning the pieces occasionally, to cook them uniformly. Add one small carrot, scraped or pared, and two small onions, both sliced very fine, and stir and cook the vegetables about three minutes. Add three tablespoonfuls of flour and stir until it has been absorbed by the fat, then add a cup of broth, half a cup of sherry wine and half a cup of tomato purée and stir until thickened, then add half a teaspoonful of paprika and half a teaspoonful of salt. Remove the pieces of chicken to a saucepan, strain the sauce over them, cover and let simmer about an hour, or until the

and light meat; put the meat with a scant half a cup of sherry wine in a double boiler or a blazer over boiling water; add a scant half a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of paprika and stir until the mixture is very hot, then stir in the beaten yolks of three eggs, diluted with a cup of cream. Be sure that the water in the lower pan is boiling; stir the chicken mixture vigorously and serve as soon as it thickens. If cooked too long the mixture will curdle.

Potato Salad, French Style (to serve eight)

Cut cold boiled potatoes in small cubes. To six cups of the potato cubes add a tablespoonful or more of

grated onion or onion juice, three or four tablespoonfuls of fine-chopped parsley, a teaspoonful and a half of salt (more may be necessary) and half a teaspoonful of pepper, and turn the ingredients over and over until they are well blended. Let stand in a cool place until ready to serve. To one pint of double cream (sweet) add four tablespoonfuls of tarragon vinegar and beat until thick to the bottom of the bowl; mix the prepared potato with the dressing and serve at once.

Astoria Salad, Revised

Carefully wash half as many heads of endive as there are people to serve, then cut the heads in halves, lengthwise, and wash again. If the endive is not crisp, add a little ice to some water and let stand a few moments; wipe each leaf as carefully as possible and wrap the whole closely in a piece of linen or cheese cloth and set aside in a cool place until ready to serve. Take one grapefruit and one orange for each three or four to be served, also half a canned pear for each service. Cut the grapefruit and oranges in halves and remove the pulp in sections without taking the membrane. Reserve the juice in a cup. Cut the pear (which should be firm) in lengthwise slices. Also cut a narrow strip from a green and a red pepper for each service. Dispose the halves of endive on individual plates (these will resemble a spread fan), set the slices of pear, one almost overlapping another, lengthwise, at

the root end of the endive; back of these, in the same way, the sections of orange pulp, with the sections of

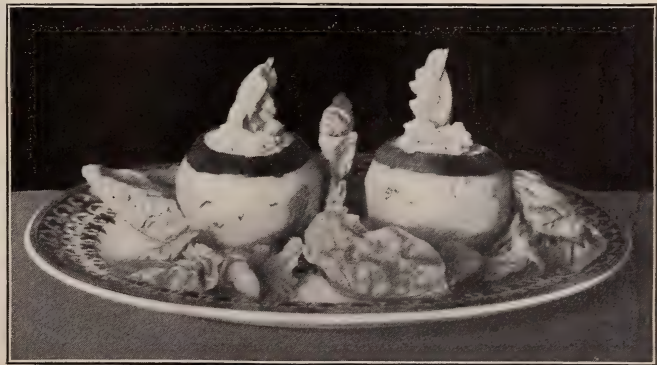


ASTORIA SALAD

grapefruit just above the tips of the leaves. To the juice add, for each service, about a tablespoonful of olive oil and one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt; beat together vigorously, pour over the salad and serve at once.

Fleur-de-Lis Salad, Murray's Restaurant, New York

Cut either oranges or grapefruit in halves, crosswise. With a sharp-pointed knife cut around the pulp in each section of the fruit. Also cut the membrane separating the sections and the core from the skin and remove



GERMAN APPLE CUP

all the membrane and core in one piece. Sprinkle over the pulp, thus left in the fruit skin, a few sliced walnut or pecan

meats and a little French dressing. Set the halves of the fruit, thus prepared, on individual plates and in the center of each set half a dozen heart-leaves of French endive in an upright position, to imitate the fleur-de-lis.

Alexandria Salad

Thoroughly wash and dry heart-leaves of tender lettuce; dispose these in a salad bowl, above sprinkle a layer of the well-washed and dried inner stalks of celery, cut in half-inch pieces; above the celery, dispose a layer of white grapes, skinned, cut into halves and seeded. Prepare a French dressing, using Sauterne in the place of vinegar or lemon juice, and pour over the whole. Mix at the table before serving. For about a pint of material, exclusive of lettuce, use six tablespoonfuls of oil, four tablespoonfuls of

the apple a little; in the center of the mixture in each apple set a tiny heart-leaf of lettuce. Dispose the apples on heart-leaves of lettuce and serve at once. The ring of apple skin gives a little color to the dish; the end of the apple on which it is left should be upward. To serve in perfection, when coring the apple, remove all the seed cavities. If the apples must stand after paring, rub over the exposed surfaces very lightly with the cut side of a lemon. This will prevent discoloration.

One Loaf of Bread and a Sheet of Coffee Cake made with One Yeast Cake

One Loaf of Bread

At night soften one-third the cake of compressed yeast in one-fourth a cup of lukewarm water. Put one cup of scalded milk into a mixing bowl and add one tablespoonful of butter or other shortening; half a teaspoonful of salt and one tablespoonful of sugar; when the liquid is lukewarm, add the prepared yeast and stir in nearly four cups of flour. Turn the dough onto a floured board and knead about ten minutes, or until



BREAD AND COFFEE CAKE MADE WITH ONE YEAST CAKE

Sauterne, half a tablespoonful of salt, and one-fourth a teaspoonful of white pepper.

German Apple Cup (Boston Hotel)

Select fine-grained apples, one for each service; core and pare, leaving on a section of the skin, in the shape of a ring, near one end of the apple. Cut heart-stalks of celery very fine, but do not chop it; mix the celery with mayonnaise dressing, to which half the bulk of whipped cream has been added; add also more salt and pepper. Use this mixture to fill the hollow centers of the apples, rounding it up above

smooth and elastic. Return the dough to the bowl and cover closely. Let the bowl stand in a temperature of about 68° Fah., for about two hours, then, if the temperature falls to 50° or even 40° Fah., no harm will be done. In the morning the dough should be about twice its original size. Cut it in halves, knead these into rounds and set them side by side in a "brick loaf" bread pan. When the pan is rather more than three-fourths full, bake one hour.

Sheet of Coffee Cake

Soften the other two-thirds of the cake of compressed yeast in one-fourth

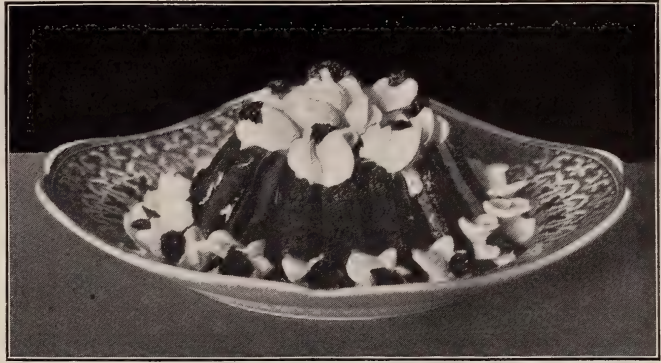
a cup of lukewarm water. Put one cup of scalded milk into a mixing bowl; add one-fourth a cup of butter or other shortening, one-fourth a cup of sugar, and half a teaspoonful of salt, and, when reduced to a lukewarm temperature, add one egg and the prepared yeast, then stir in about three cups of flour. Enough flour should be added to make a thick batter. The mixture should be almost stiff enough to knead. Cut through and turn it over and

over with a knife, then cover closely and set aside with the bread dough. In the morning the mixture should be doubled in bulk. Cut through and through it, with a knife, and turn it over and over. Spread it smoothly in a buttered pan (about 10 by 5 inches) and when light (but not quite doubled in bulk) bake about half an hour. Make a cooked paste with a teaspoonful of cornstarch and half a cup of boiling water; spread the top of the cake with the paste, putting it on generously; sprinkle with a dozen blanched almonds, cut in thin slices, and dredge with three tablespoonfuls of sugar, mixed with a teaspoonful of cinnamon, and return to the oven grate, to melt the sugar and brown the almonds. With care this may be reheated.

Sliced Figs in Sherry Wine Jelly

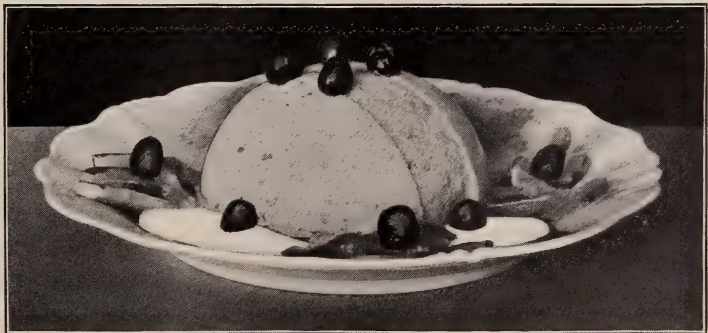
Let one tablespoonful of granulated gelatine stand in one-fourth a cup of cold water until the water is absorbed, then dissolve in three-fourths a cup of

boiling water; add half a cup of sugar and stir occasionally until the liquid is cold; then add the juice of half a



SLICED FIGS IN SHERRY WINE JELLY

lemon and half a cup of sherry wine. Cut three or four choice figs (from a bag or basket) in thin slices. Set a mould, holding rather less than a pint, in a pan of water and crushed ice. Dip the slices of fig in the gelatine mixture and set them on the bottom and against the chilled sides of the mould. Put a few spoonfuls of the liquid into the mould and, when this is nearly "set," add slices of the fig, then more liquid, and more slices of fig, as the liquid becomes thick, until the ingredients are used. When unmolded decorate with half a cup of



ORANGE-MARMALADE BAVARIOSE-GARNISH: STRIPS OF CANDIED PEEL AND CHERRIES

thick cream, beaten firm, and with small pieces of fig. This will serve four people. Lemon juice may be substi-

tuted for the wine. Orange juice may also be used; retain the juice of the half lemon and use three-fourths a cup of orange juice, dissolving the gelatine with *half* instead of three-fourths a cup of boiling water.

Orange Marmalade Bavariose

Soften two level tablespoonfuls of granulated gelatine in half a cup of cold water and dissolve by setting the gelatine in a dish of boiling water; add the juice of half a lemon and one cup of orange marmalade; set the mixture into a dish of ice and water and stir until it begins to thicken, then fold

the milk is absorbed and the rice is tender. Meanwhile cook half a can of apricots (half of the fruit and half of the syrup) with three or four tablespoonfuls of sugar and the grated rind of an orange about six minutes. Make a border of the hot rice on a serving dish, and turn the apricots and syrup into the center of the dish. Serve at dinner or luncheon as a dessert dish.

Canned Peas with Fresh Carrots

Scrape or pare two carrots, then cut lengthwise into quarters, and the quarters into pieces an inch long and one-fourth an inch wide and thick;



FRUIT FUDGE

in one cup and a half of double cream beaten solid. Turn into a dish lined, with paper or with lady-fingers or both. Serve, when chilled and set, turned from the mould. If the mould be lined, the unmolding is a very simple matter and immersing the mould in warm water is unnecessary.

Canned Apricots with Rice

Put half a cup of rice over a hot fire in a quart or more of cold water. Let boil three minutes, drain, rinse in cold water and drain again. Add to the rice two cups of milk and half a teaspoonful of salt and let cook until

wash these, then let simmer until tender in water barely to cover the pieces. When cooked the water should be nearly evaporated. At this season it will take nearly an hour to cook the carrots, and the water must be renewed once or twice. When the carrots are about cooked, drain the peas in a can, rinse in cold water, then set over the fire in boiling water; let boil vigorously, then drain the peas and add them to the carrots; add also a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of sugar, half a teaspoonful of black pepper, and three tablespoonfuls of butter; shake the dish over the fire, to

mix the peas and carrots with the seasonings, then serve in a hot dish. For a more strikingly looking dish the carrots, seasoned separately, may be disposed in the middle of a dish with the peas around them.

Stewed Celery

Remove the green stalks and pare the roots neatly of three or four heads of celery, and cut off the tops, to leave the heads about five inches in length; pour boiling water over them and let simmer five minutes, then drain, pour over cold water and drain again. Set over the fire in light broth (made from remnants of roast fowl or veal) and let simmer an hour or until tender, Take out the celery and drain on a cloth. Have ready two tablespoonfuls, each, of flour and creamed butter, mixed together; pour on a cup and a quarter of the broth, and when mixed thoroughly let simmer ten minutes, then beat in two tablespoonfuls of butter and pour over the cooked celery. Use the celery trimmings and the rest of the broth in making a cream-of-celery soup.

Canned Beets Hashed in Butter

Remove and drain the beets in a can, rinse in cold water, then pour on boiling water and heat quickly to the boiling point; let boil three or four minutes, then drain and chop rather coarse in a wooden bowl. Return to a hot saucepan, add a scant teaspoonful of salt, a dash of black pepper and one-fourth a cup of butter and turn the beets over and over in the butter until the butter is melted. Serve in a hot dish.

Carrots, Bechamel Style

Carefully scrape or pare two carrots and cut them in slices one-fourth an inch thick. Put them in a saucepan with one-fourth a red or green pepper and broth (made from chicken giblets or remnants of roast chickens), to cover; let simmer until tender. Re-

move the pepper and stir in three tablespoonfuls, each, of butter and flour, creamed together; add also a teaspoonful of sugar, half a teaspoonful or more of salt, a dash of pepper and half a cup of cream. Serve very hot.

Roasted Onions

SELLECT large onions of uniform size but do not remove outside skin; arrange in earthen casserole, bake slowly with jackets on; when tender peel them, place in covered dish steaming hot; heat large tablespoonful of butter in saucepan, stir in tablespoonful of flour, turn in half a cup of rich milk; cook boiling hot; season with salt and pepper, pour over onions; serve in hot entrée dish.

Baked Milk

BAKED milk is a drink often recommended for invalids. Put the milk in a stone jar; closely cover it, and let it bake very slowly several hours, when it should be thick and of a creamy consistency. The flavor is unique and reminds one somewhat of Devonshire cream. It may be served with fruit or merely alone as a custard dessert.

THE STEWARD.

It is calculated that the yearly sugar bill of the American people, for all purposes, industrial and domestic, is not far from \$400,000,000, and this increases at the rate of about five per cent a year. It is a large expenditure, and it comes out of the pockets of all the people. This is what gives special and particular interest to the sugar schedule in the tariff bill, though the activity of the refiners is considerably more marked than is that of the consumers.

Acknowledgment

The bonbon dishes in this issue are shown by the courtesy of Jones, McDuffee & Stratton. — ED.

Menus for a Week in January

"By properly combining the factors of daily life, even a weak heart may grow strong, a poor digestion may become good, and frayed nerves gain steadiness."—Adapted from MRS. RICHARDS.

SUNDAY

Breakfast

Cresco Grits, Cream
Broiled Bacon. Baked Potatoes
German Coffee Cake
Coffee

Dinner

Marinated Leg of Lamb, Roasted
Brown Sauce
Franconia Potatoes
Buttered Brussels Sprouts
Endive, French Dressing
Sliced Figs in Wine Jelly
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper

Hot Cheese Sandwiches
Apple Sauce. Tea

Breakfast

Granulated Barley, Cream
Sausages, Fried Apples
Mashed Potatoes
Corn Meal Muffins
Coffee

Luncheon

Haddock en Casserole
Philadelphia Relish
Squash Pie. Cereal Coffee

Dinner

Chicken Soufflé, Tomato Sauce
Spinach Greens with Slices of Egg
French Fried Potatoes
Chocolate Bread Pudding
Half Cups of Coffee

WEDNESDAY

MONDAY

Breakfast

Hot Oatmeal, Sliced Bananas
Corned Beef Hash
German Coffee Cake, reheated
Coffee. Cocoa

Luncheon

Stewed Celery
Baking Powder Biscuit
Baked Indian Pudding

Dinner

Tomato-and-Tapioca Soup
Cold Roast Lamb. Mashed Potatoes
Sweet-Pickle Jelly
Canned Beets, Chopped and Buttered
Apple Pie, Cream Cheese
Half Cups of Coffee

Breakfast

Grapefruit. Hamburg Steak
Stewed Potatoes. Parker House Rolls
Coffee

Luncheon

Canned Peas with Fresh Carrots
Buttered Toast
Mince Pie. Tea

Dinner

Cream-of-Spinach Soup
Hot Baked Ham
Sweet Potatoes Baked with Maple Sugar
Mashed Turnips
German Apple Cup
Spanish Nougat
Half Cups of Coffee

THURSDAY

TUESDAY

Breakfast

Hashed Lamb on Toast
Corn Meal Griddle Cakes
Coffee

Luncheon

Oyster Stew, Crackers
German Apple Cup
Bread and Butter
Cereal Coffee

Dinner

Chicken Goulash
Rice
Lettuce Salad
Squash Pie
Half Cups of Coffee

Breakfast

Cereal with Hot Dates, Cream
Salt Codfish Balls
Cream Toast. Doughnuts
Cereal Coffee

Luncheon

Cold Baked Ham, Sliced Thin
Canned String-Bean Salad
Marmalade Bavarirose
Cocoa

Dinner

Fresh Haddock en Casserole
Cold Slaw
Squash Pie. Edam Cheese
Toasted Crackers
Half Cups of Coffee

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

Breakfast

Scrambled Eggs with
Chopped Ham
Creamed Potatoes
Hot Apple Sauce
Buckwheat Griddle Cakes
Cereal Coffee

Luncheon

New York Baked Beans
Tomato Catsup
Gherkins
Hot Boston Brown Bread
Apple Tapioca
Pudding. Tea

Dinner

Cream-of-Tomato Soup
Pork Tenderloins, Baked
Scalloped Potatoes
Small squares of
Squash, Baked. Celery
Poor Man's Rice Pudding
Half Cups of Coffee

Company Luncheons and Little Dinners for January

Dinner

I

Sardines on Lettuce Leaves
Consommé Royal
Olives. Celery. Salted Nuts
Lobster Newburg
Partridge en Casserole
Tomatoes, Celery and Green Peppers,
Julienne style, French Dressing
Golden Parfait with French Fruit
Biscuits d'Epernay
Mints. Candied Grapes
Half Cups of Coffee

II

Smoked Salmon, Olives and Deviled Biscuit
in Hors d'Œuvre Dish
Chicken Bouillon, or Essence of Chicken
Fried Fillets of Fresh Fish, Sauce Tartare
Lady Finger Biscuit
Slices of Marinated Leg of Lamb, Roasted
Potato Croquettes
Stewed Celery
Mandarin Punch or Sherbet
Squab Guinea Chickens, Broiled
Astoria Salad
Toasted Crackers. Cream Cheese
Half Cups of Coffee

III

Consommé Adelina
Olives. Salted Nuts
Fish Mousse, Shrimp Sauce
Cucumber Salad
Peas and Fresh Carrots
Slices of Boned-and-Roasted Loin of Lamb
Mint or Sweet Pickle Jelly
Tomato Fritters
Browned Mashed Potatoes
Stuffed Squabs, Roasted, on Toast
Alexandria Salad
Marshmallow Parfait
Lady Fingers. Macaroons
Half Cups of Coffee

Luncheon

I

Grapefruit-and-Pineapple Cocktail in Glasses
Chicken-and-Tomato Bouillon
Crab Flakes, Creamed and au Gratin
Olives. Pin Money Pickles
Broiled Lamb Chops, Mashed Sweet Potatoes
Peas with Fresh Carrots
Fleur-de-Lis Salad
Fresh Beaten Biscuit
Cream Cheese. Bar-le-duc Jelly
Half Cups of Coffee

II

Halves of Grapefruit, Red Bas-le-duc
Currants
Cream-of-Creamlette Corn Soup
Endive Hearts. Olives
Salmon Croquettes
Cucumber Salad
Baking Powder Biscuit
Chicken en Casserole (with Mushrooms, etc.)
Lettuce with Tiny Timbales of Vegetable
Mousse, French Dressing
Frozen Apricots
Sponge Cake
Half Cups of Coffee

III

[Cream-of-Oyster Soup
Celery
Cold Baked Ham, Sliced Thin
Potato Salad, French Style
Fresh Parker House Rolls
Caramel Ice Cream (Junket)
Chocolate Nut Cake
Half Cups of Coffee



By Janet M. Hill

Lesson XVII

Sugar: A Great Source of Energy

THERE are certain grasses, stems and roots that yield sweet juices, which are valuable to us not only for the mineral salts and organic acids contained in them, but also on account of the large proportion of the carbohydrate principle that is present in a comparatively assimilable form. These juices are separated from the water, fibrous and other matters with which they are combined and are known commercially as sugar. See also chapter I.

Sugar being readily changed to a liquid passes quickly into the circulation, and its stimulating effects are quickly felt; but it lacks "staying" qualities, and thus articles in which much sugar is used should be eaten after the substantial dishes rather than before them. Sugar changed by cooking to caramel gives to many dishes a flavor that is unequalled. It may be made into a syrup and thus stored for use as needed. Caramel syrup may be used on fried mush or griddlecakes, as a sauce for custards and puddings, or to flavor cake, icing or ice cream. Sugar and water, or cream or milk, are cooked together as a foundation for candies and icings. In general do not allow the mixture to boil until the sugar is melted, then set to cook over a quick fire and let boil rapidly until

the cooking is completed. When chocolate is to be used, add it just before the syrup is taken from the fire, as chocolate calls for no cooking.

Caramel Syrup

Put one cup of sugar into a small saucepan, set over a quick fire and *stir constantly* while the sugar melts and changes to a light brown liquid. Lift the pan occasionally from the fire, that the sugar may not become burned at any one place. The caramel is cooked enough when it has become a bright golden brown color; it will darken a little more before it is changed to syrup, and so should not be kept over the fire too long, or when finished the color will be too dark and the flavor impaired. Add one cup of hot water and return the saucepan to the fire; let the syrup boil about five minutes, then it is ready to use, or it may be stored in a jar for future use. When the water is poured upon the caramel, considerable commotion will take place and care must be taken to keep the hand out of the steam.

Degrees in Boiling Sugar

Where the sugar (for the caramel syrup) was cooked to the caramel degree, if water had not been added to it, on cooling it would have snapped and

broken like glass. The sugar is caramel when it is melted and cooked to an amber color, or to 345° F. by a sugar thermometer. As the cooking is continued the caramel becomes darker in color, and, if the cooking be continued until the sugar reaches a density of 354° F. the sugar will burn or become carbon.

By setting the sugar to cook with water or other liquid, we may use it (for various purposes, as frostings for cake, candy, etc.) before it reaches the glass-like condition of caramel. A very little cooking changes the density of the syrup, and the sugar passes from one degree of concentration to another very rapidly; thus it must be watched very closely or it will be boiled too little or too much for the desired purpose. A sugar thermometer is very useful in this connection. In making frosting for cake, the sugar, with cold water enough to melt it, is cooked to the "soft ball" degree, or from 236° to 242° F. Without a thermometer, test the syrup by dropping a little of it into cold water; if it may be gathered together into a soft ball (in the water), or if, when the syrup drops from the spoon, a hair-like thread, two or three inches in length, appears, the right degree is reached. In candy-making we often cook the sugar to a higher degree. At about 248° F. the hard ball degree is reached; at this degree a little of the syrup may be gathered together in cold water to form a hard ball. When the syrup, tested in water, forms a ball that clings but does not stick to the teeth, the soft, crack degree (about 290° F.) is reached. At about 310° F. the hard crack degree is reached. At this point in the cooking the candy, pressed between the teeth, leaves them clean and free.

As in sugar boiling, the process is restricted entirely to driving off the water in composition, or that which has been added to the sugar, so a

bright, clear day, rather than one in which the atmosphere is saturated with moisture, is desirable. In many frostings and candies a smooth texture is sought; in others a fine-grained texture is admissible. When smoothness is demanded the syrup must not be stirred during the cooking, and great pains must be taken to avoid any jarring of the syrup. When a grainy texture is admissible the mixture may be stirred. The addition of acid in some form "breaks the grain" of the sugar and reduces its liability to granulate. Thus in candies or icings we may use cream of tartar, acetic acid (made from vinegar), lemon juice, glucose or molasses, any one of which will affect the resultant product in greater or less degree. We will look first at candies in which a slight grain is not objectionable.

Fruit Fudge

The ingredients are: two cups of granulated sugar, one-fourth a cup of glucose or corn syrup; one cup and a half of cream, one cup of French fruit, cut fine, and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Stir the sugar, glucose and cream until the sugar is dissolved, then cook to the soft ball degree, or 236° F. In cold weather let the thermometer stand in a warm place a few moments before setting it into the saucepan. Stir the mixture occasionally, but very gently. In stirring lift the thermometer to stir underneath it. When the syrup is cooked enough, remove the saucepan to a cake cooler or wire coffee-stand, that a current of air may pass below it. Let stand until it is quite cool, then add the fruit and the vanilla and beat the mixture until it thickens and grains a little, then turn into a bread pan, neatly lined with waxed paper. When set (in about fifteen minutes) turn from the pan, peel off the paper and cut in cubes. In making chocolate fudge, add one or two squares or ounces of chocolate just as the pan is

taken from the fire. Fudge in which glucose is used has to be beaten a little longer before it thickens and grains than fudge in which it is not used; if properly handled the fudge will, however, be softer and finer grained.

Divinity Fudge

Boil one cup and a half of brown sugar, half a cup of glucose or corn syrup and half a cup of water to the soft ball degree, about 240° F., then pour about one-third of it, in a fine stream, onto the white of one egg, beaten dry, beating constantly meanwhile; return the rest of the syrup to the fire and let cook to the crack degree, 290° F., then pour onto the egg mixture, beating constantly meanwhile; add a teaspoonful of vanilla and a cup of nuts, pecans or English walnuts, chopped fine, and turn into a bread pan lined with well-buttered waxed paper (the pan for ordinary fudge need not be buttered, simply lined with waxed paper). When cold remove from the tin and cut in cubes. While the candy is boiling from the soft ball to the crack degree, it must be stirred constantly and very gently.

Best Caramels

Put two cups and one-third of sugar, a cup of glucose and one cup of cream over the fire to cook. Beat the yolk of an egg and add three cups of cream; very gradually stir this into the boiling candy, then let cook to the soft ball degree, 236° F., stirring occasionally. Beat one-fourth a cup of butter to a cream; gradually work into this one-third a cup of flour, then gradually stir this into the candy and let cook to 238° or 240° F. Add a teaspoonful of vanilla. Pour into two buttered bread pans and when cold cut in cubes.

Maple Caramels

Use maple sugar instead of granulated sugar, or use two cups and one-third of maple syrup and one cup and

a fourth of white sugar, keeping the other ingredients the same as in "Best Caramels." For chocolate caramels add three or four squares of chocolate at the same time as the vanilla. For nut caramels add one cup or one cup and a half of nuts just before turning the candy into the pans.

Candy of Smooth Texture: Fondant

The ingredients are, four cups of granulated sugar, one and one-half cups of cold water, three drops of acetic acid or one-half a teaspoonful of vinegar or one-half a level teaspoonful of cornstarch. Stir the sugar and water in a saucepan, set on a comparatively cool part of the range until the sugar is melted; then draw the saucepan to a hotter place and continue stirring until the syrup boils; remove the spoon and, with a cloth or the fingers wet in cold water, wash down the sides of the saucepan, to remove grains of sugar that may have been thrown there in the cooking; now add the acid, vinegar or cornstarch, and cover the dish; the steam will melt grains of sugar, if there be any on the saucepan. After three or four minutes remove the cover and, if a thermometer is to be used, set it into the syrup. Let the syrup boil to 240° F. In the meantime wet the hand in cold water and with it dampen a marble slab or a large platter, then, without jarring the syrup, turn it onto the receptacle prepared for it. Do not scrape out the saucepan or allow the last of the syrup to drip from it (use the saucepan in making a dish of apple or other sauce), as sugary portions will cause the fondant to be "grainy." When the syrup is cold, with a scraper (such as is used in removing wall paper) or a wooden spatula turn the edges of the mass towards the center; continue this until it begins to thicken and grow white, then work it up into a ball, scraping the marble clean. When all is collected and worked into a compact

mass, lay over it a damp cloth, tucking it in closely; let stand in this way for an hour or more to ripen. Now cut into pieces and pack these closely in an earthen bowl; cover the top of the bowl with a damp cloth and then with heavy paper; *the cloth must not*

touch the fondant. This may be used the next day or may be kept, in cold weather, several weeks, if the cloth be wrung out of cold water and returned about once a week. It may be used as a frosting for small cakes, for "centers" of bonbons or for coating centers.

An Epicurean Luncheon

By Julia Davis Chandler

PENNSYLVANIA is a wealthy State. Her citizens have always been used to good living. The prayer for things "requisite for the body as well as for the soul" seems always to have been answered in good scriptural measure here.

The early English colonial society of Philadelphia was noted for its feasting, balls and famous "Meschianza." Old diaries of travelers describe the bountifully spread tables. The thrifty Germans who settled the rich valleys have always prided themselves upon their fine wheat, beef, geese, butter and cheese, apple-butter and dried fruits, and a table set forth, with an abundance of all that was in the larder, three times a day. The early Moravians, as fond of books and education as the settlers of Massachusetts Bay, yet kept a good balance between head and heart and body development, and enjoyed their mid-morning "piece," and mid-afternoon "vesper" meal, corresponding to our afternoon tea, only coffee was always the beverage. The Quakers, denied the gayer functions, grown wealthy by trade and agriculture, indulged in good tables; the Friends have always been noted for perfect cleanliness and good housekeeping. Jocose youths of today call their Yearly Meeting Week each spring, "Merely Eating Week," because so much entertainment is provided in many homes, between the sessions at their simple, gray

meeting-houses, which nevertheless dominate the city from important locations.

With plenty to eat, and a better supply of labor than is to be had in some regions, the problems of the home have been easier. Houses have always been large and airy, on good-sized lots, and whatever the faults of the negro race are, at least they are a happy people and speak the language. Before the war, even, there were many free families valued as good servants. Nearness to the South, with water facilities for transporting fruits, vegetables and shellfish, and boats going to the West Indies and all over the world have conduced to the making of all Philadelphians lovers of the table, accustomed to fine markets and generous hospitality.

The smaller cities, too, have their traditional culture, and circles of wealth and refinement, where well-kept lawns and quiet home libraries betoken a love both of nature and of literature. The wide swaths cut by gay heirs of too quickly made fortunes do not represent the life of the whole State.

It was in one of these smaller cities that the following luncheon was given. In the larger cities there are too many distractions, and duties to clubs and charities, for the housewifely arts to predominate in the minds of the wealthy, so that it is in the smaller cities that ladies delight in being

epicures at home rather than in fastidious dinners at fashionable restaurants.

THE MENU

Grapefruit Cocktail with Kumquats
 Raw Oysters, with
 Lemon, Peppers and Horse-radish
 Bouillon. Stuffed Celery. Salted Nuts
 Flaked Fish in Aspic
 Vol au Vent of
 Sweetbreads and Mushrooms
 Pineapple Sherbet
 Birds. Potato Roses
 Parker House Rolls
 Mayonnaise of Cauliflower-and-Celery
 Meringues filled with Biscuit Glacé
 Petit Fours in form of Fruits
 Marzipan Lady Apples
 Coffee

Orchids and other flowers for Souvenirs

This luncheon menu was served to about twenty women, neighbors and a visiting stranger. As it was during the holiday season the decorations consisted of vases of holly and red candles, with place cards of tiny landscapes. No shades were used on the candles, but that is a matter of taste. The shades were left off here to let the red of the candles play its part in cheering the table with all the color possible, since the landscape was chill outside.

The first course was on the table when the guests entered the dining-room. It was grapefruit cocktail. The cocktail glasses were set off with a tiny kumquat orange, left whole, on each. These oranges, no larger than some grapes, have little juice, and are eaten from the hand, peel and all. The peel is so sweet that the fruit is eaten without sugar. Often they are sliced for a salad with lettuce. They could have been sliced for this dish, except that they looked pretty whole, and could be eaten or not according to individual preference.

Raw oysters came next. These were served upon a bed of snow, as it is called —, in reality not nature's snow,

but ice shaved and mounded up. On the center were laid slices of lemon covered with the whitest of horse-radish and surmounted by chopped green peppers.

Bouillon followed. This was served in cups of gold-band china, not just white china with a gold band, but the entire gold china. The bouillon was piled with whipped cream. Celery hearts filled with potted cheese were passed. To make these, take fine cream cheese and season it with salt, paprika or cayenne, and cream if needed, and work to a smooth paste; with this fill the curving stems of choice celery. Sometimes these are tied in bunches of three with narrow ribbon. The potted cheese in jars may be used for this purpose.

Flaked fish was the fourth course. It was molded in aspic jelly and garnished with a border of large pickled walnuts, which contrasted well and proved most appetizing. This was a decided novelty.

The fifth course was a large vol au vent of sweetbreads and mushrooms. These were not cut small, but left whole. The pastry was very fine indeed, and of a lovely golden brown. A pineapple sherbet refreshed the palate. Each glass was brightened with a bit of red jelly.

Sixthly came the principal meat and vegetable course, which was large broiled birds, garnished with slices of peeled orange, on which rested little cones of currant jelly. With the birds were served potatoes in most attractive form, sweet potatoes cut in rounds with white mashed potato piped on in rosettes and browned in the oven. For this course the bread was small, rich Parker House rolls, which were passed in a horn of plenty, made of a large dinner napkin, resting on a tray. It was of good size with plenty of the tiny hot rolls showing from it.

The salad course was of choicest hearts of lettuce filled with cut celery,

and crowned with sprigs of cooked cauliflower. With these was passed a large silver bowl of rich mayonnaise.

The meringue for dessert held biscuit glacé and was served on a large cut-glass epergne. This dessert had been sent across the State from Philadelphia. The candy and cakes came from another distant city, and, together with dishes of salted nuts, formed part of the table decoration. The cakes represented pears, cherries and strawberries, and were largely chocolate and cocoanut covered with scarlet icing. The candy was marzipan lady apples.

Finally came coffee.

To the guest of honor an especial bouquet of Killarney pink roses, with giant mignonette, was presented by the head butler; while the second butler passed carnations and fine green-

ery to the others. Certain flower stems had a tiny mark upon them of green silk thread, and the winners of these—for they were laid upon a tray for each to select—drew orchid prizes, while consolation prizes for all were baskets of the curious little air plant that has feathery green foliage like plummy asparagus.

In this home the same sedate housekeeper and the same family cook have been retained for years. There are no aged parents, no little children, no business men whose hours and wishes must hold sway. When life thus flows on serenely, with a background of peace and a safe bed-rock of a large bank account, the wherewithal is not wanting to indulge a tendency to enjoy life, the pleasures of the table, and to entertain with dignity and ease.

Laus Deo

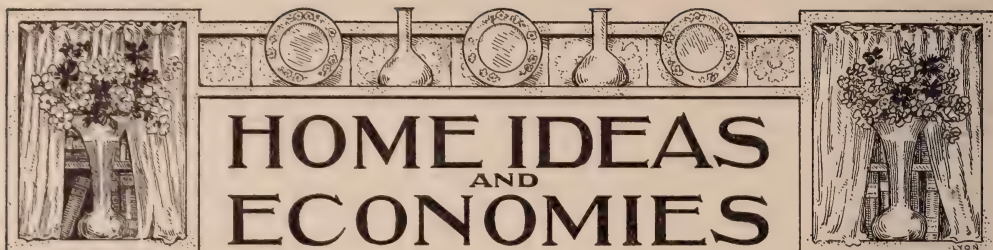
By Frank Dempster Sherman

In the December *Century Magazine*

These miracles, I know,
 To make my heart delight:—
 Dawn with her rose aglow
 Down-stepping from the night;
 Dusk with her stars and shadow bars,
 And moon, a lily white!

These mysteries unfold
 My happiness to bring:—
 Autumn with magic gold;
 Summer with song and wing;
 Winter with death; and then the breath
 And blossom face of Spring.

Oh, joy it is to live,
 To know, to hear, to see!
 God has so much to give,
 And gives to gladden me, —
 Music and mirth and love on earth,
 And Heaven yet to be!



Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

Old and New

FOR more than one hundred years these recipes have been in my mother's family and we think they are the most delicious of their kind we ever tasted; so I thought it possible you might care to publish them. I also send a little chocolate pudding, which is delicious, light and fluffy.

The mince meat and fruit cake are the old recipes from the Southland.

Chocolate Pudding

THE ingredients are two teaspoonfuls of butter, half a cup of sugar, one cup of flour, one well rounded teaspoonful of baking powder, half a cup of milk, one square and one-half of chocolate and a little salt. Sift the baking powder, flour and sugar together; add the melted butter and the milk and stir the whole to a dough; add the salt and the chocolate dissolved over water. Mix thoroughly and steam in a well-buttered quart mould two hours. Cover the mould securely and have the water boiling before the pudding is set into the steamer. Serve hot with Cream Sauce: one-third a cup of butter, one cup of sugar, three-fourths a cup of cream. Cream the butter; gradually beat in the sugar and then the cream.

Fruit Cake

THE ingredients are half a pound, each, of butter, sugar and flour; two pounds of raisins; half a pound,

each, of currants, citron and crystallized pineapple; six eggs, half a teaspoonful, each, of cloves, mace and cinnamon, half a nutmeg, half a glass of blackberry jelly, half a cup of New Orleans molasses, one wineglass, each, of wine and brandy, one rounding teaspoonful of baking powder, one teaspoonful of vanilla. Beat the butter to a cream and gradually beat in the sugar. Add the jelly, molasses, the beaten eggs, wine and brandy, in the order given, then half of the flour. With the other half of the flour sift the baking powder and spices, and with it dredge the fruit. Add the fruit, while some one lightly turns the batter over and over. Do not stir, but simply fold in the fruit. Have ready a tube pan with four thicknesses of paper on the bottom. Butter the paper and sides of the pan thoroughly. Bake four hours in a slow oven. Ice when hot. This makes one large cake. It is baked when upon pressing it with the finger the cake returns to its original position. Wrap in a cloth saturated with wine and cover securely.

Mince Meat

ONE large beef tongue or six pounds of meat boiled until *very* tender; when cold mince very fine; six pounds of best apples; four pounds of seeded raisins; four pounds of currants; two grated nutmegs, two teaspoonfuls of cloves (ground), two teaspoonfuls of ground cinnamon, a few blades of mace; one and one-half pounds of

sugar; one pound of citron, cut into thin slips; three pints of wine or brandy and the juice of six oranges. Put in a little warm water, a little sugar and a small piece of butter just before laying on last crust of pie. This is not cooked, but will keep for months, in *perfect* condition, in a covered jar.

Disposing of Waste Materials

THE simple cottage where we spent our vacation lacked many conveniences, and the disposal of waste materials was quite a problem. Oil stoves prevented our burning things in the house; we did not feel at liberty to dig a pit for the purpose on the grounds, and a bonfire is tedious as it must be watched until extinguished. All waste food was reserved for the farmer's chickens, in exchange for which I bargained for a quantity of empty flour sacks. In these sacks we put old papers and whatever we desired to get rid of as they accumulated, until a sack was full, when it was taken to a convenient place, the open end toward the wind, and the contents set on fire. On account of its thickness the sack was the last to burn, thus preventing the burning papers from flying about, and but little watching was required. A bonfire of this sort requires but little space, and the ashes are readily gathered up, and but little grass is destroyed.

For the Small Kitchen

WHILE house hunting recently I discovered an idea worthy of notice. The kitchen was very small, so that the question of space was a serious one. The walls were ceiled and varnished, and wherever desirable, tiny cupboards were left between the studding, the doors matching the rest of the wall and being the entire size of the cupboard, so that no dark or inaccessible corners were possible.

Close beside the stove was one for

frying and saucepans, meat forks, holders, big spoons, and hot dish lifters. Above the table were two others, one provided with little shelves for all sorts of spice and extract bottles, and the other with nails for hanging baking utensils. These were easier of access than larger cupboards, and much better than the racks frequently found on the walls, as the things were free from dust and insects. These cupboards are susceptible of perfect cleanliness.

A. M. A.

Pooling "Wash Money" in Birmingham

THRIFT, honest dealing and perseverance are qualities so rare among the negroes of today that the following incident, absolutely true, is all the more remarkable. It also shows what *can* be done by sheer grit under most unfavorable circumstances to secure that universally coveted thing, a home of one's own.

There are three negro women in the suburbs of Birmingham, Ala., intimate friends and neighbors, who several years ago determined to pool their interests and buy themselves homes. At that time — and, indeed, ever since — each was earning about three dollars a week, taking in washing or doing housework for white folks.

The plan was to buy one lot at a time until each had one in her own name. They combined the small amounts they had, and immediately got an option on one lot, paying for it on the installment plan. The deed was made out to one of them, when the last payment was made; then they began paying on an adjoining lot, keeping this up until the three bits of ground were free of debt.

This done, they saved up with rare zeal until they could have a small house built upon one of the lots. Into this they moved gleefully. Each had some family, but that made no difference.

Gradually the savings grew, nickel by nickel, until the second house was done; but instead of spreading out a little, this was rented, all of the rent money going into the fund which, with this big lift, swelled rapidly.

The last house is now under construction, according to my information, and when it is done there will be a jolly moving day, each coming into her very own, and a genuine thanksgiving will be held in three of Smithfield's houses.

Who says you can't have a home of your own?

L. M. C.

IN the department of "Home Ideas and Economies" I noticed a formula for removing ink. It called to mind a distressing time I had when I knocked over a bottle of indelible ink on a pile of handkerchiefs and hand-made gowns, they were so thin and dainty that they drank up the ink. I was told to rub the spots with salt and then saturate them with ammonia and finally rinse them in cold water. In less time than it has taken to write this every vestige of the ink was gone.

R. W. E.

Peppermint Marshmallows

A NEW after-dinner form of peppermint is marshmallows dipped in creamy peppermint. Buy the square marshmallows, not the round ones, and cut them in halves.

Make a syrup of two cups of sugar and one cup of hot water and a very small pinch of cream of tartar. Boil this syrup until, when tested in a cup of cold water, it will not form a ball, but only be felt firm in the bottom of the cup. Add essence of peppermint to taste and stir until somewhat creamy. Then dip the marshmallows in it with a spoon and dry on waxed paper. The sugar on them makes marshmallows a bit difficult to do, and a spoon seems better than a fork, since marshmallows are so soft.

Color the syrup green, or pink if liked. "Checkerberry" or wintergreen flavor may be used, but it does not seem so nice as the peppermint.

Soap for general use in family bathroom, stores and the like has long come in powdered form, also in leaves put in paper covers for traveling. The best variety yet is a liquid soap that can be turned on by a tiny faucet from a glass fount. This is attached to the washstand firmly. It forms a creamy lather and is pleasantly scented and colored a pale green.

J. D. C.

College Girls As Caterers

IN Los Angeles there was established, a short time ago, a tea-room that is in all respects similar in style to those that have become so popular with ladies in New York and London. It is managed by two college girls, Mildred Morris, of Barnard, and Harriet Morris, of Smith College, who named their venture after the famous "Copper Kettle," where Smith students spend so much of their time and money, which gave the sisters the idea.

When the "Copper Kettle," II, was opened the good people of Los Angeles warned the adventurers that it couldn't be made to pay, and that the city wasn't large enough for one even, if the times were not so hard; but the two obstinate persons went ahead anyway.

They served their first dinner party, with the Barnard girl as cook and the Smith girl as waitress. Whatever the joke papers have to say about college cookery, by the second day both of the girls were in the kitchen, while hired waiters did the serving. Since then they have fed some 15,000 persons, with no fatalities reported, and the scheme is called "a practical demonstration of the efficiency of college girls in business."

THE STEWARD.

Queen Alexandra Exercises Great Care in Regard to Her Diet

QUEEN ALEXANDRA, who is retaining her beauty marvelously, makes her daily menu something like this: Before rising she eats a few thin slices of brown bread, spread with unsalted butter. Her eleven-o'clock breakfast consists of fruit, a couple of coddled eggs and dry biscuits. A little delicate fish or chicken, a salad and fruit comprise her luncheon. With her four-o'clock glass of milk she eats a couple of honey cakes.

She never eats the heavy, elaborate dinner served to the rest of the family. Instead she has little private dishes of tiny French oysters, grilled on toast, stewed celery and a green salad dressed only with oil and salt. She never eats any more elaborate sweet than apple baked with honey.

When at Sandringham she makes butter in her own cedar churn in the dairy every day, and then has a luncheon of whole wheat and buttermilk, which she says is a "meal fit for the goddess," and the most wholesome any pretty woman can eat.

About Some Great Physicians

HERE are the names of some of the greatest physicians the world has ever known, yet taken so little notice of; I will present them to you, so that all may become well acquainted with them, and follow their advice freely.

Dr. Fresh Air: Always welcome him to your home.

Dr. Life-food: Fresh water, fruit and nuts.

Dr. Cleanliness: Of thought, word and deed.

Dr. Work: Not drudgery, but with joy at being able to do it.

Dr. Rest: By lying flat on your back, relaxing all the muscles and taking deep inhalations of air frequently.

Dr. Exercise: With cheerfulness, and uplifting thoughts for companions.

Dr. Mind: Seeing the best of everything in every one.

Dr. Happiness: In living by the "Golden Rule."

Dr. Hope: With hope, love and charity toward all.

Dr. Calmness: For in calmness lie strength and power.

Dr. Love: "Love your neighbor as yourself."

Dr. Courage: When the "seeming" misfortunes of life beset you, rise above them.

Cleanliness prevents rust, and a clean machine lasts longest.

Frugality, sobriety and a little wisdom are surely the best elixirs for longevity. Rise early, retire early, fill your days with honest work and usefulness to bring happiness.

Too much sleep enfeebles, too little makes one irritable, but sufficient sleep repairs the waste, as well as renewing health and strength.

L. N.

Trade Schools for Girls

Chicago's Board of Education has before it a plan of its expert superintendent of schools for establishing three technical or vocational high schools for girls, similar to those provided for boys, where it is planned to fit girls for domestic duties and for the callings which are being given over to trained young women. This plan not only meets the demand for a more practical type of education for those who do not intend to pursue the higher cultural education, but it segregates the sexes at a time when they need to be, according to many medical and psychological authorities. The success of Simmons College, with its distinct type of practical education for young women in this vicinity, is proof positive of the want and the need which this Chicago plan aims to meet.



QUERIES AND ANSWERS



THIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economies in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answer by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus remit \$1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, editor, BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

QUERY 1416. — Mrs. C. B., Providence, R.I.: "Recipes for Quails, with Juniper Berries, and Strained Gumbo Soup."

Quails with Juniper Berries (Filippini)

Remove heads and feet from six fat quails, draw and wipe neatly. Crush a heaping tablespoonful of sound, well-dried juniper berries and place in a bowl with half a level teaspoonful of fresh butter; thoroughly mix, then take half of the mixture and divide it equally among the six quails, putting it inside of them. Truss neatly, season with salt and pepper and set on a roasting tin with a thin slice of larding pork over each bird; set into the oven for twenty-five minutes, baste once in a while, then discard the pork and untruss the birds. Set them in a cocotte dish over the fire and when thoroughly hot divide the rest of the butter into six parts, put it over the birds and send at once to the table in the cocotte.

Strained Gumbo Soup

Cut two pounds of beef in small pieces, and fry in half a cup of marrow or fat from the top of the soup kettle until nicely browned. Remove the pieces of meat to the soup kettle. Put more fat into the frying pan, if necessary, and in it cook a peeled onion, cut in thin slices; when the onion is well

browned, add a quart of water and let simmer five or six minutes or until the browned juices have been dissolved from the pan. Pour the contents of the frying pan over the meat in the soup kettle, add, also, another quart of water and a pint of tomatoes either cooked or uncooked and let simmer about two hours, then add about a pint of okra pods, cut or chopped fine, and let simmer about three hours; strain and season with salt and pepper. Serve boiled rice in a separate dish. When okra is used, the dish in which the cooking is done should not be of metal, as it will discolor the soup. Veal and bones from a roast fowl may be used in place of the beef.

QUERY 1417. — J. H. E., Lowell, Mass.: "Recipe for 'Cocoa Charlotte,' published some years ago in this magazine. Is there any reason for scalding milk used for bread making other than to make sure of its not souring? I think that bread made with pasteurized (not boiled) milk is richer and keeps moist longer than that made from fresh-drawn milk, such as women who live on farms use. Am I right in this, and, if so, what is the reason?"

Cocoa Charlotte Russe

Melt two ounces of chocolate over hot water; add one-fourth a cup, each, of sugar and boiling water and let cook, stirring meanwhile, until smooth and glossy; add one cup of scalded

milk; beat the yolks of three eggs; add one-fourth a cup of sugar and cook in the hot milk and chocolate until the spoon is lightly coated with the mixture; add one-fourth a package of gelatine, softened in one-fourth a cup of cold water, and strain into a dish standing in ice water; flavor with a teaspoonful of vanilla, and stir constantly until the mixture begins to thicken, then fold in one cup of double cream, beaten stiff. Have ready a mould lined with two strips of waxed paper that come up above the top of the mould. Set lady fingers inside the mould, a little distance apart, and as each is set in place dispose a teaspoonful of the cream mixture at its base, to hold it in place, then finish filling the mould. Let the mould stand in a cool place an hour or longer. When ready to serve unmold and decorate with a cup of double cream, three tablespoonfuls of sugar and half a teaspoonful of vanilla, beaten stiff. A few candied cherries and slices of apricot or pineapple may be used to give a little color to the dish. A cold apricot sauce may be used instead of the cream and fruit. For this boil half a cup of apricot marmalade, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and four tablespoonfuls of water three or four minutes; add the juice of half a lemon, let boil again and use when cold.

Regarding Bread made with Pasteurized Milk

We have always supposed that the main reason for scalding milk for use in bread making was to insure its sweetness. At the same time our experience has been that bread made with freshly drawn milk became dry more quickly than when scalded milk was used. The general opinion is that bread made with water keeps moist longer than that made with milk. If this be so, it would seem that bread made with fresh milk (unscalded) should keep moist longer than that made with

scalded milk, from which at least some of the water in composition has been driven off. We should be glad to have some one explain the matter more fully.

QUERY 1418. — Mrs. J. R. C., Gastonville, Pa.: "Recipe for Orange Sponge Cake in which the whole of the orange is used."

Portsmouth Orange Cake

Take six eggs, the weight of the eggs in sugar, half their weight in flour, the grated rind of a lemon and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Beat the yolks until light in color and thick. Add the sugar gradually, then the grated rind and juice of the lemon. Have ready the whites of the eggs, beaten dry. Cut and fold half of them into the cake mixture, then cut and fold in half of the flour, the other half of the whites, and the rest of the flour. Bake the mixture in two shallow pans. While the cake is baking, peel some oranges and cut the pulp from the sections without taking any of the membrane. Invert one layer of cake on a cake rack or a cloth, cover with a layer of the orange pulp, sprinkle the orange lightly with sugar, and set the other layer in place. Spread the top with orange frosting and decorate with sections of pulp.

Orange Frosting

Put half a cup of orange juice and pulp into a bowl; add the juice of half a lemon, also, if desired, the grated rind of one orange; gradually beat in confectioner's sugar to make a frosting of a consistency to spread upon the cake. It will take about three-fourths a pound of sugar. The frosting should be thickened by beating as well as by the addition of the sugar.

QUERY 1419. — Miss R. S., Cincinnati, O.: "Address of a dealer from whom a Beaten Biscuit Roller may be obtained. How may fat be kept from floating on the top of a

dish cooked en casserole? Recipe for an article cooked in a casserole."

Concerning Beaten Biscuit Roller

Rollers for making beaten biscuit may be obtained from any large dealer in kitchen furnishings. The roller is rather heavy; it resembles in appearance a clothes wringer, thus freight or express would be an item to note in ordering. The rollers turn out good biscuit and the labor of making them is diminished.

Fat in Casserole Cookery

We should not select meat upon which there was much visible fat for casserole cooking, and the little fat in composition between the fibers would be largely absorbed by the potatoes and other vegetables used in the dish. A little flour (about two tablespoonfuls) and water stirred together smoothly and then stirred into the liquid would also take up any few globules that could not be removed with a spoon.

Beef Balls with Spaghetti en Casserole

Put over the fire half a can of red tomatoes, a sweet green or red pepper, cut in shreds (after discarding the seeds), an onion, cut in thin slices, two sprigs of parsley and a pint of water; let cook half an hour, then pass through a sieve into a casserole; add a teaspoonful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of butter and the beef balls prepared as follows: Chop very fine a pound of steak, freed from fat and stringy portions. Steak from the top of the round should be selected. To the chopped meat add one egg, beaten light, one-fourth a cup of grated crumbs of bread, a grating of onion (about a teaspoonful), half a teaspoonful of salt and the same quantity of paprika; mix all together thoroughly, then divide the mixture into a dozen portions, and roll each into a compact ball.

Have ready in a frying-pan three tablespoonfuls of hot fat, that from salt pork, bacon or the top of the soup kettle preferred; in this roll the beef balls until they are slightly browned on the outside, then drain on soft paper and put into the sauce in the casserole, cover the dish and let cook in the oven or on the back of the range about forty-five minutes. In the meantime cook one-fourth a pound of spaghetti or macaroni, broken in pieces, in boiling salted water until tender (it will take about half an hour), drain and rinse in cold water. When about ready to serve the dish, take out the meat balls, turn in the spaghetti and half a cup or more of Parmesan cheese, and lift the spaghetti with a spoon and fork until it is thoroughly mixed with the sauce and cheese; return the beef balls, cover and let stand in the oven, to become very hot, then serve in the casserole.

Hungarian Goulash en Casserole

Slice a peeled onion and cook it until brown in three tablespoonfuls of fat tried out of salt pork; take out the onion and turn in a pound and a half of lean, uncooked veal cut in pieces for serving; stir, and cook the meat until slightly browned, then, rejecting the fat, if there be any in the pan, dispose the meat in a casserole; add about a pint of broth or boiling water and a teaspoonful of paprika, cover the dish and set to cook in the oven. In the meantime add more fat to the frying pan, and when hot, brown in it about a dozen balls cut from pared potatoes, and a dozen small onions; when the onions are well browned, add them to the casserole, and after the meat has been cooking an hour, add a teaspoonful of salt and the potatoes, and, if desired, two tablespoonfuls of flour mixed to a thin paste with cold water. Let cook in all about two hours. Serve from the casserole.

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To you, who get your first spreader now—we will hold the offer open until you get a full set.

They are Wm. Rogers & Son's beautiful Lily Pattern made in their extra plate. They can be had only from Armour & Company.

These spreaders in this popular style are today all the rage.

If you could buy them in the stores, they would cost \$3 or more for the

six—but to our customers they cost nothing.

To get your first spreader just send us one top from a jar of Armour's Extract of Beef. Or send the paper certificate you find under the top.

Send with it ten cents—the cost of carriage and packing.

Send more tops as you get them, and ten cents with each. We will keep the offer open for you until you get the six—or a full dozen if you want them.

Six Silver Butter-Spreaders Like These

We make you this present to get you to try your first jar of Armour's Extract of Beef. Then if you use six jars it will be as staple as salt in your kitchen. You will never be without it.

You see we return you by our gift a great deal more than you pay. But we will have you a customer for life. That's how we can afford to make this offer.

Please don't think this Extract is for Beef Tea alone—that's only one of its uses.

It will surprise you to learn what a help this extract is in your cooking.

There is hardly a day passes but what it will add a new flavor to some dish.

You can use it in gravies—in soups—or to improve sauces. It is splendid to utilize left-overs—makes them more appetizing and gives them a new savor.

The Germans and French use fifty times as much as the Americans. Their fame as good cooks is due in a measure to their use of Extract of Beef.

Please don't be confused about Extracts of Beef.

There are many brands on the market—inferior and unknown, at a few cents less—but you mustn't compare Armour's with them.

Armour's is concentrated. It is rich and very economical. You only have to use a fourth as much as other brands because it has four times the strength. The instructions guide you that way so you see it's a fact. Armour's goes four times as far, so it really costs only a fourth as much.

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Order your first jar now—from your druggist or grocer. Send us the top or certificate with ten cents. Then we will reserve you a full set of spreaders.

Do this again and again. We will send you your spreader for each top until you get all six. Address—

Armour & Company, Chicago, Dept. O.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

Armour's Extract of Beef

QUERY 1420. — L. C. M., New Brighton, Pa.: "How are pecan nut meats salted?"

Salted Pecan Nut Meats

Beat an egg slightly; dip the tips of two or three fingers in the egg and with it moisten the nut meats a few at a time; drop them onto a baking sheet, dredge lightly with salt and let dry in the oven.

QUERY 1421. — Mrs. M. B. N., Newburg, N.Y.: "Recipe for Mocha Tart."

Mocha Tart

Bake a sponge cake in a round pan, one with straight rather than flaring sides preferred. Take out the center of the cake, to leave a well-shaped case. There should be about an inch of cake on the bottom, sides and over the top. To a pint of double cream add one-third a cup of sugar and coffee extract to flavor and tint as desired. Beat the cream till solid, then use to fill the case. Let stand in a cool place until ready to serve. The sides and narrow rim on top of the cake may be covered with white icing if desired. A sponge cake made with five eggs, a cup, each, of sugar and flour and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice is suitable for this purpose.

QUERY 1422. — M. P. B.: "Recipe for a rich, creamy Maple Fudge."

Maple Fudge (Rich and Creamy)

Put one cup of granulated sugar, one cup of maple sugar and one cup of cream over the fire; let stand on a cool part of the range until the sugar is dissolved, then stir gently, occasionally, and let cook rapidly to 236° or 238° F., or until a soft ball may be formed in cold water. Let the syrup stand undisturbed until the heat has almost left it, then beat until the mixture thickens and grains slightly.

QUERY 1423. — F. E. M. Rollin, California: "How is Perrins' Sauce used in making gravies; also how to use curry powder?"

How to use Lea & Perrins Sauce in Gravies

Make the gravy in the usual manner, then add to it from a teaspoonful to a tablespoonful of the sauce, according to taste.

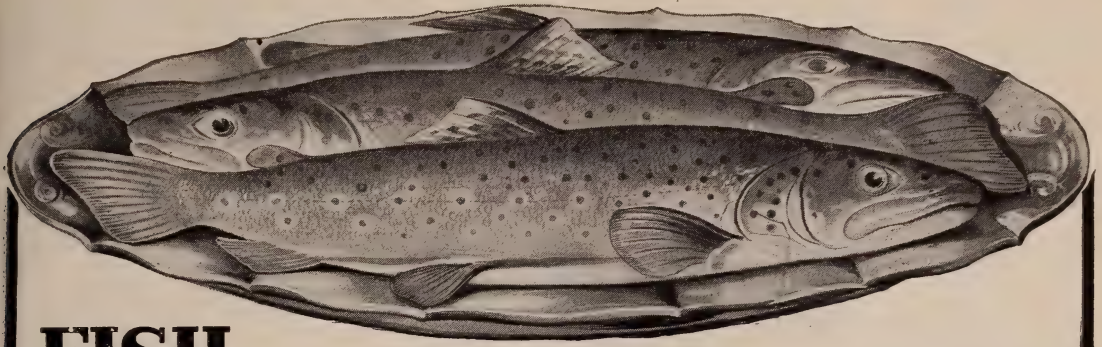
Curry of Vegetables

Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook a slice of onion, stirring constantly until the onion is softened and yellowed a little, then add two tablespoonfuls of flour, one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper and about a teaspoonful of curry powder; stir and cook until the dry ingredients have been taken up by the butter, then add one cup of broth, chicken or veal preferred, or one cup of milk, and stir until boiling; let boil two or three minutes, then strain over a cup and a half of cooked vegetables, as peas, string beans, cut in short lengths, carrots in cubes, turnips in cubes or potatoes in cubes. One vegetable may be used or there may be a mixture of several kinds. Let stand over hot water, covered, until the vegetables are very hot. Cooked fish, chicken, veal or lamb, freed from bone and gristle and cut in small pieces, may be used instead of the vegetables. A teaspoonful of lemon juice is often added to a dish of curry, and to meats a tablespoonful of currant jelly is an improvement. The dish is improved by standing for some time. A teaspoonful of curry powder beaten into a tablespoonful of creamed butter may be added, while cooking, to a dish of rice to be served as a vegetable.

QUERY 1424. — Mrs. F. C. E., Middletown, N.Y.: "Recipe for New-Year's Cakes. They are like hard sugar cookies, without eggs, oblong and contain caraway seeds."

New-Year's Cookies

Rub three-fourths a cup of butter into six cups of flour, sifted with half a teaspoonful of soda. Pour half a



FISH, more than any other dish needs careful seasoning. It is rendered more appetizing by

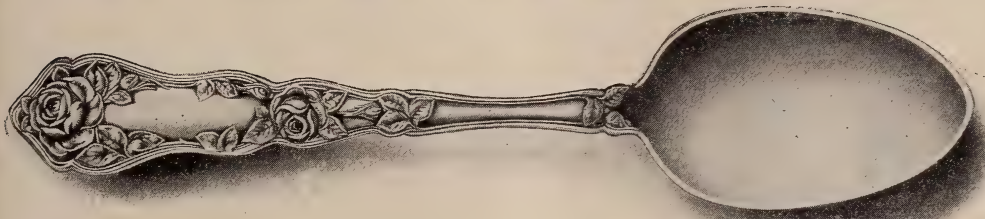
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THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

It is a delightful seasoning for Scalloped Oysters, Broiled Lobster, Cod Fish Balls and Steaks, Deviled Clams, Fish Salads, etc.

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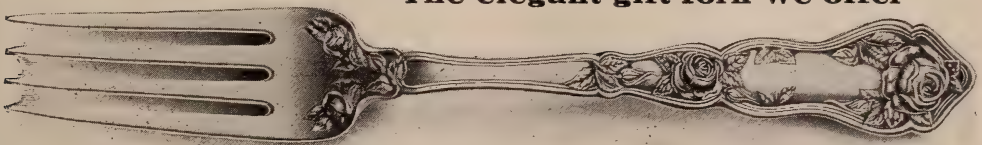
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and 10 cents (stamps or silver) for expenses. Be sure to buy the genuine Liebig with blue signature, and address Corneille David & Co., Dept. J, 120 Hudson St., New York.

We want you to know by trial that Liebig's is the most delicious, most wholesome, and most economical beef Extract made; $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful makes a cup of beef tea. As an inducement to try Liebig's we offer you, practically free, Wm. Rogers & Sons newest rose pattern, extra heavy plated Teaspoons finished in "French Gray," like the very latest solid silver, of full size and entirely free from advertising. With every spoon goes the manufacturer's guarantee certificate. After you get one spoon you will be so pleased with it that you will begin saving the jar tops to get a full set; and then you'll want our fork, full sized and of same beautiful rose pattern, with same heavy silver plating, which we send for one jar top and 20 cents in stamps or silver for expenses. This shows, in reduced size



The elegant gift fork we offer



Buy advertised goods — do not accept substitutes

cup of boiling water over one cup and a half of sugar; when the sugar is melted, stir the liquid into the flour, with one-fourth a cup of caraway seeds. Knead the dough slightly, then roll into a thin sheet and cut with an oblong cutter.

QUERY 1425.—Mrs. E. H., Pittsburg, Pa.: "Recipes for Merry Widow and Spanish Salads."

The Merry Widow Salad

(From the Standard Domestic Science Cook Book)

Use a glass bowl about six inches across, in which insert another one, two sizes smaller, allowing about an inch space between the two bowls, which should be filled with cracked ice. Place in the inner bowl a lining of crisp lettuce leaves, then several pieces of the solid white meat of fresh lobster or crab, and, between the pieces of meat, put asparagus, cut the proper length so that the tips will hang a little over the edge of the glass. In the center place small chopped carrots, turnips, French peas and string beans; pour over French dressing and put a spoonful of mayonnaise in the center.

Merry Widow Salad No. 2

(Same authority as above)

Line a salad dish with crisp lettuce leaves; take three pieces of sliced orange and dispose around the side of the dish; fill in with slices of one banana and about six strawberries; cover with whipped cream and place on top one or two red cherries. This is regarded as a portion for one, but is sufficient for two.

QUERY 1426.—Miss A. N., Manhattan, N.Y.: "Recipe for Cranberry Jelly that will turn out from the moulds firm and stiff."

Cranberry Jelly

Cook one quart of cranberries and a cup of water about five minutes or until the skins burst. Press the pulp through a fine sieve. Add two cups

of sugar and stir until the sugar is melted, then turn into moulds.

Turkish Coffee

My dear Mrs. Hill:

It may interest you to have a recipe for Turkish coffee, which was given me by a friend, who had it of the Egyptian steward at a famous Cairo hotel.

The coffee must be powdered. With the Egyptian coffee service, prettily chased brass pot, four little cups in their brass holders and a brass heavily chased tray, comes the coffee mill for pulverizing (a very pretty, heavy, brass cylinder with wheels inside).

For every cup of the beverage desired, take one even teaspoonful of powdered coffee, one teaspoonful of granulated sugar and one Turkish coffee cup of cold water. Mix these in the pot, set over a slow heater or charcoal, and allow to boil up once; remove from the heat, allow to stand a minute or two, heat again until boiling hard, remove, stand and boil again.

After boiling three times, let stand on the tray for nearly ten minutes. This allows the powder to settle and, pot being so hot, the beverage does not cool perceptibly. Pour off the liquid, which is clear and a golden brown.

We find this delicious.

E. F. B.

Work and Health

A girl who would have a graceful carriage, a sound digestion, a clear complexion and fine teeth must work for them every day, and no work is better for the purpose than the ordinary work of a house done with diligence and carefulness.—*People's Friend*.

"People who get fussy about their digestion and assume a personal charge of their nerves have 'nerves,' and are apt to have no digestion. Your mental attitude controls your body. Happiness is health."

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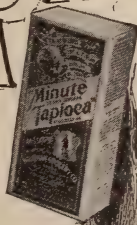


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New Books

The Standard Domestic Science Cook-Book. Compiled by WM. R. LEE and JENNIE A. HANSEY. Washable edition, \$1.75; full leather, \$2.50. Chicago: Laird & Lee, Publishers.

No inconsiderable amount of valuable household matter has been gotten together in this volume. It contains 32 departments, 135 drawings, 536 pages and over 1,400 recipes.

The work has been conscientiously and well done, and the book made up in a very neat, attractive and convenient form. It has marbled edges, colored plates and patent thumb index to departments. Taken all in all, it is quite a unique production in cook-book making.

The book covers the entire field of domestic science, and it gives valuable hints and suggestions in all its departments.

A Dictionary of Foods and Culinary Encyclopædia. By C. HERMAN SENN. Price, 2s. London: Food and Cookery Publishing Agency.

The primary object of this book is to show the reader at a glance the meaning of words applied to food, drink and cooking, with brief descriptive matter which is deemed advisable to furnish in concise form. As its title explains, the book is intended to serve as a dictionary of foods, culinary technical terms, food and cookery auxiliaries, condiments and beverages, which include many foreign names and terms which are in everyday use in connection with menus and recipes, all of which have been translated. In short, every subject connected with the table, cuisine and gastronomy has been judiciously treated, and so-called technicalities have been rendered intelligible.

Although the volume is small and does not claim to be a complete treatise

of the multifarious food vocabulary, yet it is, probably, the most complete work of its kind. It will answer many difficult questions and will form a most practical and useful manual of reference for chefs, caterers, students of cookery, housekeepers and others who are interested in food and cookery matters.

The Menu Book and Register of Dishes.

By C. HERMAN SENN. Cloth, price, 6s. London: Food and Cookery Publishing Agency.

The ever-growing necessity for variety in our menus impels us to glean new ideas and fresh help from every possible source.

The object of this culinary handbook is, in the first place, to assist caterers, managers, chefs, stewards and housekeepers to plan and compile menus of every kind of meal with greater ease, and to enable them to have at their disposal a large and constant variety of seasonable and suitable dishes.

Every course, from *hors d'œuvre* to dessert, has been exhaustively treated; and the work is compiled so as to give at a glance an almost infinite variety of every possible kind of dish that can be introduced into a menu.

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In most cases the requisite mode of cooking, the garniture and style of dressing or dishing up are briefly described. The book should not, however, be confused with a book of recipes, for its *raison d'être* is to enable those who can cook or superintend cooking to draft menus with greater ease, and to give each dish its proper French name.

This and the foregoing small volume contain a great deal of useful matter,—matter that is not readily available elsewhere. In our work we find ourselves making almost daily reference to these books. They bear all the now somewhat familiar marks of English origin and customs. The author is, perhaps, the most widely known English authority on all culinary matters. In this volume we were pleased to come across the following humorous account of that 'most difficult of a cook's problem, "how to prepare a bill of fare:"'

"To make a bill of fare with ease,
And one that's always sure to please,
Start 'soup' as a beginner.
Next in order comes the 'fish,'
Then some little dainty dish
To take away the taste of fish,
And pave the way for dinner.
Then the 'joints' can be put in;
Roasts and boiled to choose between,
Two of each is right I ween.
Next come the 'vegetables' —
Not too many; you can fix
All the way from three to six
Viand-groaning tables.
Then the 'entrées' find a place
(All titbits and meant to brace
A waning appetite);
These should be not more than three,
Made daintily so as to be
The epicure's delight.
Here a 'punch' should come between, I
reason,
And game along with it (if in season).
The 'pie' and 'pudding,' 'fruit' and 'cake,'
And last some 'liquor.' Now, what'll
you take?"

JOHN WILLY.

Teacher: "Johnny, what is a kangaroo?"

Johnny: "A kangaroo is a curved stick of wood used by the Australians as a weapon. When projected violently into the air, it returns in the direction

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from which it was thrown, and sometimes strikes an object in the rear of the person who casts it."

Teacher: "That is your recollection, is it? Then what is kangaroo leather?"

Johnny (stumped for a moment): "Kangaroo leather is — is something that's made from the bark."

Removing Temptation

My neighbor's small son, not yet four years old, appeared at my door one morning, and, after looking in a moment, announced, —

"Your screen's unlocked."

I was busy, so I said, "All right."

"Why don't you lock it?" he said.

"In a minute I will," I answered, and he was silent a little while. Then,

"I wish you would come do it now."

"But why, Lawrence?" I asked.

"Well," he sighed, "I might tum in, and my mamma said not to." — *Delineator.*

NOT FAIR. — A little boy was fishing, and, drawing in his line, found that the bait had been taken off without result, whereupon he burst into tears, and said, "It's cheating!" — *Pittsburg Dispatch.*

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☐ Index 12 envelopes in left upper corner for the twelve months, typewriting underneath, right on the outside of the envelope, just the name only of those meats, vegetables, fruits, etc., in season that month and therefore both cheapest in price and best in quality. This for marketing reminder to be looked over for ideas for the week's menus.

☐ Inside the envelopes slip new recipes to be tried, or new ways of serving fruits and vegetables in season that month.

☐ In typewriting on front of the envelope these reminders, it will be well to have fish in season in one column, fruits in another column, vegetables in another column, etc.

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To serve, cut in cross sections, remove the core, and serve with or without sugar. Grape Fruit is better when served without ice. ATWOOD Grape Fruit makes the most delicious salads.

Taken at night on retiring it is better than drugs. Buy it by the box, it will keep for weeks.

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Hans and Peter

Hans and Peter met one fine morning on the way to market. Hans was large and stout; the world always went easily with him; he troubled himself as little as possible about the cares of life, and seemed to grow plumper every day.

Peter, on the other hand, was thin and slim. He was continually worrying himself about some trifle, and his face grew more and more careworn every day.

"Good morrow, friend Peter," said plump Hans, in a hearty tone of cheer.

"Good day, neighbor!" answered Peter, solemnly.

"Why are you so downcast?" asked Hans.

"Downcast! Have you no troubles," retorted Peter, "that you cannot understand why people look downcast?"

"I?" said jovial Hans, "I've only one trouble in the world, and that does not trouble me. My wife complains because I have become so stout."

"Happy man!" exclaimed Peter. "My friends complain because I am so thin."

"My friends say it makes me move too slowly," said Hans.

"My wife upbraids me," returned Peter, "because I move so very quickly."

"Suppose we change bodies!" said they, both in a breath. And they changed.

Again, in a few months, Hans and Peter met one fine morning; and Hans was again large and stout, while Peter had become thin and slim.

"What have you done to my body?" asked Peter.

"I was puzzled at first," said Hans, "to know whether I was Hans or Peter; but it soon came right."

"At first," returned Peter, "I knew not whether I was Peter or Hans, but, as you say, it soon came right."

"Then the difference," remarked Hans, "is not my body."

"Nor my body," put in Peter.

"But," said they both, "ourselves!"
— Arlo Bates, in *St. Nicholas*.

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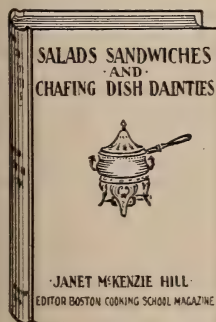
Salads, Sandwiches and Chafing-dish Dainties

By Mrs. JANET McKENZIE HILL, Editor The Boston Cooking-School Magazine

*A New and Revised Edition.
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230 pages.

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SALADS and chafing-dish dainties are destined to receive in the future more attention from the progressive housekeeper than has as yet been accorded to them. In the past their composition and consumption has been left chiefly to that portion of the community "who cook to please themselves." But since women have become anxious to compete with men in every walk of life, they, too, are desirous to become adepts in tossing up an appetizing salad or in stirring a creamy rarebit. The author has aimed to make it the most practical and reliable treatise on these fascinating branches of the culinary art that has

yet been published. Due attention has been given to the a b c of the subjects, and great care exercised to meet the actual needs of those who wish to cultivate a taste for palatable and wholesome dishes, or to cater to the vagaries of the most capricious appetites. The illustrations are designed to accentuate, or make plain, a few of the artistic effects that may be produced by various groupings or combinations of simple and inexpensive materials.

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When Bishop Phillips Brooks sailed
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a friend jokingly remarked that while
abroad he might discover some new
religion to bring home with him.
"But be careful of it, Bishop Brooks,"
remarked a listening friend; "it may
be difficult to get your new religion
through the custom house." "I guess
not," replied the Bishop, laughingly,
"for we may take it for granted that any
new religion, popular enough to im-
port, will have no duties attached to it."

At a London dinner recently the
conversation turned to the various
methods of working employed by lit-
erary geniuses. Among the examples
cited was that of a well-known poet,
who was wont to arouse his wife about
four o'clock in the morning and ex-
claim, "Maria, get up: I've thought of
a good word!" Maria would crawl out
of bed and make a note of it. Later,
like as not, a new inspiration would
seize the bard, whereupon he would
again arouse his wife, saying, "Maria,
Maria, get up! I've thought of a better
word!" A merry-eyed American girl
remarked, "Well, if he'd been my hus-
band, I should have replied, 'Alpheus,
get up yourself; I've thought of a bad
word!'" — *Everybody's Magazine*.

A LEAP-YEAR HINT. — JACK: "The
fortune-teller said I would marry a
blonde."

BELLE: "Did she say how soon?"

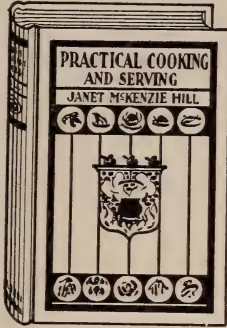
JACK: "In six months."

BELLE (coily): "I can easily be a
blonde by that time, Jack."

— *Boston Transcript*.

STUDENT: "Something is preying on
my mind." PROF. W.: "It must be
very hungry." — *Yale Record*.

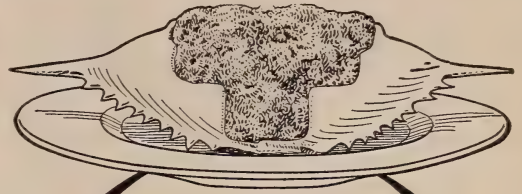
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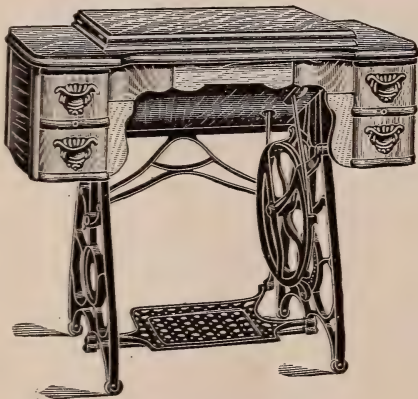
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“The prescription’s not for you but for the kitchen stove,” said the doctor, with a twinkle of mischief in his eyes.

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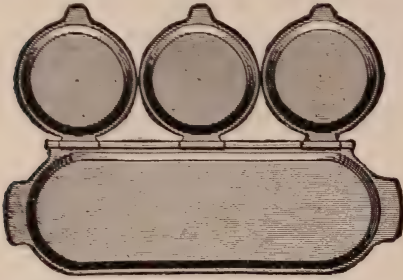
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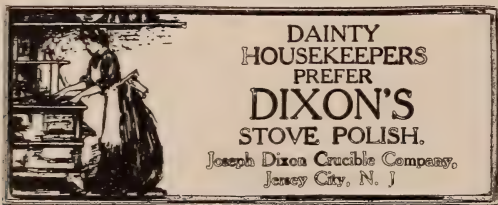
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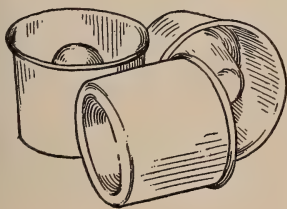
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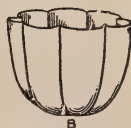
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Bulletin No. 84, Part 4, 1908.

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Your Only Protection

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Dishes for Valentine Suppers

Cream Cheese-and-Chopped Pimento Sandwiches

Olive-and-Pimento Sandwiches (heart shaped)

Press cream cheese into a thin, flat sheet, and cut into hearts
Set on toasted crackers, with a choice preserved straw-
berry or a teaspoonful of bar-le-duc currants
above. Tint the hearts red and
use white bar-le-duc.

Chicken or Celery-and-Cabbage Salad in Aspic, molded in
Heart-Shaped Moulds, lined with Spanish Pimentos

Cream Cake Paste, baked in Heart-Shaped Moulds, and filled with
Salad or with Preserved Strawberries and Whipped Cream
(the cream above the berries)

Shrimps, picked in bits, and mixed with aspic, capers, etc.
and molded in heart-shaped moulds
Serve with lettuce and mayonnaise

Raspberry Parfait

Raspberry Sherbet with Whipped Cream Decoration

Raspberry or Strawberry Bombe Glacé

Vanilla Ice Cream in brick moulds, lined with hearts cut from
Maraschino Cherries

Angel Parfait in long-stemmed glasses, decorated with hearts cut
from Maraschino or Candied Cherries

Small Heart-Shaped Cakes, Frosted White, decorated with hearts cut
from cherries, or with small red candies, or sprinkled with
fine-chopped cherries



GIRL'S ROOM AT WELLESLEY COLLEGE

The Boston Cooking-School Magazine

VOL. XIII

FEBRUARY, 1909

No. 7

The College Girl's Domain

By Mary H. Northend

ALTHOUGH limited, as a rule, rightfully considered one of the cosiest to one or perhaps two rooms, places on earth. Within its walls the college girl's domain is its girl owner spends many an hour;



A "FRESHMAN'S" ROOM



TUFTS COLLEGE GIRL'S ROOM

there she entertains her friends and, in short, there she makes her home during the months when she is necessarily separated from her family. Since this is so, it is but natural that the college girl should endeavor to make her room a most attractive spot, not for her own sake alone, but also for other girls, who are sure to drop in frequently for a chat and a cup of chocolate or to discuss a lecture, and talk over college athletics or social affairs. It is with this double purpose in mind that she sets about selecting furnishings and arranging her room.

A visit to the dormitories of any large girls' college will readily convince one that there are almost as many different ways of fitting up rooms as there are girls to occupy them. Each room bears the stamp of its owner, shown by some favorite color scheme employed in the decorations, by the use of a certain style of furniture, evidences of a pet fad, or by any of

the hundred and one little things that stand for individuality. Indeed, so clearly are a girl's tastes and ideals manifested in the surroundings she chooses for herself, that an observant person is oftentimes able to form some conception of a girl herself, merely from a casual glance about the room that she occupies.

Broadly speaking, however, all college rooms are really nothing more nor less than variations of half a dozen radically different types. Rooms of much the same general style may vary somewhat, of course, because of little personal touches, added unconsciously here and there, which tend to emphasize some particular trait characteristic of the girl occupant. One of the best known of these types is the "Freshman" room with its miscellaneous collection of articles, dear to the heart of the young girl fresh from a preparatory school, but scornfully designated as "trash" by the high and mighty

senior. Yet, in spite of this unfeeling criticism, the so-called "Freshman" style of decoration ought not to be condemned as altogether inartistic and foolish without, at least, a few words in its defence.

Many college rooms, in both campus dormitories and outside college houses, have their walls either tinted with some color not too light to be practicable, or covered with heavy paper in a plain, rather dark tone. Where this is the case, touches of bright coloring are needed, here and there, to relieve the monotony of the dull background. For this purpose the gay felt pennants, representing various schools and colleges, are just the thing and, at the same time, they serve to remind the occupant of the room of her friends, whose gifts they are and whose *alma mater* they stand for. College shields also have a similar value as a means of decoration, and surely no one can com-

plain of any lack of beauty in the soft, ooze-leather skins, bearing the names of different colleges, which are now so popular. Even the tangles of dance orders, favors, programs and souvenirs, so often found in such rooms, are not without some redeeming features, for such trophies frequently prove an excellent antidote for "the blues," since they are reminders of so many good times and jolly, friendly gatherings. Surely with so many good points in its favor the despised "Freshman" room should not be too severely censured, least of all by the haughty senior, who was guilty of being a giddy freshman herself only three short years before.

Not every girl in even the freshman class, however, cares for such decorations as have just been mentioned. One girl may rely solely upon magazine covers and pictures by popular artists of the present day as a means



COLLEGE GIRL'S ROOM AT RADCLIFFE



ROOM OF THE "COLLEGE GRIND" AND EVENTUAL POSSIBILITIES

of adorning her walls; another delights in collecting and arranging photos and prints of her favorite actors and actresses; while still a third produces a charming effect by running a frieze of bright-colored posters entirely around the room. The girl with a fondness for amateur photography will be quite apt to drape a piece of coarse netting across some unused doorway or vacant wall space, and hang it with snapshots of home friends, college chums and favorite haunts about the campus and elsewhere. This netting is also popular with the girl whose fad is collecting souvenir post cards; and even the young lady, whose severely plain mission furniture and business-like desk denote an owner disdaining foolish fripperies, finds it admirably suited for holding her cherished home photographs.

The novelty of any arrangement wears off after a time, however, and so it often happens that the second year finds the college girl paying less

attention to special fads along the line of decorations. Comfort, coziness and a homelike atmosphere are rather her objects, and many charming rooms testify to amazing success in producing the desired effect even under difficulties. For instance, if one should chance to visit some of the rooms in the dormitories at Radcliffe, one would find there excellent examples of what can be done in fitting up college rooms. In these rooms white woodwork is used in combination with pretty wall paper. Attractive tiled fireplaces suggest cheery wood fires on dull winter days, and bring to one's mind pictures of a jolly company of girls, toasting marshmallows or nibbling fudge, as twilight comes on. A most alluring feature of these rooms is the wide, cushioned window seat extending from the fireplace to the convenient little bookcase built in the corner. At the broad, pleasant windows hang dainty curtains of crisp, ruffled muslin, pretty-figured cotton or soft, clinging silk,

harmonizing in tone with the wall paper and the rugs, which cover the hard-wood floors. The inevitable study table and couch, piled with bright sofa pillows, constitute a part of the room's furnishings, as a matter of course, while a soft, roomy Morris chair or a big wicker rocker, with gay cretonne cushions, stands drawn out invitingly to the visitor. But the finishing touch to a cheerful, homelike corner of this sort is given by the charming little tea table with its tempting array of pretty cups and its cute little tea service. Not even the most confirmed enemy of tea could summon the courage to refuse a cup brewed by a college hostess and served with the dainty crackers that are always stowed away in some hidden corner of her "domain."

A peep into a Wellesley girl's room discloses a clever arrangement for the combination of bedroom and study, so much in favor among the college

girls of today. In a convenient corner near the doorway, stands a small cabinet, on which are arranged the "housekeeping utensils." On the left is situated a dainty little dressing table, while to the right is what poses in the daytime as an exceedingly dignified and proper bookcase, with long curtains of figured denim, but which unfolds into a comfortable bed, when it is time to retire. At the opposite side of the room is a real bookcase; but this, too, is somewhat deceptive in character, for behind the denim curtains, which hang from the bottom of the first shelf, are hidden dainty china plates, crackers, olives and such other "household supplies" as are needed for the little informal lunches so popular with the girls. A chiffonier occupies a corner of the room, while in the center stands a flat-top desk conveniently fitted up and provided with an adjustable, electric drop-light. Several comfortable armchairs, plentifully



A PEEP INTO A WELLESLEY GIRL'S ROOM



A CHARACTERISTIC GIRL'S ROOM AT TUFTS

supplied with cushions, together with a number of ordinary straight-back chairs, complete the furnishings of this attractive and, at the same time, sensibly arranged college room.

It often happens that two girl chums plan to enter the same college, and in such cases it is not at all unusual for them to decide to room together. Under these circumstances a large room is, of course, desirable, although not absolutely necessary, perhaps. Two girls who tried this plan while at college found it a most pleasant and satisfactory arrangement, and one that proved economical as well, since they furnished the room together and shared equally the general expenses for rent, light and heat. Cot beds are admirable for a room of this sort, for during the daytime they can be pushed together and transformed into a splendid window seat or cozy corner, by means of a couple of pretty couch covers and a quantity of gay pillows. Two dressing

tables and a large chiffonier are convenient, but if it is necessary to economize on space, two bureaus can be used in their stead. A large study table and a bookcase may also take the place of desks, if it seems advisable to avoid crowding too much furniture into the room. A few large chairs are, however, indispensable for comfort, and a small table for a chocolate set and chafing dish are also an essential feature. In the matter of ornaments there is sure to be no lack, for each girl invariably has her own special treasures, which she would never dream leaving at home,—odd bits of pottery, a pair of quaint old brass candlesticks, perhaps one or two favorite pieces of statuary, and a number of pictures without fail. Wall plaques, too, have their place in the list, and ferns and other plants as well, for that matter, often find their way into some cheery corner of the college girl's domain.

For the girl who does not care to limit her quarters to a single room there are tiny suites consisting of a living-room with a bedroom opening directly off from it. Such rooms are, of course, more expensive and require a greater outlay in fitting them up comfortably. If cost is but a minor consideration, however, a suite of this kind can be made most charming and homelike. The absence of any necessity for having a dressing table, chiffonier or other similar articles of furniture in the study or living-room, as the main room is termed, is naturally a pleasing feature of this arrangement. Still another advantage lies in the fact that, under such circumstances, a girl has a much better opportunity to offer hospitality to her friends than does the girl who has but one room at her disposal.

It is not always the girl who can boast of a most spacious and beautifully furnished "domain" who is most popular and best liked by her college chums, nevertheless. The girl who frankly admits that she cannot afford luxuries, but who, by dint of careful planning, succeeds in evolving an attractive room from such material as she may chance to have at her command, often has quite as large a share of fun and friends as another much better situated along financial lines. Likewise it happens frequently that, in regard to the rooms themselves, preference is accorded by their girl critics to the smaller one with its simple,

substantial furnishings and its atmosphere of comfort and cheerfulness, rather than to the more elaborate suite of the wealthy girl. This surely is ample proof that the oft-quoted warning, "It's not so much what you say as the way you say it," may well be revised to read, "It's not so much what you put in a room as the way you arrange it."

Individuality, which is the secret of the most successful work along almost any line of a similar nature, is, perhaps, one of the most striking points noticeable in college rooms as a whole. In almost every case of an exceptionally attractive room it is found to be true that its owner has brought about the desired result by simply carrying out her own ideals and consulting her own personal tastes, regardless of what other girls have done. A room so planned cannot but be an expression of a girl's own self to a greater or less extent, and, certainly, it must be so much the dearer to her chums, for the very reason that it is the embodiment of characteristic traits and ideas. Indeed, it is this air of having been planned and arranged expressly to fit its occupant that enables its girl owner to appear so entirely at ease amid her chosen surroundings, and to play the part of hostess so admirably at the frequent, jolly fudge parties, teas and "spreads" which form so delightful a feature of life at a modern girls' college.

After the Rain

By Bertha Parker

Diamonds in the grasses,
Rubies in the trees,
Sapphires, emeralds, topazes,
Moved by every breeze.

Breezes from the forests,
Fresh-washed by the rain,
Sweet with woodland essences
Blown from hill and plain.

Music from the tree-tops,—
Birch and spruce and pine,—
Making wordless melodies
For your heart and mine.

The Greater Love

By Gertrude Morrison

HEEDLESS of the incessant "drip, drip, drip, drip," on the tin roof of the bay-window, the man stared into the coals. As he sat motionless, his face softened until, by the light of the flames and the glow of his pipe, the scores of struggle were blurred, half erased; and there was about him a gentleness as though he were indeed in the presence of the sick wife whose letter lay in his hand. From some distant room came the muffled tone of a clock. "Ten, eleven, twelve," checked off the man unconsciously. He stirred, becoming dully aware of the drops beating out on the roof, an insistent, thuddy protest, which suited well his mood. "The boy'll hardly come to-night," he muttered. "I wonder if *he'll* marry? But he must."

A gusty shiver, harbinger of familiar steps, crept up to him. It was an old trick of the boy's to look in on him this way the last thing at night. He stood in the doorway now, very sober, except for the quietly smiling fellowship in his eyes—very slim and boyish against the banister of the stair dimly discernible back of him. Crossing to the grate, he wriggled free from his raincoat, and placed his umbrella to drip on the hearth. He drew forth a pipe, filled it, lighted it. As he leaned against the mantel with careless but not wholly unconscious grace, his eyes, from behind glasses that gave a certain severe touch, traveled with sure familiarity from the hole in the worn velvet slippers to the smoking-jacket with its negligent, pocket-ripped air. If he was aware that a new gravity in his own face was being questioned, his only sign was in the nervous thrust of his right hand into his hip pocket. The man, following the movement from between half-closed lids, caught

a glimpse of white waistcoat. "Boy," he said lazily, "you've been at it again. You didn't come down off the hill just to see me to-night."

"No," said the other, "I did not." They listened in silence to the slowing drip, drip of the rain. The wheeze of the rolling mills off on the outskirts of the town was reflected in the man's next remark.

"You're the bell-cow of the firm all right," he chuckled. "Eating with our toughest dagoes down at the works; then at night," sweeping in critical disdain over the other's white line of cuff and collar, "putting on your gold-plated harness and going out amongst them." The boy's face broke into the smile with which he must have won forgiveness years before when caught stealing jam.

"Oh, well, boy," the man continued, "I'm glad you like to go. I'm glad you *can* go." There came into his face the look that had been there before the boy entered; not firelight, nor yet pipe-glow, but the sadness of human experience was the eraser.

"Aren't you well?" asked the boy, going over to the old lounge.

"Of course," he answered shortly. "And, boy, come on back to the mantel. You know you don't look so picturesque any place else in the room. Was it My Lady tonight?" he asked, when the boy, laying aside his glasses, had gone back to the hearth and stood with one arm resting on the mantel and supporting his head, the other hand thrust into his pocket. Without his eyeglasses his face lost somewhat of its little air of self-sufficiency.

"Yes," he said quietly.

"Well," vigorously, "when that girl comes to marry, I hope she gets a fellow that's a man."

The sofa creaked suddenly under the boy's weight. "I tried," he said, a pathetic weariness in his voice.

"You," shot from the man. Then, with an awkward laugh, "I didn't know it had come to that."

"Well," the boy began with an impatience that smoothed itself quickly into a curious blend of a boy's wounded pride and a man's suffering, "I did tell you she was pretty nearly — the whole thing."

"See here, boy," said the other, sitting rigidly erect, "I don't get the drift of things. You wanted her. And yet—"

Something whizzed past the man's head and landed in the flames, emitting a pungent, tobacco-lean odor. "That's why."

The man drew out the little bag, smothering it in the pool which had trickled from the umbrella. The logs in the grate were charring white, and his pipe had gone out, when he said slowly, reluctantly, "Well, boy, she's right."

"I can't stop," he cried. "It began when I was a little tot and carried grandfather his morning pipe — lighted. I guess mother thought I built a fire on top of it; but grandfather knew. Besides, there have been times when I had no other friend in sight."

"I know, boy, I know," said the man. "But she knows it's hurting you. You're becoming a nervous —"

"That from you," came from the sofa.

"Boy," he replied, "it's different. I'm a man; and I don't smoke incessantly."

The old lounge creaked under a sudden bounce and flop. "Yes," the boy turned over to say, "you're right. But there are times when nothing else soothes me, either; not even she."

"And it's she or no one?"

"Yes."

The man's hand closed over a letter in his pocket received that morning from his wife. "You are making a

mistake, boy." Then, hesitatingly, "There's my wife. She's been an invalid for ten years; ever since we were married. She — she isn't good company for any one. You know, boy. Before we came here you stayed with her lots of nights when I couldn't. And yet, it's been worth while. Somehow, it always is."

The boy seated himself on a chair over which he had flung his raincoat; his fingers toyed uncertainly with its buttons. "Think what you are doing," the man urged gently. "I've been watching you. What with the father and mother you've got, you're bound to succeed. But what would your dad have been without your mother? What would any of us be? It isn't your lady or — or mine. Why, boy, it's Our Lady," and his face glowed with the thought. "You'll miss a lot," he added wistfully.

"I can't," was the moody answer. The man felt its finality; he had never been one to underestimate the dynamic element in the boy's quiet. In his riper experience, he felt a mingled sympathy and impatience with youth and the positiveness of its convictions. It breathed of disloyalty not to testify to that greater love which man in the fullness of life knows for woman; yet here were his hands tied before the futility of trying to share his own painfully garnered wisdom with one whom the years had not yet initiated into their secrets. If only he could bear witness, save to the boy what he was tossing aside, save him, too, from a weakness rapidly becoming a vice, it would not so much matter about the failure to understand. Time would right that. But how? Where was his opening?

The boy, wishing to drop the subject, went back to what he had said once before. "You don't look well," he said. "Tired? I'd better go." His words gave the man a sense of something shutting before his face.

"Oh, I'm all —" then he saw a way to bar the closing. "I am tired," he said, craftily watching his companion.

"Go to bed," said the boy, rising.

"No, not that."

"Working too hard?" He swung into his raincoat.

"No," replied the man, coughing a little, "I guess I'm not well."

"Seen a doctor?" The boy was turning up his collar now.

"Yes."

"What'd he say?" Receiving no reply as he fumbled with his buttons, he asked again, "What'd the doctor say?"

"Oh, nothing much!"

The boy, suddenly alert, thrust his hands into his pockets and eyed him keenly. "No hedging," he commanded.

"Well, it's here," slipping a hand over his heart, "and they say it's this," tapping his pipe. "They give me two years, if I keep on. So you see," dryly, "she's right. It does do a fellow harm." He had pushed back from the ragged circle of light; for he could hardly have said all that, and looked into the boy's honest eyes. "Now you know," he finished, "but it doesn't much matter."

The boy's face pictured amazement and concern. "Look here, but it does. You'll quit it, old man."

"Well, no," knocking the ashes out of his pipe and refilling it with deliberate care. "My wife," he said gently, "will have passed away by that time. I won't be needed."

"You've me," said the boy.

"I know, boy, I know, and a comfort you've been. It would have been lonelier without you." The unconscious admission went straight home to the boy. "And I'm grateful," continued the man diffidently, "for the flowers and things you have done for my wife. But you see, well, I couldn't stop with the rest of you at the works

all smokin' and you comin' in here with that strong Havana reek to your clothes." His nostrils quivered slightly. "I just couldn't," he continued in a tone curiously detached and pleading, "and I want you to keep on coming, boy."

The boy adjusted his glasses. "Stop awhile," he said grimly. "Promise not to smoke again until — say until I do."

"Why, yes, if you'll have it so," the man answered with seeming carelessness. "But that won't be long."

Picking up his pipe from the mantel, the boy closed the case over it with a decisive snap. He picked up his hat and umbrella. "Good night," he said from the doorway with a certain tenseness that gripped the older man's heart.

"Good night," he made himself answer, "and don't mind about me. I'm not worth it." In need of some little act to assert his hold on himself, he struck a match; then he blew it out.

* * * * *

The man was alone. "That's the boy," he murmured proudly. "Thinks it's for me, too. Well! he's fixed. But Lord! what a price." He groaned as he faced the misery, the agony, the utter loneliness to which he had pledged himself. With a primitive, elemental strength he crushed back the desolation and thrust it out on the morrow. Breaking a stick across his knee, he coaxed the dying fire into flames by whose brightening, warming blaze he re-read his wife's letter:

"Do not come this time. I am weaker; and I could not bear to give you up again."

All that was fine in him redeemed his face. A distant sound, as of a clock, broke the stillness. The rolling mills wheezed on the outskirts of the town. The rain beat in a last peaceful drip.

Necromancy

By Mrs. Charles Page

Betimes I think if I could go
Beyond the town, beyond the hills,
Away to some far otherwhere,
A surcease there would be of ills.

Peace would descend from stranger skies,
Love would pervade an alien air;
Beyond the farthest, bluest hills
My life should burgeon, full and fair!

The little ills that fret and gall,
The tiny pin-pricks of a day,
They make the dreary intervals,
They mark the darksome moods away.

Then sudden, smiles a friendly face;
A child's dear, dimpled hand seeks mine;
O wondrous thing! O wizard thing!
For now the sun begins to shine.

What necromancy has a child,
What wizardry lies hid in this?
Lo! all the land's length holds no spot
Nor sweeter home than mine, I wis!

A Silent Battle

By Helen Campbell

A BATTLE surely, but no question of smokeless powder or noiseless guns with their steady stream of bullets discharged by electricity, though both of these, with other features no less singular, will be part of coming warfare between the nations. But the battle this page will hold is to save life, not to take it, and its story for one city is practically the story for all cities. The Board of Health for each may be considered as commanding officer for that post, the corps of pure food inspectors, fighters all along the line, and the report lately given of part of the work accomplished in New York, may stand actually for much the same results in Boston or any other large city. The thousands of buyers who call for cheap food, the innumerable groceries, which can meet the demand only by buying inferior qualities of food fresh or canned, are protected in spite of themselves. Within one year, in Greater New York, 22,000,000 pounds, equal to 11,000 tons, of foodstuffs have been destroyed by the corps of food inspectors. The greater part of the goods condemned

consisted of fruits and vegetables, but to this was added an enormous amount of canned goods and supposedly fresh dairy products and fresh meats. The present staff of workers, under the head of the division of food inspection, is all too small for the thorough work demanded, the lack of a sufficient appropriation preventing at present the adding to the force, but in spite of this some extraordinary results have been already accomplished. The head officer, Mr. Barnard C. Fuller, is confident that another year will see even better results than for the year nearly over. The inspectors, of whom there are at present thirty-eight, are not more than three weeks at once in any one district, and are then sent to another, thus, in time, becoming familiar with all. This also enables them to maintain an *incognito*, a very necessary condition. It is arduous work, for they are on duty day and night, the night section looking after the milk, the vegetables and fruits that come in by rail, and are brought to the city on floats from every part of the United States and Canada,

getting in, in late afternoon and early evening, to be made ready for the jobbers by one in the morning.

The food inspectors, it will be seen, must be on the piers, and at these hours sample and sort the lots, and have all in such order that, when the jobbers begin bidding, they know fairly well just what they are buying. Any goods that have spoiled or shown a tendency in that direction have been condemned, and only the Health Department can dispose of them, which means that, loaded on scows, they are taken out to sea and dumped there.

All this goes on chiefly at the great Pennsylvania piers and those of the Old Dominion Steamship liners; no busier spots, it is believed, are on the face of the whole earth. But the Erie's California dock is next in order, and its work is chiefly in the daytime. Here come in enormous casks of California grapes, and the inspectors take samples from five of every fifty casks before any lots are allowed to be disposed of by auction. The trade benefits by this no less than the consumer. Suppose in a lot of ten cars of grapes there is one bad car. The grade of the perfectly good nine carloads would be lowered, if the tenth car proved to be a bad one, but its condemnation allows the full price for the others.

Less perishable fruits arrive by steamships, which bring lemons, oranges, pineapples and bananas. Often there has been delay by storms and the cargo must be condemned. In such case the crates are put on the forward decks and on the outward voyage are dumped into the sea.

As to bananas, there always is a growing demand. Twenty years ago any importer who received a cargo of fifteen hundred bunches of them in a sailing vessel was sure he was doing an immense business. Today the United Fruit Company and others draw upon the five or six ships arriving

each week, each ship bringing between twenty and thirty thousand bunches of bananas.

There is equally strict supervision of all canned goods of every order arriving in the city, these including oysters, meats, fruits, vegetables and condensed or evaporated milk and cream, the laboratory of the Board of Health, at intervals, analyzing the samples sent in. Condensed milk, as the general form for almost all babies, is inspected every fortnight, and there is equally careful watch over all spices and condiments. The head of the division took a three-months' course in candy making, in a well-known candy factory run by a friend, that he might the more readily detect adulterations. Up to the time of the establishment of the Bureau of Inspection, many candy manufacturers used sulphites to harden stick candies, sour balls, etc. Lampblack, it was found, was used instead of licorice; cordial drops held rum, and animal fats were used instead of cocoa butter, while most of the soft candies held more or less wood alcohol, which was used in the making.

Soda-water stands, no matter where placed, are, also, inspected thoroughly, it being required that the fruit syrups shall be made from real fruit and not merely flavored with essences. As to honey, once adulterated largely with glucose and maple sugar, or with some other cheaper sugar, none such is any longer to be found.

In the matter of meat supply, the thirty-five abattoirs along the river front, in both Manhattan and Brooklyn, are inspected daily during the hours of killing, and the greatest care is taken that every sanitary requirement should be met. All meat sent on board ships for the steerage is also to be inspected, as many vessels get their supplies for the round trip, and on the return voyage often serve meat that has been spoiled. The fat-rendering establishments, also,

are closely watched that there may be no mixture of edible and non-edible fats.

As to sardines, often packed in cotton-seed oil, labeled olive, there is fair certainty that, if the box bears the label "olive oil," the truth is told, for the label must state what oil is used.

Naturally there are still many groceries of the cheaper order where adulterated goods are still palmed off on ignorant customers, but one who insists on pure food can get it even there. But with a larger staff even this will soon become impossible, and Professor Wiley's dream of absolutely pure food for the whole American people will, in good time, be realized, so far as canned goods are concerned. Outside the cities there will still be more or less uncertainty, but the meat supply, as a whole, will have been

inspected before forwarding into the smaller places; and, in the meantime, the public is gradually being educated into better sense as to what constitutes pure food. It has ceased to be considered merely a fad, and has taken its place with the general battle all along the line for more wholesome methods with life, whether for sick or well. The Pure Food Bill is as much a necessity as the anti-tuberculosis campaign, or the demand for better public hygiene in home, school and city at large. The Child Labor Committee, the stir for public playgrounds, these and other demands of the same nature mean an awakened public sense and the coming of a day, when life for the very humblest will be as securely guarded from harm of any order, as is that of the chief citizens or the lawmakers themselves.

Life's Common Things

The things of every day are all so sweet,
 The morning meadows wet with dew ;
 The dance of daisies in the noon, the blue
 Of far-off hills where twilight shadows lie,
 The night with all its tender mystery of sound
 And silence, and God's starry sky!
 Oh! life—the whole life—is far too fleet,
 The things of every day are all so sweet.

The common things of life are all so dear,
 The waking in the warm half-gloom
 To find again the old familiar room,
 The scents and sights and sounds that never tire,
 The homely work, the plans, the lilt of baby's laugh,
 The crackle of the open fire;
 The waiting, then the footsteps coming near,
 The opening door, the handclasp and the kiss,
 Is Heaven not, after all, the Now and Here?
 The common things of life are all so dear.

—Anon.

Cotton Gloves

By Kate Gannett Wells

COTTON gloves, often a pecuniary necessity, are always a social disability. Woe unto her who, in her belief that all human beings are equal, offers her hand sheathed in a twenty-five cent, brown cotton glove to one wearing white kids. She will be looked at! Telepathy or intuition tells her just how and why her friend hesitates, in whose consciousness surprise, doubt, penitence and atonement succeed each other in the space of a second. The ordeal over, the friend recovering her better self, at last shakes hands with the cotton-gloved lady and conversation drifts.

But sudden enlightenment as to the ways of the world and gentle sarcasm thereat have entered the soul of the wearer of the cheap gloves. Has she really lost social prestige because of her actual loss of income? Has she ceased to be a lady, whatever that word means? It is pitiable, disheartening, but often true, that though she will still be respected, she will no longer be in society, and all because she adjusts expenses to income without making any fuss about it. If she had just posed as an unfortunate, she would have received pity; but because she took herself in hand as a matter of business and, as an item in her current expenses, wears cotton gloves, she has become a negligible social quantity. Cotton and kid gloves might perchance meet at church, but not at an afternoon tea!

Of course it is silly to mind little things, and far more self-respecting to be able to pay for cotton gloves than to borrow the cash for kids. So if one is not self-reliant enough to take things naturally, as one should, at least the exaltation of self-satis-

faction in doing and wearing only what one can afford is better than that of being purse-proud. Alas! many of us are so weak hearted that, though we may not repine aloud, we do stop to explain, when, after all, no one cares except for a second what we do or don't do. Why should they?

There are so many little queer ways of social measurement. Written or engraved cards is one of them. Mrs. A., an old family Bostonian, resorted to written cards for the sake of economy. One afternoon she made several calls in the Back Bay district, where the butlers or inside men, not knowing her, examined her cards and then informed her the ladies were not at home, when, as she afterwards learned, they were. At one house, however, she insisted that the man take up her card. He left her in the vestibule while he did so, hastily returning and ushering her into the parlor, as she had had the amusement of hearing him told to do. While successful economy can easily bear the brunt of any misfit in social usage that does not imply lack of refinement, to adapt any social usage, at pecuniary harm to one's self, is folly and fear.

While women are far more independent of the minor social rules of dress etiquette than they used to be, and though it is even good form to cling to a style of one's own regardless of fashion, yet every woman knows when she is not "chic," and most every woman wishes she were. The plainer she is, usually the more she wishes it. After all, it is philanthropic to care about dress, for the manufacture and sale of the endless essentials and non-essentials of women's dress occupy the time of more men than do their learned professional and

artistic occupations combined. It has been said that if women should dress in one material of one color, as men practically do, it would be the greatest calamity, industrially, that could befall a nation, — worse than a famine, war or epidemic. So cotton and kid gloves alike are needed.

It all comes back to the primitive question of how much shall we do for the sake of others or, as an example, if we are to set an example, why not begin with clothes? Apply the "Sartor Resartus" spirit to ourselves! Not long ago a teacher in her spelling lesson gave the children the word "forceful" to embody in a sentence. A scantily clothed, poorly nourished child wrote: "Rich people that have lots of clothes are very forceful in what they put on." That little girl had suffered from what she did not have herself. Shall rich persons give up being "forceful" and let their children have Teddy bears, rather than dolls, with their many suits of apparel?

Apropos of men, are dress coats or dinner jackets imperative? Sidney Lanier went to a dinner given in his honor directly from a lecture he had just delivered, wearing his morning suit and with chalk on his fingers, for he had had no time to dress, and was miserable about it. But Professor Gildersleeve said of him, "He was a seraph with chalk on his fingers." Chalk in such places is unconventional, but not to keep guests waiting was far greater courtesy than that shown by a savant who, perceiving in the dressing-room of the house where he was invited to dine that the guests had on dress coats, went home and changed his dinner jacket, while the hostess, uninformed of his purpose, waited for him.

It is not that one would not do all one could for another, but that clothes,

like amusements, should be relative to what one's self can afford rather than to what some one else can afford. Always bad taste to be overdressed, it is equally bad not to be suitably dressed, according to one's income. To make what one wears dependent on what others wear rather than on what is right, in itself, all things considered, weakens self-respect, gives conflicting values and makes one priggish. Thus we make clothes abstractly decisive just as we do habits, instead of making them relative to locality. A woman remarked that American ladies did not embroider after a dinner with two or three guests present, as did the English ladies where she had dined; and my guest said the Americans did so embroider! Do they? Again my friend said that olives were served only at formal dinners in this country, to which statement some one else replied that English hostesses did not have olives on the table, and on the home table, as frequently as Americans do. Who was right?

The matter of embroidery, of gloves, of cards, even of gum, is merely an item of habit. Neither truth nor courtesy is involved, though possibly hygiene and refinement are questionable in regard to gum. But the world is a great deal bigger than that portion of it any one person sees. Yet often we unconsciously assume that we know all about the prevalence of habits, which are always, as matter of fact, more local than universal. Fortunately courtesy to all is as compatible with cotton gloves and written visiting cards as with kid gloves and engraved cards. Only, when we are compelled to use them and find out how some other people regard them, we cannot help being amused, and perhaps a wee bit discouraged.



Capitulate

A Parlor Charade

In Four Syllables and the Word

By Grace Stone Field

CAST OF CHARACTERS

LADY FARTHINGALE, *Ye testy Tory Dowager.*

DOROTHY DIMISDALE, LADY FARTHINGALE'S NIECE
(*secretly favoring the Continental cause*).

CAPT. DERRINGDO . *Of ye Continental Army (in love with DOROTHY).*

COL. RAHL *Ye Hessian Commander.*

CHLOE *A Maid Servant.*

PATIENCE }
PEACE } . . . *Ye Children of ye*
PENELOPE } *House.*

FIRST SYLLABLE

CAP

SCENE: LADY F.'s dressing-room. LADY F. seated before mirror, DOROTHY and CHLOE attend her.

LADY F. — There, Chloe, I am dressed at last; hand me my head-dress.

CHLOE. — Here it is, milady, and how vastly becoming!

LADY F. — You think so? Then there's something wrong with this mirror—or with my eyes. 'Tis too high, too stiff—I know not what. (*Takes it off and punches it viciously.*) There! How is that? 'Tis worse, if anything. Dorothy, you dare not fib to me; tell me, what do you think of it?

DOROTHY. — Why, aunt, dear aunt, methinks a rose or two snipt off might improve it—a tenderer tint in ribbons perhaps, in place of that garish green—

LADY F. — Oh, hold your peace! Must I tarry here while this wretched contraption is made over? New ribbons, less roses—what not? And meanwhile the coach waits, the ball is on by now; and I am not there to make my bow to the Governor. (*Throws cap on floor.*) I'll not wear the thing at all. I'll wear an aigret—yes, that one, Chloe. Oh, stupid! I'll put it on myself. (*Sticks aigret in at a rakish angle.*) My gloves, Dorothy, and my fan! Chloe, my cloak!—a last touch of rouge, girl; a little more rice powder on my nose,—that patch is at the wrong angle, but no matter— (*CHLOE runs to door and opens it; LADY F. sweeps out.*)

DOROTHY (*sinks into chair, laughing.*) — Poor, dear aunt! Her temper is on edge tonight! I see her now, in the coach, straightening her brows and practising a smile wherewith to captivate the Governor and the King's soldiers. Ah, Chloe, methinks she would lose all knowledge of smiles and wear frowns forever, if she knew that my thoughts and hopes and a big, big piece of my heart were this very minute with the Continental army!

CHLOE. — And mine, dear lady.

DOROTHY. — Ah, yes, Chloe; you, too, have a lover in the patriot camp and weary yourself with tears and fears and doubts even as I do. 'Tis twelve o'clock. I must be off to bed. (*Picks up cap from floor and puts it on.*) What say you, Chloe, do I fright the atmosphere?

CHLOE. — Dear mistress, it becomes you to a marvel!

DOROTHY. — Ah, then I'll wear it to

bed and dream I'm dancing at the Governor's ball. (*Runs out.*)
(*Curtain.*)

SECOND SYLLABLE

IT

Morning-room in LADY F.'s house.

DOROTHY sitting alone, embroidering. Enter PATIENCE, PEACE and PENELOPE.

PAT. — Oh, cousin Dorothy! —

PEACE. — What do you think? —

PEN. — We were in the kitchen —

PAT. — And there came a knock at the door. The strangest knock; three loud raps like this (*raps on table*) and then a tattoo —

PEACE. — And then the orderly, who attends Col. Rahl and who is ever knocking his heels in Chloe's kitchen, scurried to the door —

PEN. — And some one handed him a note.

DOROTHY. — Who handed a note?

PEACE. — We could not see, but I heard him whisper: "Give it to Col. Rahl, the Hessian commander, quickly!"

DOROTHY. — And then?

PEN. — Why, then the orderly hastened to Col. Rahl, who tarried in the dining-hall as usual, poring over British rosters and drinking gin —

DOROTHY. — Penelope!

PEN. — I smelled it.

DOROTHY. — Oh, well, go on.

PEACE. — Why then the orderly shut us out.

PAT. — But I heard Col. Rahl say, pounding his fist on the table: "I'll not believe it!"

DOROTHY. — What could it have been? (*Aside.*) Oh, 'tis hard to dwell among the redcoats and be secretly all on fire for the blue and buff!

PEN. — Oh, may we, cousin Dorothy?

DOROTHY. — May you — what?

PEN. — I thought you said blind man's buff; may we play it?

DOROTHY. — Nay, nay, child; 'tis the maddest of all the noisy games you know, and their name is legion. Lady Farthingale sleeps late after the ball and you would waken her. Didst ever hear the tale of the frolicsome elephant?

PEACE. — Was he noisy?

DOROTHY. — Oh, very.

PEACE. — Pray tell us the tale then, for to hear of noise is next best to making it.

DOROTHY. —

There was a frisky elephant who gamboled all the day;

A-playing with his brothers and sisters, glad and gay.

At blind man's buff and hide-and-seek he did, indeed, excel,

For he was quick and fleet of foot as any gay gazelle.

PAT. (*interrupting*) — I'll not believe that!

DOROTHY. — Hush, Patience; 'twas all true — when it happened. (*They look doubtfully at each other. She resumes.*)

Now leap-frog was his fav'rite game; with merry, sportive grace

He hopped a score of backs or more, at most terrific pace.

But, oh, but, oh, one fateful day he played so fast and hard,

The landscape got all changed about in little El's back yard.

A valley came where none had been, a hill shot up in sight;

A lake appeared so suddenly, his playmates fled in fright!

He has to moderate his glee and play more gently, for

The scenery's all wobbly now, about his lowly door.

And the moral of that is: Don't be noisy.

PAT. — 'Tis the moral of everything. I would I might hear some one say just once: "Make all the noise you wish."

DOROTHY. — The Fates forbid! Now I must be off to my spinet practice. (*Children courtesy to her as she goes out.*)

PEACE. — Let's play tag very softly. You count out, Patience.

PATIENCE. — Eeny, meeny, miny, mo, Catch a nig-ger by the toe.

PEN. — That's not fair. Nigger is all one word; so is holler. Begin again!

PAT. — Oh, very well. (*Counts out. They chase each other around the room and run out.*) There. I've caught Peace. She's it!

(*Curtain.*)

THIRD SYLLABLE

U

The dining-hall. COL. RAHL alone, reading note.

COL. RAHL. — I know not whether 'tis best to go or stay. This may be sent to mislead me or lead me, forsooth, into a trap! (*Reads.*) "You had best be finding other quarters —" There is more of the same tenor. The messenger was one of Washington's aids; my orderly knew him. Well, well, there's no haste, I'll swear; and, faith, 'tis more comfortable here than freezing in barracks or a windy tent. (*Exit.*)

(*Enter CAPT. DERRINGDO.*)

CAPT. D. — Had I been set as nursemaid to this swashbuckling Hessian at any other time or place, I'd not relish the task, but 'tis a joy just to breathe the same air as Mistress Dorothy. (*Enter DOROTHY.*) Fair lady, would that my wish to see you might always evoke your spirit as promptly.

DOROTHY. — Do I, then, seem so ethereal? (*Gives him her hand.*) Nay, 'tis real flesh and blood you hold. You are right welcome. What fortunate errand brings you hither, busy soldier?

CAPT. D. — Two things, dear Dorothy. A man — and a maid.

DOROTHY. — You deal in riddles, and I am dull at guessing. Will you not read me the answers?

CAPT. D. — Gladly. The man is your aunt's guest, Colonel Rahl, the Hessian commander. May I tell my errand safely, Dorothy? You dwell in a Tory household —

DOROTHY. — But am heart and soul with the Continental cause!

CAPT. D. — I thank you in the name of that cause for so sweet an advocate! Then this is the story. As you know, Colonel Rahl's soldiers occupy Trenton Heights. He leaves them to drink and carouse in the garrison, while he and a chosen few of his officers follow the same program here. But our great Washington has still a little love left for him. It seems they were friends some time, somewhere, in student days, mayhap. Tonight, Dorothy, we plan an attack on the Hessians, and our General has sent me to warn this stubborn, gin-soaked redcoat, lest he be caught all unprepared. And but for one thing, I'd rebel.

DOROTHY. — And that thing?

CAPT. D. — That, Dorothy, is the rest of my tale, the end of all my thoughts — that same maid of whom I spoke to you just now.

DOROTHY. — Ah, yes, the maid. I doubt not I can guess her name — perchance 'tis Dolly Champion or Kathryn Merivale or —

CAPT. D. — She dwells in this house, Dorothy.

DOROTHY. — Ah, so — I cannot guess.

CAPT. D. — You can, but will not. 'Tis never Dolly nor yet sweet Kathryn, but *you*, Dorothy, *you*! (*He takes her hand; she turns away her head shyly.*)

(*Curtain.*)

FOURTH SYLLABLE

LATE

The morning-room; DOROTHY seated alone.

DOROTHY. — I wonder if I look my best? I'd like to look as charming as he thinks me. That, indeed, would be impossible, and yet I seem a glorified Dorothy this morning. (*Glances at clock.*) Why 'tis eleven and he said ten! Here I have sat for an hour, admiring my silly self and thinking of a blue and buff uniform — a uniform with a man in it, forsooth, who did beg and plead that I would grant him a brief glimpse of me this morning and who dallies and delays — Ah, the knocker clanging — some one comes. (CAPT. D. is announced; she regards him coldly.)

CAPT. D. — Dear Dorothy, I am late but with good reason.

DOROTHY. — Late? Oh no, methinks 'tis full early.

CAPT. D. — I said ten.

DOROTHY. — Why, did you? I had clean forgotten.

CAPT. D. — Oh, Dorothy, I pray you be not angry with me!

DOROTHY. — I angry? And why? 'Tis said that you soldiers lead a merry life; e'en roystering till the early morning and then sleeping late. We have one of that ilk in the house — Colonel Rahl.

CAPT. D. — Oh, Dorothy, 'tis for his sake I have fallen from your sweet graces! Truly I have much to thank him for both of good and ill. May I not tell you the tale?

DOROTHY. — Surely, I am all ears. (*He sits down, after some hesitation, at the far corner of the room.*)

CAPT. D. — Dorothy, Colonel Rahl lies at death's door.

DOROTHY. — Nay — how?

CAPT. D. — Last night we fell upon the Hessians as we had planned, seizing boats and crossing the Delaware amid floating ice. We found them all unprepared and captured them at the point of the bayonet. Today the flag of liberty floats over their garrison! Colonel Rahl was badly wounded, but crept as far as the house of your

neighbor, the Quakeress, and she, compassionately, took him in. He is quite sober and full of contrition and belated gratitude to Washington; wishing too late that he had heeded his repeated warnings. At our General's bidding, I have been with him, but the end is near, and I stole away to you.

DOROTHY. — You stole away from your duty!

CAPT. D. — Nay, Dorothy, my duty was so nearly done; and what were a dozen Hessians, alive or dead, between me and my promise to you?

DOROTHY. — Oh, 'tis no time for sweethearting! Go back to Colonel Rahl and hasten; even now you may be too late! Go! (*Exit CAPT. D.*)

(*Curtain.*)

THE WORD

CAPITULATE

The morning-room; DOROTHY and the children playing London Bridge is falling down. PEACE and PENelope making bridge, DOROTHY and PATIENCE marching through.

ALL (*singing*) —

London bridge is falling down,

Falling down, falling down;

London bridge is falling down,

My fair lady!

(*Enter LADY FARTHINGALE.*)

LADY F. — Oh, Dorothy, hast heard the horrible news?

DOROTHY. — Nay, aunt, what news?

LADY F. — Washington at the head of his tatterdemalions has dared attack our forces at Princeton, has captured a detachment on its march to Trenton and threatens the British base of supplies at New Brunswick. Oh, 'tis unspeakable!

DOROTHY. — Aye. Unspeakably glorious!

LADY F. — Dorothy! You! A traitor in this house, which has always stood for King and country. Now I

Concluded on page xx

THE BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE

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THOUGHT AND HEALTH

“**A**S a man thinketh so is he.” Fear, hate, jealousy do not tend to produce contentment. Persons ever suspicious are not agreeable companions. The cultivation of kindly thoughts and the abiding trust that all life is beautiful and good undoubtedly contribute to health and happiness. More and more in these days people are learning “to breathe deeply, eat moderately, bathe plentifully, work industriously, and get their joy out of their work.” It pays somehow to live and work in harmony with nature. Disease is an unnatural condition, the normal state of life is health. “Let the dead past bury its dead,” cultivate the “health habit,” and get the

utmost good out of each day’s opportunities, are characteristic sentiments of our age.

And are not health and success the two great things in life? What are even greater? That which cannot be supported and maintained in thought is to be abandoned. It is hard to kick against the truth. As Goethe once said, “It is easier to perceive error than to find truth, for the former lies on the surface and is easily seen, while the latter lies in the depths, where few are willing to search.”

But above all an unerring source of health and happiness is suggested by the old familiar saying, “Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.”

WOMAN’S INTERESTS

THERE is no reason why women should not be interested in everything that concerns mankind, including all the thirty-six subjects discussed in the President’s late message to Congress. It is still an open question, though, whether women want to gain and exercise the right of suffrage or not; for women usually succeed in getting what they really want. It is still a question, too, whether the exercise on the part of women of the privilege to vote would result in real gain or benefit to woman herself or to the State. Anyhow it is only a matter of custom. The practice of our age is not necessarily that of the next. And yet woman’s interest in all affairs, social, economic and political, should be none the less. Once in possession of the right to vote, and in a few years it would seem strange, no doubt, that the situation had ever been otherwise.

However, there is propriety in all

things, not excepting customs and practices. Equality in right does not mean necessarily equality in the same identical right. In education, for instance, woman's training may be and should be fully equal to that of man, but this does not imply that it should be strictly along the same lines. Adaptation to services to be rendered and conditions to be maintained in life must be considered. But, at any rate, the more interests a woman has and the wider her activities be, the more complete and happy will be her life.

In respect to one universal and grave social problem, it seems to us woman's interest should be paramount and unflagging, and that is the matter of intemperance. The untold deprivation, suffering, depravity and degeneracy, the entire burden of evils that result from intemperance, rest most heavily upon women and children. They are the chief sufferers.

Woman's province, it is said, is to be careful in her economy and chaste in her affection. Her primary concern is to raise high the standard of prudence, moderation and temperance in food and drink and all things. In point of magnitude and destructiveness no evil can be compared with that of intemperance. The excessive use of alcohol leads invariably to sloth and indifference. It wrecks homes.

"I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and, lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down. Then I saw, and considered it well: I looked upon it, and received instruction. Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep: so shall thy poverty come as one that travel-leth; and thy want as an armed man."

"SOME one said recently that 'the public is on a new road toward health,' and summed up the pub-

lic attitude in the remark: 'There is a tendency today to shift the stress from the last words to the first in the old maxim, *Mens sana in corpore sano.*' It is now coming to mean to an increasing number of persons, 'If the mind is healthy the body will be sound.'"

THE COLLEGE GIRL AND HOME ECONOMICS

PROFESSOR JAMES has defined the object of college education as follows: "That you may know a good man when you see him"; and so we say that the object of good training is to know good things when one sees them. The intelligent girl knows that she needs domestic science and she is demanding such a course of study. She sees in it mental training, discipline, and most of all the things that she so much needs for her own life.

It is often said that things which are practical are not cultural. To me it seems that everything that is done with the right aim, that is not a mere end in itself, but with the purpose of helping forward human life, always toward the end of the better in life, must be truly cultural. The antagonism between the practical and the cultural is something with which we can have no sympathy. It is the thing that is truly practical which in my judgment is truly cultural. Hence those things which are in close connection with the home life are truly cultural.

In schools it is so often assumed that the student chooses the classical course out of regard for pure culture. However, that course is very often chosen for purely utilitarian motives, because the boy is going into professional life or the girl is to become a teacher of Latin. The college girl in the same way wants home economics, because it will help her in her life work, and the colleges are being compelled to put in such courses because of the de-

mand for them. It remains for the colleges to make these courses both practical and cultural. There is no reason why the problems that girls do in chemistry, for example, should not have some relation to their home life. The trouble has been that text-books have been written by men for men, and have their applications in sciences useful to men. In our own college this fact has been recognized by the instructors in chemistry; there has been a revision of the work to make it more practical, that it might have more bearing on home economics, and as a result we have been embarrassed by the number of girls who have elected the chemistry course. The same thing is true in physiology. The work has been revised to meet, not the needs of the man who wanted to go to a medical school, but rather the needs of the average girl, hence greater emphasis has been laid on hygiene and sanitation. There is too great a tendency on the part of college teachers to make scientists of their pupils, rather than to apply the subject to the needs of human life. Too much of the study is carried so far from anything in which the student is interested instead of being brought in touch with that which is of vital interest in his life. Home economics has done a great work for college instruction in this very particular.

—*Ellen C. Sabin.*

WHERE we fail in training women is because up to the present, until this home economics movement came about, we have trained women on men's courses. We have taught science particularly with all the interesting material taken from man's side of life. I want a woman to have as much of an education as a man, but I do think that she is going to make a different use of her knowledge, and we should give her the things that she will need most. I think her training will be

different, and this movement is going to give to woman a scientific training in the way most useful. We must not overlook the fact that for specialization in any line you must get special training, and this must come to her also. You may take post-graduate work, if you are going very far.—*Dr. Langworthy.*

Carnegie, the retired iron master, was too canny to quote Col. Wright's aphorism in its original form; namely, "Figures will not lie, but liars will figure." That would have been too personal. He therefore changed it to read, "I know that figures will lie." Testifying before the committee that is investigating the tariff, he put aside, as of no account, all estimates of the cost of producing steel and the elaborate schedules that were shown to him, and asked the committee to use its common sense. If the company reported that it made one hundred and fifty-eight millions of dollars in the manufacture and sale of ten millions of tons of steel, no matter what the steel cost, it was evident that they made a profit of at least \$15.50 a ton. Having made his immense fortune out of privileges which he now declares to be unnecessary, is it any wonder that his old shopmates are now angry when he turns state's evidence?

—*Christian Register.*

A Gastronomic Stanza

A stanza thrown off by a poet who could not eat his dinner. Mr. William Watson, when ill in London, and attempting a dinner for which he had no appetite, scribbled these lines on a scrap of paper, which he threw to his attendant:

"Strange sauce that's mingled with the meat,
 Strange meat that's mingled with the
 sauce—in vain;
 I eat, and wond'ring what and why I eat,
 Long for the porridge of my youth
 again."



BONED-AND-CORNEB FOREQUARTER OF LAMB WITH VEGETABLES

Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

IN all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. When flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or a teaspoonful of any designated material is a *level* spoonful of such material.

Emergency Soup

COOK a cup, each, of carrot and celery cubes, and two onions, cut in slices and the slices divided into quarters, and a red or green pepper, cut in bits, in half a cup of butter, or fat from the top of the soup kettle, ten minutes; stir and cook slowly, to avoid discoloring. Add one pint of potato cubes (half inch or less) par-boiled, rinsed in cold water and drained, a soup bag and two quarts of water. Let simmer an hour. Add two tablespoonfuls of beef extract and a teaspoonful and a half of salt and pepper, if desired. Serve with or without straining.

Soup from Trimmings of Boned Shoulder of Lamb

Cover the bones and trimmings from the boned shoulder of lamb with cold

water, heat to the boiling point and let simmer three hours; add half a carrot cut in slices, two outer stalks of celery, an onion with six cloves pressed into it and let simmer two hours longer; add three cups of tomatoes and let simmer twenty minutes, then remove the bones and pass the broth through a sieve. Add a teaspoonful and a half of salt and set aside until the next day. Remove the fat, reheat to boiling and stir in two level tablespoonfuls of corn-starch mixed smoothly with a little cold water; let boil ten minutes, skim, and it is ready to serve. There should be about three pints of soup.

Mock Turtle Soup (To serve ten)

The ingredients needed for two quarts and a half of soup are: one calf's head (or two feet and two pounds of lean veal may be substituted), chicken giblets or bones and

trimmings of beef, veal or chicken, on which there is a pound of lean meat, two onions, half a carrot, one or two stalks of celery, half a green or red pepper, or a dozen peppercorns, one or two teaspoonfuls of sweet herbs, one cup of tomato, one-third a cup of butter or fat from the top of the soup kettle, one-third a cup of flour and two teaspoonfuls of salt. Singe the head, wash, let soak in cold water an hour, then cut into four or five pieces. Put the pieces into the soup kettle, skin side up (to avoid sticking to the soup kettle), cover with cold water,

add about two cups of the stock, freed of fat, and stir constantly until boiling; add to the rest of the broth, freed of fat and heated to the boiling point, skim, add one cup of the meat cut in cubes, one cup of egg balls and one lemon cut in very thin slices. Remove the seeds from the slices of lemon. This makes about two quarts and a half of soup. For a richer soup add a little extract of beef.

Egg Balls for Mock Turtle Soup

Beat a tablespoonful of butter to a cream; gradually beat into it the hard-



SOME DELICACIES, CHOICE AND ALWAYS SEASONABLE

heat to the boiling point, skim carefully, then let simmer until the meat is tender. Remove the best pieces of meat and set aside carefully, that when cold it may be cut into small cubes and served in the soup. Return the bones to the soup kettle with the giblets, bones or other material to be used, the onions, carrot, celery and pepper, cut in bits, the herbs and tomato and let simmer about two hours, then strain off the broth and let become cold. Cook the butter or fat until brown; in it cook the flour until brown, then

cooked yolks of three eggs, pressed through a sieve, one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika, two uncooked yolks of eggs and half a cup of sifted flour. Knead the mixture to a smooth paste and roll this into balls the size of a large pea. Cover with boiling water and let simmer five minutes; drain, and they are ready to serve.

Poached Eggs on Toast with Anchovy Butter

Take one or two anchovies for each slice of bread. Pick the anchovies into

bits, then pound in a mortar or a chopping bowl; when smoothed a little, add a tablespoonful of butter for each slice of toast and as much paprika as desired and pound the whole until very smooth; press through a fine sieve and it is ready to use. Remove the crust from the bread, toast, and dip the edges of the slices in boiling, salted water and set on a serving dish; spread with the anchovy butter and set a poached egg on the top of each slice. Serve at once.



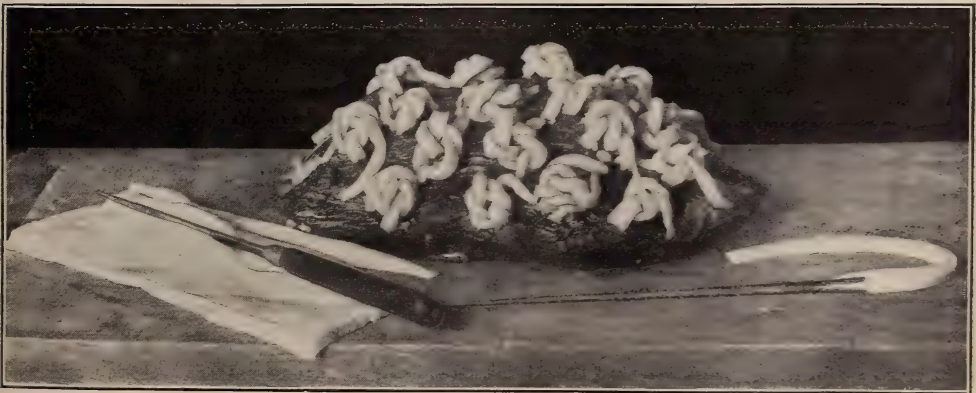
POACHED EGGS ON TOAST WITH ANCHOVY BUTTER

Braised Fillet of Beef

The rump fillet shown in the illustration weighed nearly three pounds; from this eight or ten slices of fair size may be cut. In larding cut the lardoons of good length and a generous eighth of an inch in thickness. After taking a stitch in the meat (drawing in a lardoon) tie the ends twice. Before larding the meat, trim off all skin, gristle and superfluous fat. Put in an agate pan about one-fourth a cup of butter, half a carrot and an onion, cut in thin slices, four or five cloves, a

soup bag (sweet herbs tied in a bit of cloth). Place the fillet above the vegetables, put a buttered paper over the meat, then cover the dish and let the

meat cook in the butter about twenty minutes. The heat must not be strong enough to burn the vegetables. Add one-fourth a cup of sherry and half a cup of brown stock and let the fillet cook in a moderately hot oven about two hours and a half; baste frequently over the paper, to avoid disturbing the lardoons; add more broth as needed. When cooked remove to a baking sheet, brush over with melted glaze and set into the oven to crisp the lardoons. It should take about fifteen minutes. In the meantime strain the liquid from the vegetables in the braising pan and skim off the fat. Tissue or blotting paper may be used to take up the last



FILLET OF BEEF, LARDED. LARDING NEEDLE THREADED WITH A LARDOON, ETC.

Chili pepper, with seeds removed, cut in bits, two or three parsley branches, a stalk or two of celery and part of a

of the fat. Let one-fourth a cup of the fat cook until browned; add half a cup of flour and stir and cook until

browned, then add the broth and a cup of cooked tomato purée; stir until boiling; add one-fourth a cup of sherry wine and a bottle of button mushrooms. Pour the sauce around the fillet and serve at once.

Tournedos of Beef, Bernaise Fashion

Remove the fat and unedible portions from a fillet of beef, cut from under the rump. Cut half-inch slices across the grain of the meat; trim these to a point at one end and cut the other end round; they will be about two and a

Boned-and-Corned Fore Quarter of Lamb

Have the bones removed from a fore quarter of lamb; use these for soup. Have the market man put the meat, tied in a compact roll, into brine, to remain for a day or two. When ready to cook rinse in cold water, pour on boiling water and let simmer until tender. Remove the strings and serve hot with vegetables, cooked separately, and caper sauce. The meat will be more delicate than corned beef and is good hot or cold.



TOURNEDOS OF BEEF, BERNAISE FASHION

half inches long. Butter a hot frying pan, put in the pieces of meat and let cook over a quick fire about five minutes, turning them once. Remove from the pan, wipe it carefully, add three or four tablespoonfuls of melted glaze (clarified broth reduced to a jelly by long cooking), and one-fourth a cup of sherry and stir until boiling; put in the tournedos and turn them over and over in the liquid. Add a truffle, cut in thin slices, and as many button mushrooms as pieces of meat. When all are hot, dispose the tournedos on a mound of potato and pour over the sauce and vegetables. Dispose Bernaise sauce, to which sliced mushrooms have been added, around the potato and serve very hot.

Caper Sauce for Corned Lamb

Melt one-fourth a cup of butter; in it cook one-fourth a cup of flour and half a teaspoonful of salt until frothy, then add one cup of cold water, stir a few moments, then add a cup of boiling water and stir until smooth and boiling; let boil three or four minutes; add two or three tablespoonfuls of butter in small pieces, stirring each piece in thoroughly before the next is added. Finish by adding one-fourth a cup of capers drained free of liquid.

Lamb Salad

Have two cups of very tender cooked lamb, cut in small cubes, and one cup of crisp tender celery, cut in quarter-inch slices. Pour four table-

spoonfuls of olive oil over the lamb, and mix thoroughly, then add a table-spoonful of vinegar and mix again; shake in a little paprika, also salt if needed, and mix thoroughly, then set aside in a cool place until ready to serve. Mix the lamb and celery with enough mayonnaise to hold them together, and dispose on a bed of heart leaves of lettuce; put a spoonful of mayonnaise above; sprinkle with a table-spoonful or more of capers, and serve at once.



LAMB SALAD

with salt and pepper and a little butter. Surround with tomato sauce and serve very hot.

Anchovy-and-Egg Sandwiches

Pick the anchovies into bits and pound with pestle till quite smooth; add as many tablespoonfuls of butter as anchovies and pound again, then press through a sieve; add sifted yolks of hard-cooked eggs, paprika, and a little salt, and mix all together, when it is ready to spread upon bread prepared for sandwiches. Always cut the bread into shape before spreading it with any mixture, and do not spread the mixture quite to the edge of the



CUTLETS OF LAMB, PORTUGUESE FASHION

eight balls, then flatten and form into cutlet shapes; roll these in flour, cover with beaten egg and then with sifted

bread. Sandwiches thus prepared will not soil the gloves or fingers of those eating them.

Olive Sandwiches

For about a dozen sandwiches six large olives will be needed. Chop the



CAMEMBERT CHEESE, BAR-LE-DUC CURRANTS AND
TOASTED CRACKERS

olives rather fine. Remove the crusts from slices of bread cut one-fourth an inch thick. Cut the slices in halves. Spread the bread with butter or with mayonnaise dressing, and then with the chopped olives. Press two pieces together and serve as soon as convenient. If the sandwiches cannot be served at once, cover closely with an earthen dish.

Grapefruit Marmalade

Take six grapefruit and three or four lemons. Cut the fruit into quarters, then shave through skin and pulp in as thin slices as possible, discarding seeds and the membrane. Weigh the prepared fruit, and to each pound add



OLIVE SANDWICHES

three pints of water. Set aside for twenty-four hours. Let boil until the rind is very tender, and set aside until

next day. Weigh, and to each pound add a pound of sugar. Cook till it thickens enough to hold up the bits of peel. Then pour into glasses.

Grapefruit Cup

Allow one grapefruit for each four or five to be served. Cut the fruit into halves, crosswise, then cut around the pulp in each section and take it out in neat pieces; cut the pieces into halves; reserve all the juice. Put a teaspoonful of red, bar-le-

duc currants into each glass, the grapefruit with juice above and sprinkle lightly with powdered sugar. At discretion take, for six glasses, a teaspoonful, each, of kirsch and curacao and divide among the glasses. Let stand in a cool place until ready to serve, then finish each glass with a generous tablespoonful of orange, grapefruit, lemon or pineapple sherbet.

Orange Marmalade

Prepare as grapefruit marmalade, using four or five lemons to a dozen oranges.

Grapefruit Sherbet

Let one quart of water and one pint of sugar boil twenty minutes. Do not begin to count the time until the liquid begins to boil, and let it boil vigorously the whole time. Add half a teaspoonful of gelatine, softened in cold water, and strain into the can of the freezer. When cold add one pint of grapefruit juice and the juice of one lemon, and freeze as usual. For orange sherbet use orange juice in place of the grapefruit juice. For lemon sherbet use but one cup of juice.

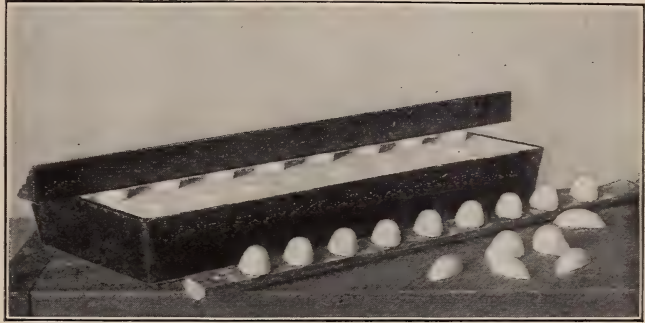
Merry Widow Salad, Boston Style

Select two bowls, one several sizes smaller than the other; set the smaller bowl in the larger one, filling the space between with broken ice. Line the inner bowl with stalks of choice canned asparagus, and make a second lining of heart-leaves of lettuce; spread over the bottom of the dish about a cup of cooked chicken, cut in cubes and dressed with French dressing; above the chicken dispose about a cup of Boston baked beans, seasoned with French dressing and chopped olives; above the beans dispose a cup of flageolet, seasoned with French dressing; above these about a cup of wax beans, then a cup of green string beans, seasoned as the other vegetables. In the center pour about half a cup of mayonnaise dressing. Sprinkle this with a tablespoonful of fine-chopped truffles and serve at once.

Banana Parfait

Peel about three bananas; scrape off the coarse threads, and press the pulp through a sieve. There should be one cup and a fourth of the pulp. To the pulp add three-fourths a cup of sugar and the juice of half a lemon; cook the mixture over hot water until thoroughly scalded, then set aside to become cold. Beat one cup and a half of double cream till firm. Cut fine citron, candied apricots or pineapple and Maraschino cherries to half fill a cup; pour over these three tablespoonfuls of Jamaica rum and let stand an hour or, when convenient, over night. Have

a quart mould lined with paper and thoroughly chilled. Stir the fruit into the banana mixture, fold the fruit mixture and cream together, and turn



MOULDS FOR MAKING STARCH IMPRESSIONS

into the mould, filling it to overflow; cover with paper, press the cover down over the paper, then pack in equal measures of salt and crushed ice. Let stand three hours.

Silk Pudding

Put two cups of water and a glass of jam or jelly in a double boiler; add the juice of half a lemon and when hot



MERRY WIDOW SALAD, BOSTON STYLE

stir in half a cup of fine tapioca; let cook until the tapioca is transparent. Add a scant teaspoonful of salt and serve hot with cream and sugar. For a more elaborate dish, just before serving fold in the whites of two

eggs, beaten dry. Serve with cream or with a boiled custard made of the yolks.

Apples Baked with Strawberry Jam

Core sound apples, peel and set into a baking dish; fill the cavities in the centers with strawberry or other jam

thickened remove from the fire and use when cold.

Confectioners' Icing

Sift two cups of confectioners' sugar; add half a teaspoonful of vanilla to one-fourth a cup of hot water and use to stir the sugar to a paste. Not all



BANANA PARFAIT WITH FRENCH FRUIT

and bake until soft; remove to a serving dish. Serve hot with a pitcher of cream.

Orange Curd

Grate the yellow rind of an orange; add one-fourth a cup of butter, the juice of the orange and a tablespoon-

of the water may be required. Use the icing hot.

Orange Croutons

Bake butter or sponge cake in a thin sheet and cut into rounds; spread half the rounds with orange curd and cover the curd with the other half of



PUT UP BY THIRD COURSE STUDENTS, DOMESTIC SCIENCE DEPARTMENT,
Y. W. C. A., PITTSBURG, PA.

ful of lemon juice, and set into a dish of boiling water. Beat the yolks of two eggs; gradually beat in one-fourth a cup of sugar, then cook in the hot liquid, stirring constantly. When

the rounds. Spread or pour an icing made of confectioners' sugar over the tops and sides of the cakes. Serve the day on which they are made.

Menus for a Week in February

"For as want of meate consumeth the very substance of our flesh, so doth excesse and surfeit extinguish and suffocate naturall heat wherein life consisteth." —THOMAS COGAN in 1596.

SUNDAY	Breakfast Grapefruit Squash Biscuit Eggs in the Shell Coffee Dinner Cream-of-Celery Soup Roast Fowl, Giblet Sauce Mashed Potatoes. Baked Squash Lettuce Salad Banana Parfait Half Cups of Coffee Supper Olive Sandwiches Preserved Ginger Dipped in Chocolate Tea	Breakfast Grapefruit Corned Lamb-and-Potato Hash, French Mustard Corn Meal Muffins. Cocoa. Coffee Luncheon Lettuce-and-Lima Bean Salad Boston Brown Bread (made hot in oven) Apple Tapioca Pudding. Coffee Dinner Halibut Steaks Baked with Oysters, Drawn Butter Sauce. Mashed Potatoes Canned Peas with Fresh Carrots Philadelphia Relish Stewed Peaches (dried). Camembert Cheese. Toasted Crackers. Tea	WEDNESDAY
	Breakfast Cresco Grits Broiled Bacon, Mashed Potato Cakes French Omelet Squash Biscuit (reheated), Orange Marmalade. Cocoa. Coffee Luncheon Chicken on Toast, Cranberry Sauce Junket with Cake Crumbs Tea. Cocoa Dinner Corned Fore Quarter of Lamb Boiled Turnips Scalloped Tomatoes Bread Pudding with Jelly and Meringue Half Cups of Coffee	Breakfast Boiled Rice with Raisins, Cream Poached Eggs on Anchovy Toast German Coffee Cake. Coffee Luncheon Macaroni, Italian Style Rye Meal Biscuit Prune Pie. Tea Dinner (Guests) Braised Tenderloin of Beef Scalloped Potatoes Onions Stuffed with Nuts Canned Asparagus Salad Grape Juice Sherbet Swedish Sponge Cake Coffee	
MONDAY	Breakfast Cereal with Dates Baked Sausage Cakes Buckwheat Griddlecakes Caramel Syrup. Coffee Luncheon Creamed Finnan Haddie Baked Potatoes Sliced Oranges and Nuts Dinner Corn Soup Cold Boiled Lamb Stewed Lima Beans, Buttered French Fried Potatoes Squash Pie Half Cups of Coffee	Breakfast Grapefruit Beauregard Eggs Spider Corn Cake Cocoa. Coffee Luncheon Scalloped Oysters Potato Salad Baking Powder Biscuit Pineapple Tapioca Sponge. Coffee Dinner Emergency Soup with Beef Extract Fried Fillets of Fish, Sauce Tartare Canned Haricot Bean Salad Grapefruit Cup. Macaroons Half Cups of Coffee	THURSDAY
	Breakfast Cereal. Stewed Prunes Cold Boiled Ham, Mustard Potatoes Hashed in Milk Rice Griddlecakes Cocoa. Coffee Luncheon Grapefruit-and-Date Salad Bread and Butter Camembert Cheese Doughnuts. Coffee	Dinner Consommé with Flageolet Cutlets of Beef Tenderloin, Portuguese Fashion Lettuce-and-Celery Salad Delicate Soufflé, Raspberry Hard Sauce Half Cups of Coffee	
TUESDAY			FRIDAY
SATURDAY			

Economical Menus for February

"Seek the society of cheerful friends."

SUNDAY

Breakfast

Oranges cut in Halves
Bacon. Fried Potatoes
Squash Biscuit
Cocoa. Coffee

Dinner

Corned Shoulder of Yearling Lamb,
Pickled Sauce. Boiled Potatoes
Buttered Parsnips
Dried Peach Pie. Cheese
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper

Boston Baked Beans and Pork
Boston Brown Bread, Toasted
Home-made Chow-Chow
Cookies. Tea

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast

Eggs Cooked in Shell
Milk Toast
Doughnuts
Coffee

Dinner

Beef from Round, Braised
Brown Sauce
Turnips. Mashed Potatoes
Rhubarb (home-canned) Pie
Tea

Supper

Succotash
Bread and Butter
Apple Butter or Jelly
Cookies. Tea

MONDAY

Breakfast

Hot Cereal, Stewed Prunes
Corn Meal Muffins
Cocoa. Coffee

Dinner

Cold Shoulder of Lamb, Sliced Thin
Baked Potatoes
Macaroni with Cheese
Coleslaw
Sliced Bananas, Sugar, Milk
Tea

Supper

Hot Baked Beans on Toast
Coleslaw (left over)
Hot Gingerbread
Cocoa. Tea

THURSDAY

Breakfast

Broiled Bacon
Hot Wheat Cereal
Mashed Potato Cakes fried in Bacon Fat
Cocoa
Coffee

Dinner

Meat Pie (remnants of Braised Beef)
Mashed Turnips
Cranberry Sauce
Cup Custards
Tea

Supper

Welsh Rabbit
Apple Sauce
Half Cups of Breakfast Coffee

TUESDAY

Breakfast

Hot Cereal with Raisins,
Milk
Corned Lamb-and-Potato Hash
Buckwheat Griddlecakes
Coffee

Dinner

Fresh Fish Chowder
Scalloped Tomatoes (canned)
Baking Powder Biscuit
Cornstarch Blancmange
Coffee

Supper

Hot Cheese Sandwiches
Sliced Oranges
Tea

FRIDAY

Breakfast

Fried Wheat Cereal
French Omelet
Stewed Potatoes
Coffee

Dinner

Finnan Haddie Cooked in Milk
Baked Potatoes
Tomatoes Stewed with Bread Crumbs
Lemon Milk Sherbet (home-made ice)
Cookies
Half Cups of Breakfast Coffee

Supper

Broiled Tripe. Creamed Potatoes
Water Sponge Cake
Canned Fruit. Tea

SATURDAY

Breakfast

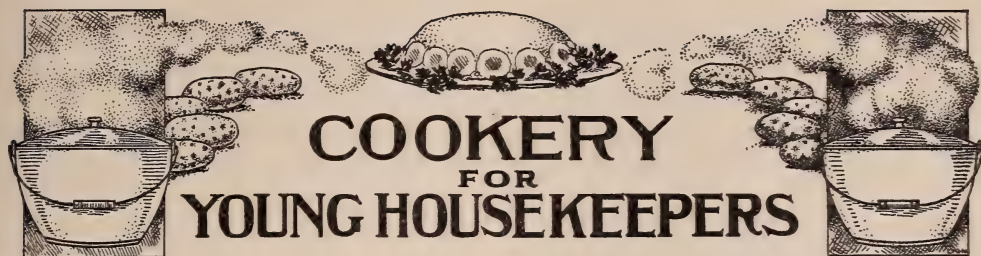
Cereal, Milk
Scrambled Eggs
Graham Muffins
Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner

Round End of Ham,
Boiled
Boiled Onions
Boiled Potatoes
Banana Fritters
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper

Milk Toast with Cheese
Dried Peaches, Stewed
Water Sponge Cake
Cocoa. Tea



By Janet M. Hill

Lesson XVII — Continued

Fondant with Glucose and with Almond Paste Molding in Starch

SOMETIMES a little glucose in the form of a pure corn syrup may be boiled with the sugar for fondant. Such fondant does not turn to a "cream" quickly. When finished it is liable to be "sticky," and instead of shaping it into centers in the hands, it is melted over hot water and dropped into impressions, made in pans of cornstarch. For such fondant put two cups and one-half of sugar, one-third a cup of glucose and one cup of water into a saucepan, and over the fire; stir until boiling, wipe down the sides of the pan, cover and cook three or four minutes; remove the cover and let cook to 238° Fahr. By the use of the glucose the liability of the syrup to grain is lessened. Pour the syrup onto a damp marble or platter, and, *before* it becomes cold, begin to turn it with a spatula. When the fondant begins to stiffen, scrape it into a bowl and cover with a damp cloth. It is now ready for use.

To Mold Centers in Starch

Buy a cheap grade of cornstarch and keep it for this purpose. Sift the starch into a biscuit pan, filling it to the top. Smooth the starch with a flat stick long enough to rest on two sides of the pan. The impressions may

be made, one at a time, with a thimble, a cork, glass stopper to a bottle or similar articles, but the easiest way is with small plaster moulds glued to a thin strip of wood. The stick should be of such length that the ends may rest on the sides of the pan. Lift up the moulds and make a second row of impressions; also make other rows, if it can be done without injuring the shape of the impressions already made. Melt the fondant over hot water, stirring it meanwhile; tint with color paste, if desired (a little on the point of a wooden skewer will tint a large quantity), and flavor according to the color. Use rose extract for pink candies and vanilla and almond for light green. Coffee extract will give both tint and flavor. Keep the fondant hot and thin and with a teaspoon drop it into the starch impressions, filling each level with the top of the starch. When cold pick out the candies and brush off the starch. They are now ready for coating with chocolate.

Chocolate Dipped Bonbons

Slightly sweetened chocolate suitable for dipping candy may be bought in cakes like those sold for cooking purposes and at the same price. As depth of chocolate is needed and all

chocolate left over may be used again and again, at least half a pound should be taken, no matter how little dipping is to be done. Break the chocolate in very small pieces, put into a small agate cup and set into warm (not hot) water. If a tiny double boiler be available so much the better. Stir the chocolate occasionally while it is melting, being careful that no drop of water gets into the chocolate. When the chocolate is cooled to about 80° Fahr., or a little below lukewarm, it is ready for use. Drop in a center, with a dipping fork push it below the chocolate, lift, and when drained a little drop onto a piece of oilcloth or waxed paper. If the candy is to be smooth on top, draw the fork across the edge of the chocolate dish (to remove superfluous chocolate), then slide the candy onto the oilcloth. If there is to be a design on top, let the top of the candy be downward in the chocolate; turn the candy upside down from the fork and draw the fork over the top. Remove to a cool place, to "set" the chocolate.

Chocolate Dipped Nuts, Ginger Root, Oysterettes, etc.

Almonds, unblanched, are dipped with a design on top. Peanuts, with skin discarded, are dipped and dropped in clusters. Drop two or three nuts, dipped one by one, side by side, then drop others above; the chocolate runs together and forms a neat looking and dainty confection. Strips of preserved ginger root are particularly good, dipped in chocolate. Fine-chopped peanuts or almonds, or figs, dates or ginger root may be added to the chocolate; in this oysterettes may be dipped, to produce a very agreeable confection for afternoon teas, etc.

Almond Nougatines

Prepare the recipe for "Divinity Fudge" or "Spanish Nougat"; when cold cut in oblong pieces about three-

eighths of an inch wide and an inch and a half long, and dip in chocolate, making a design on the upper side.

Candies Cooked to a High Degree

In cooking candies to a high degree the stirring must be constant during the last part of the cooking.

Peanut Brittle

For this candy put over the fire one cup and a half of sugar, half a cup of glucose and two-thirds a cup of water; stir till the sugar is dissolved and wash down the sides of the saucepan as in making fondant; cover and let cook three or four minutes, then uncover and let cook without stirring to 275° Fahr. (or until when a little is cooled and chewed it clings but does not stick to the teeth); add two level tablespoonfuls of butter and half a pound of small, raw, shelled peanuts from which the skins have been taken, and stir constantly until the peanuts are well browned; add a teaspoonful of vanilla extract and a level teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in a tablespoonful of cold water, and stir vigorously. When the mixture is done foaming turn it onto a warm, oiled marble or platter and as soon as it can be handled pull it out as thin as possible. With a spatula loosen it from the marble in the center and turn the sheet upside down and pull again as thin as possible. Break into pieces. To remove the skin from the peanuts, cover the shelled nuts with boiling water, let boil once, drain, cover with cold water, and push off the skins.

Boiled Frosting

Take three-fourths a cup of fine granulated sugar, one-third a cup of water and the white of an egg. Flavor with a grating of lemon rind or half a teaspoonful of vanilla or other extract. With the sugar and water a syrup is to be made that does not grain; thus the syrup is to be cooked in the same

manner as fondant; *i.e.*, stir the sugar and water until the sugar is melted and becomes hot, wash down the sides of the saucepan, cover and let boil three or four minutes, to dissolve any grains of sugar that remain; add two or three drops of acetic acid and let boil undisturbed to about 238° Fahr., or until when the syrup is turned from the spoon a fine thread two inches in length clings from the spoon. Turn the

syrup in a fine stream onto the white of egg, beaten dry, beating constantly meanwhile. Continue the beating, occasionally, until the frosting is cold. If frosting be cooked too much, add a little lemon juice; if when cold it runs from the cake, the syrup was not cooked long enough. To remedy, put the frosting over the fire in a dish of water at just about the boiling point and beat constantly until the frosting thickens.

Roadside Catering

By Alice E. Whitaker

"It must be eaten with Spartan sauce,—exercise and hunger."

THE woman caterer whom I have in mind does not supply dainty salads and sandwiches for afternoon teas and ladies' luncheons; neither does she take charge of state dinners of many courses. She is no graduate of a cooking school, no disciple of domestic science; in fact, she cannot read or write, and never knew a definite recipe in her life. She is not young, this tall, dusky "mammy," whose whitened head tells that her early life was lived in the quarters where, perhaps, as a girl she helped make the good things that went to the generous table of her old mis'. When I first saw her, on a July day, she had halted under a tree with a little handcart. Her tall, spare figure was clothed in a dark print gown mostly covered with a stiffly starched white apron, and there was an undeniable dignity in the plain old face, shaded by a wide, untrimmed hat.

Presently she raised a white cloth from the top of the little cart, then turned back a newspaper disclosing what I had supposed to be a good-sized lot of family laundry, but proved

to be steaming pans of eatables. At the same moment, like flies to a drop of molasses or children to a candy counter, her patrons came crowding about for the first plate of the hot food. Now, sometimes, the cook may fear lest there will not be appetite to appreciate her efforts, but nothing of the sort worried mammy. The twenty or more darkies who were building a street brought along the good appetite which outdoor work creates, and also the natural love of their race for eating. Surely their appreciation of their food is worthy of emulation, for enjoyment of what is eaten undoubtedly helps digestion.

The menu served that day from the little cart included boiled beans, very fat corned beef, corn bread and pie. Each man helped himself to an iron spoon and a tin plateful of the beans, with a chunk of beef on top. To these he added two wedges of the corn bread, which was baked an inch thick, and was entirely innocent of shortening and leavening. Ice water from the pail carried by the water boy furnished the sole beverage. The man

who takes his pepsin tablet and eats from a carefully planned dietary might well expect to see the street strewn with dead and dying after the men had eaten their fill of this coarse food, while the thermometer marked ninety-two degrees, and was liable to go higher before the day closed. This diet, with the hot sun and copious use of ice water, should, indeed, have been fatal, according to all theories; but the men worked, droned their singsong chants, and laughed happily as they leaned on their shovels, whenever the sharp eye of the boss lessened its vigilance.

How much would the men pay for their dinners, and what would the profit be to the caterer, were questions uppermost in my mind, and they were answered willingly. I learned that large, dried beans, not the kind used for Boston baked beans, were soaked over night and boiled all the forenoon with the fat meat, which was made up of odds and ends picked up, as my informant said, in the markets and at a very low price. Sometimes the waste pieces and trimmings are dropped into brine for disposal to just such customers as this woman cook. Corn meal and water, mixed and baked in a frying pan, made bread tough enough to hold its own when handled roughly in serving. The dark filling for pies, when they are allowed in the menu, is made from prunes bought for "five cents a pound at the 'mission market,'" she said, "cause ah buys to sell again." When apples are cheap the pies are made from fresh fruit. The crust, like the corn bread, has a stability that scarcely belongs to puff paste.

A change from the beans and beef is given by giblet stew and cabbage. The main ingredients of the stew may not cost over ten cents, for the woman buys at a poultry stall the contents of a keg into which the trimmings are thrown. The head of a fowl may have a good bit of the neck attached, and this is saved, other trimmings and the giblets, which are often thrown away in dressing a chicken for a customer, are all picked out and cleansed, cooked and seasoned. The woman gets large heads of cabbage for five cents each, by knowing where to buy. Even the fuel used for cooking the dinners is gained by thrift. Possibly, after the empty tin dishes are packed and covered, the route home will be taken past where a building is being torn down or a new one is going up, or through a street where somebody has had coal delivered and a few stray lumps are scattered. The little cart has its burdens both going and coming, and an early evening trip may be made even to the city dumps, where it will not take long to gather up the next day's fuel. If the woman must buy fuel she plans to make five cents' worth do one day's cooking.

For such a dinner as I have described each man must pay fifteen cents, and five cents more for a second helping, the price being deducted from his wages and paid to the cook by the foreman, lest her collections be a little uncertain. On the profits of such catering this pleasant-faced old woman lives comfortably, — an example of doing what your hands find to do and not sitting down to wail over privations or going to boards of charity for help.

Tradition has held longer sway over home life than over even religious life, and probably rightly, just as the instinct for accustomed food has its justification in the vital importance of food to life, so changes in the heart of the home must be made wisely and slowly and with knowledge, lest the whole be destroyed. — *Ellen H. Richards.*

Suggestions for Gift-Shops and Exchanges

By Julia Davis Chandler

THE ever-growing afternoon tea habit, the arts and crafts movement, and the spread of women's exchanges have done much to draw attention towards attractive settings suitable for salesrooms.

The specialties of the region are usually the "best sellers," but too seldom are local tradition and history taken cognizance of in the fittings.

With our many and varied historical associations from English Boston to French New Orleans, and Quaker Philadelphia to Spanish California, there is ample material to draw upon. Even cosmopolitan Chicago harks back to French expeditions; and all the wide land from ocean to ocean owes more than is usually realized to the food-knowledge and industries of the Indians. One need not revert, for decorative subjects, to the hackneyed story of Pocahontas, nor to the pseudo-Indians of the Boston Tea Party. Are there not unnumbered Indians of the forest that serve as reminders of the primitive culture? Think of the unknown and unnamed Indian women who made meal from maize and chestnuts, and fried potatoes in bear's fat, seasoned with sassafras; the Indians who made pemmican in the cold Northwest, and raised squashes and beans in the warm Southwest, and tapped the sugar maple, hoarding its sweet juices in birch-bark canoes. Let the arts and crafts workers, whose commodities the summer sojourner and the up-to-date Christmas buyer delight in, devise some scenes referring to this old Indian life, and so give their particular local salesrooms distinction.

Again, French New Orleans might draw upon almost any period of French history or copy any province. New Orleans has for some years realized its

unique school of cookery, its fusion of Spanish and French with things purely local, adapted and made savory by long usage of skillful, turbaned "aunties." If Madame Begué's restaurant, primarily for people from the French market, could become so famous as to be used in a booklet issued by the Southern Pacific Railroad, what might not equal cookery more attractively housed become?

When we think of a tea-room, the word "English" is at once dominant. Here, again, how easy to have an open coal or wood fire, small tables, latticed windows with spotless draw curtains, some old-fashioned flowers by them, English coaching prints on the walls, and if possible, paneled wainscoting and timbers showing in the ceiling.

A world of material is available at the shore, where so often people are bored to death. Draw upon the wealth of the Indies, or upon traditions of pirates, buccaneers and Captain Kidd, as shown in Howard Pyle's colored drawings, or truckle a bit to local pride and show pictures of the last boat race, and name your goodies for the winning contestants. Without overwhelming the anxious aspirant in this line of business with ideas galore, it may be useful to describe briefly a tea-room in Madison Square, New York.

In this case, the basement of a high-set brownstone house has been utilized, and the signboard tells you that it is a gift-shop as well as a tea-room. The long, rather low room has been divided by simple grill work, with small columns at the opening. A fireplace in each room is hung with decorative old utensils. The plaster walls are painted bright colonial buff, — or shall one say canary yellow, — with a double moulding of white around the top. Many

sketches and artistic photographs are grouped for sale above the small tables and counter down one side of the room. The frames are of dark wood. A large, old mahogany sofa is upholstered with dull art green, and old-style small tables and wooden chairs are pleasantly placed about the rooms. A maid dressed in white with a waitress cap serves tea and suitable accompaniments. The lady in charge

gives information about the very fetching novelties for gifts for the home or for personal adornment, representing the newest ideas worked out by women of taste.

The main part of the house and the one adjoining are the headquarters of the University Club for women, but the location alone and attractive appearance would insure it patronage.

How to Arrange Flowers Tastefully

By Evelyn Prince Cahoon

HOW natural it is to bring in whole armfuls of the golden-rod and mass it heavily in a broad-bottomed vase. It looks best so, we say; this means that we have found it so in nature, in great masses.

In flower arrangement, as in other things, Nature is the most reliable teacher. The heavy-headed, clumsy-blossomed golden-rod she piles in rolling masses over a roadside bank, and we pile it to advantage in masses in the house.

There is another variety,—blooms that remind one of lengthened shreds of golden lace,—delicate, the separate florets distinctly outlined, which grows over dry banks, with spaces between the plants, as though Nature meant to show off the beauty of each spray of blossoms. The foliage amounts to nothing, and the stems are fibrous and wiry. Let only a few of these sprays go in a tall, slender vase, that their detail may be the more easily made out. In a mass this would be lost.

If a blossom grows with inconspicuous foliage, it is safe to arrange it so in the vase, and if it grows high above the ground on a tall, straight stem, give it a tall, straight vase. Have you seen

unskillful people barbarously break off the stems of flowers, to make them fit the receptacle at hand? Rather make the receptacle fit the flower, for the latter is the main point.

The iris, for instance, is never seen to better advantage than in a slender, straight-sided vase of tender greenish hue, in tone like the green shaft of sword-like leaves from which it rises naturally in its meadow home.

The pansy, on the other hand, needs a low bowl, with plenty of foliage of some sort, to give it support and display its individual outline. It grows so, does it not?

We make a mistake, when we pay extravagant prices for highly decorated, showy vases for our flowers. Such may be beautiful as ornaments in themselves, with no flowers in them, but the blossoms should be given low-toned, solid-colored vases, carrying out the color of the blossom or its foliage or contrasting with it. It is surprising how much beauty the brown of common earthenware, or the gray of a butter crock may bring out in the blossoms, contrasting with its soberness.

Glass vases are not the best kind, though wonderfully convenient and

often cheap. Stems distorted by the curve of the glass are not beautiful, and after a few hours the water is apt to become discolored.

Better have too few than too many flowers together. It is safe to limit the group to three kinds, and by all means have one of them white. The Japanese are acknowledged to distance us in artistic grouping, and they usually confine themselves to one variety.

Centralize the group. Decide what is to be the main feature of even so small a thing as three flowers in a vase. Place this so as to attract the attention to itself—or rather place everything else so as not to distract the attention.

If you have, for instance, a lily, some scarlet columbines, a pink rose and a narcissus or two, don't place the lily and the rose together, though their colors might be beautifully harmonious.

They are both large and rather striking flowers—too much like rivals to enjoy being together. The lily and a rose *bud* might be charming, but not the two fully developed blooms. Place the lily with two or three of its own sword-like leaves in a tall vase and let half a dozen of the scarlet columbines droop, a little lower, gracefully around its stem and trail down over the edge of the vase. Or let the lily rise alone from quite a little cluster of the columbines and their leaves.

Put the pink rose in another vase with the waxy narcissus blooms. They will feel no rivalry, being different in size, color, shape and class.

A loose arrangement is preferable to a compact, artificial clump. The shower bouquet is so much more beautiful than the stiff, artificial wad of flowers, tied with short stems into a round cabbage-like shape, and surrounded with a ruffle of lace paper, such as ladies carried in the seventies.

To attain a loose arrangement, some one I know puts a wad of clean excelsior in each vase, and then runs the stems

of the flowers, individually, into this, wherever she wants each to go. Wire frames can be made to fit nicely into each vase, but the excelsior does well, and can be thrown away, or taken out, cleaned and replaced.

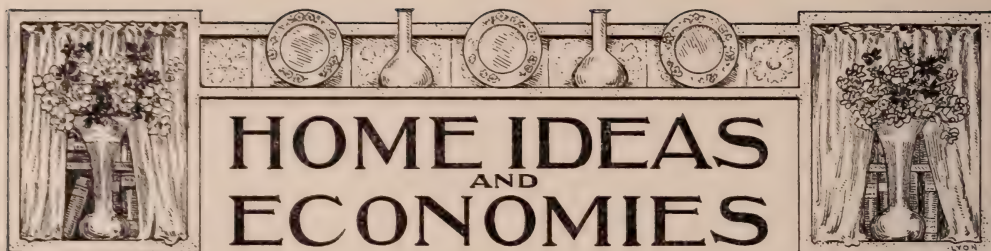
Let drooping flowers droop, and stiff, high-reaching, aspiring flowers aspire, and low-growing, short-stemmed ones, imbedding themselves naturally among leaves and grass, have plenty of foliage to rest against.

Some flowers, also, look best when seen in profile, as the lily and especially drooping flowers like lily of the valley, bleeding heart and fuchsia. Place them in profile; that is, where they will be seen from the side—as on the mantel. Others—violets, pansies, daisies, geraniums and others—look better seen from above. Place them on the table. How absurd to place a flat dish of beautiful pansies on a shelf or bookcase or mantel; yet we have seen such things done, haven't we? Some flowers—the rose, for instance—look well either from the side or above, and may be placed almost anywhere, and still be lovely to the eye.

Careful, careful, be *careful* about the colors you put together. But nearly everybody realizes now the need of that. If you are in doubt, remember that an abundance of white bloom or of green foliage breaks jars between inharmonious colors.

This is a complicated subject, and cannot be summarized in a few words; but a warning or two may be given. Keep two tones of a color apart. For instance, don't allow purplish red in the same group with scarlet red. Petunias and nasturtiums would illustrate the two. Don't allow the lemon yellows in a group with the orange yellows, as the yellow primrose and the nasturtium.

Above all, when you have yourself found a beautiful combination, study it and see just *why* it looks beautiful, so shall you learn the law.



HOME IDEAS AND ECONOMIES

Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

Moisture in the Home

IT is an excellent idea to keep open vessels of water in our homes, to provide the desired moisture. It may be a very ornamental affair. Mine, on my library mantel, is a pretty Royal Worcester vase, and no one who glances at it guesses that it is for utility as well as ornament.

By noting how quickly the water evaporates, you realize the amount of good it does in a dry atmosphere.

On this account, growing plants, which need an abundance of water, are especially good for living rooms.

Airing a Sick Room

COVER the patient warmly, even the head; throw open the windows as wide as weather will permit, and, with a large towel, strike the air about the ceiling, behind doors, and especially in corners, where air will become stagnant and refuse to move with the current, unless force is used. This method was learned from a trained nurse.

To Keep Away Ants

BLACK and red ants, those pests of so many housekeepers, may be gotten rid of, in two or three days, by a very simple method.

Procure from the fish market oyster shells; do not be particular to wash them, for some of their virtue may be lost.

There is no apparent odor to them,

but, evidently, to the little insect there is something very repulsive.

Put these around in the places infested by the ants. They will soon leave, but it may be found necessary to keep the shells or the ants will return.

G. K.

Use for Fireless Cooker

A HOUSEWIFE who has become a convert to the fireless cooker has succeeded in making her Sundays a real day of rest. Preparations for the dinner are made immediately after breakfast and placed in the cooker; the table is set ready for the food; and it is but a few minutes' work to finish the dinner when the family return from church. This is of inestimable value to a busy woman, who will return to the routine of her work with renewed strength and ambition after a really restful Sunday. Men whose position necessitates their working seven days in a week frequently break down after a few years of uninterrupted labor, while delicate, overburdened women wonder why they should feel irritable and jaded when they work all the week and Sunday is one of their busiest days. Women are said to be slow about adopting labor-saving devices, but the far-seeing housewife will take advantage of a device whereby she may obtain a restful Sabbath and still serve her family with the wholesome warm dinner which they feel is their just due on that day.

Helps for the Inexperienced

LIKE many young women who spend their time in the business world, I had much to learn about housekeeping, and had some trying experiences over seemingly trifling matters. The following hints may be as helpful to the inexperienced as they would have been beneficial to me.

In making custards of various sorts, where the eggs have to be combined with a boiling mixture, there will be no danger of curdling if the sugar is beaten up with them instead of being added to the other ingredients.

If the blancmange or custard seems lumpy instead of smooth and creamy, do not throw it away in despair. Instead, pour it into a large flat bowl and beat it vigorously for a moment or two with a Dover egg beater. If it is not curdled but simply cooked unevenly, this will entirely or almost obliterate the difficulty.

Do not forget to add a pinch of salt to the custards, cakes, and like mixtures, whether it is mentioned in the recipe or not. Its omission will result in a lack of flavor that often puzzles the inexperienced cook.

If the breakfast porridge is inclined to be lumpy, place the dry cereal in a cup and let it drift slowly off the side while you stir constantly; this distributes it over a larger surface, as it strikes the water, and gives a more even flow than can be made with the hand.

Many cakes are ruined by being taken from the oven before they are done. The surest rule for testing them is to press the surface along the center with the flat of the finger; if it springs back when the finger is removed, it can safely be taken from the oven. This must all be done gently, as a delicate cake may be rendered heavy even at that stage of its construction.

Care of Lamps

AMONG the many artificial lights there is none other that gives such a soft, warm, pleasing radiance as the time-honored kerosene lamp, and it is still the rule in the majority of homes. Its greatest disadvantage lies in the constant attention necessary to keep it clean, for not only is a smoking lamp an injury to the eyes but it is a menace to the health as well.

The ordinary cleaning may be reduced to a simple filling and wiping of lamps and a washing of chimneys. Once a month give the lamp a thorough cleaning. Remove the wicks from the burners and place both in a kettle kept for the purpose, in which should be placed a heaping teaspoonful of sal soda for each quart of water. Let this boil for half an hour. Empty the lamps of oil and wash well inside and out. Remove the wicks from the kettle, wash in a mild suds, rinse in clear water, and spread in a warm place until dry. Remove the burners and wash; the black, crusty accumulations will be gone, and the burners will be bright and shining. When all are thoroughly dry, fill the lamps and place burners and wicks in position. This cleaning requires less time and brings better results than many scourings, and the light will be clear and bright. At some seasons of the year, when lamps are used much, it may be found desirable to repeat this process oftener, while at other times the intervals may be longer.

Arranging the Collar

THAT it is not an easy matter to arrange the collar of the prevailing "button-at-the-back" waist on one's self is attested by the appearance of an audience of summer girls. Yet the uneven collar or slanting neck pins destroy the trig appearance of an otherwise pretty costume. I find

it easy to arrange the collar on my waists by simply buttoning the waist about the neck with the back of the waist at the front. Button two or three buttons, pin the collar securely and neatly, and then carefully turn the waist about. The arms may then be slipped into the sleeves and the remainder of the distance buttoned at the back. This is done quicker, with less fatigue and with far better results than endeavoring to do it in the usual way.

The Work Apron

WHEN doing all of my housework I keep on hand several big, plain aprons with sleeves, of serviceable blue and white gingham. These are worn while doing the rough, dirty work, thus saving much washing and ironing of dainty work dresses. During the extremely warm weather no dress is needed underneath, as they cover one completely, and are much cooler and more comfortable than any dress for such work as washing, ironing or cleaning. This substitute for a dress lightens the washing greatly, while the aprons, being plain and open at the back, are quickly ironed; but their coolness and comfort are their greatest advantage.

A. M. A.

About Pies

I WONDER if you have ever baked pies in jelly cake tins; I mean the kind with the loose rim. Last summer my cook was making a lot of pies for a party we had over Sunday, and as we ran short of pie plates she used the cake tins. They were the most perfect pies! We made all the juicy fruit pies in them after that, and we never had a drop of juice run over, and we made them no differently from usual. When they were cool she simply lifted the rim off, slid a knife under the pie, and put it on the fancy plate. We cannot understand the reason of their

turning out so well. Perhaps it had something to do with the loose rim, letting a little air in at the bottom.

Kitchen Economies

IN breaking an egg and separating the yolks from the white, sometimes the yolks will break and some specks of the yolk will get mingled with the white. Take a soft piece of linen, wet in water and squeeze dry, then lightly touch the pieces of yolk. They will readily cling to the linen and may thus be easily removed.

Keep a knitting-needle in the kitchen for testing vegetables while cooking. It excels a fork by far, as the fork is apt to split the vegetables and the needle does not.

When it is necessary to remove grease quickly and thoroughly from soup or invalid's broth, use square sheets of clean tissue paper for the purpose, laying them on, one at a time, and gently lifting off and throwing each sheet away. Every tiniest particle of fat disappears and not a drop of soup is wasted.

When string beans have been served at dinner and the quantity left over is not sufficient to answer for a vegetable again, boil a few carrots until tender, cut in lengthwise strips about the size of the beans, mix with the left-over beans, heat and serve with melted butter, salt and pepper, and the dish is even better than the original.

Those who have had occasion to use glue extensively have found that frequently after the glue dries the article to which it has been applied breaks, tears or springs off; these will be glad to know that if glycerine, in the proportion of one part of glycerine to four parts of glue, be mixed with the glue, the defect will entirely disappear.

Baking dishes that become burned in the oven and plates and platters that become blackened with the food scorched upon them, should not go through the tedious process of scraping. Simply put a little water and ashes in the dish and let it become warm, and the burned and discolored portions may be easily cleaned without injuring the dish.

How to Grate a Lemon

There is a right and wrong way to do almost everything, but one would think there could be only one way to grate a lemon, but such is not the case. Many cases of curdled sauces flavored with lemon are due to the fact that the lemon has not been grated properly. The oil of the lemon, which is the essential for flavoring, is all in the yellow portion of the rind, the white underneath is bitter and may also cause curdling when used with cream or milk. The manner of grating a lemon properly is easily learned. The grating should begin at the end of the lemon and as small a surface of the grater used as possible. This prevents waste. The lemon should be constantly turned, the same as in paring an apple, and only the yellow of the rind should be used.

at all times be subject to the will of the community in which it thrives.

"Coming again to human fellowship, we have in that simple expression the solution of the servant girl problem, which for years has been a serious one over this entire country. We hear daily the cry from housewives that girls would rather slave in a factory than assume the less arduous duties of the kitchen. The reason for this is plain. In the factory there is, at least, a semblance of independence. The girl who craves this is unwilling to serve under the thumb of a mistress.

"Intemperance in all things is a truly American failing. In eating, drinking, playing and working, even in the matter of church-going, some Americans are intemperate. Yet the city offers many advantages in spite of its evils."

"I just love cake," said Johnnie, feelingly. "It's awful nice." "You should not say 'love' cake," corrected his mother. "You should say 'like.' And do not say 'awful' — say 'very.' And say 'good' instead of 'nice.' Now see if you can repeat the sentence correctly." "I like cake," repeated Johnnie. "It's very good." "That's better." "I know, ma," complained Johnnie, "but it sounds just as if I was talkin' 'bout bread." — *Everybody's Magazine*.

Professor Zueblin Treats Servant Girl Problem

"We hear much of the evil growing from the dependence of a community upon its industrial enterprises," said Professor Zueblin. "The bread and butter problem makes us more or less subject to this dependence, but the evil begins when the men who are so supremely capable of controlling their business enterprises branch from this task and seek to control citizenship. The corporation must be held within bounds, it must be allowed to control itself but not the people and should

Resurgam

BY LAURA SIMMONS

Lord, I beheld thy fair earth cold and gray,
Made desolate by Winter's icy reign;
I heard the gaunt trees sobbing as they sway,
"Oh, to bring back the sweet, glad life of
May!"

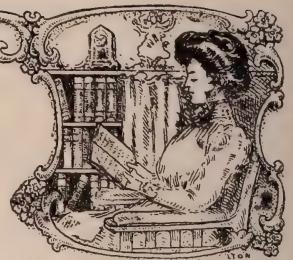
Lo, thou that makest new such things as
they,
Let me begin with springtime once again.

Perchance I, too, might rise again, might
grow
From all that hath been sad and dark and
drear,

Above and far beyond the self I know
To fresh new aim, new effort, crying, "Lo,
It is I, dear Lord, that died a year ago
With autumn leaves, thy springtime hath
been here."



QUERIES AND ANSWERS



THIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economies in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answer by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus remit \$1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, editor, BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

QUERY 1427. — "Recipe for Brod Torte."

German Brod Torte

Pass through a sieve, ricer or vegetable press enough cold boiled potatoes to fill a cup twice. Chop fine enough blanched almonds to fill a cup. Sift together, three times, two cups of flour, two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a scant half a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, and half a teaspoonful of cloves. Cream one cup of butter; gradually beat in two cups of sugar and one cup of grated chocolate (preferably sweet), then the beaten yolks of four eggs, three-fourths a cup of milk, the potato, the flour mixture, the almonds, and, lastly, the whites of four eggs, beaten dry. Bake in a large tube pan in a moderate oven about forty-five minutes. When cold, spread with

Chocolate Fudge Icing

Melt two ounces of chocolate over hot water; add two cups of sugar and one cup of milk, and stir while gradually heating. Beat vigorously when the boiling point is reached, then let cook to the soft-ball stage. Remove from the fire, add a teaspoonful of butter, and let stand until cold, then beat until creamy, and spread on the cake. When of the consistency of

thick molasses, the icing is ready to use. Properly made, this frosting remains soft and creamy. The cake is always light, moist and rich.

QUERY 1428. — "Recipe for English Saffron Loaf."

English Saffron Loaf

Make a sponge of two cups of milk, a cake of compressed yeast, softened in a scant half cup of lukewarm water, three or four tablespoonfuls of saffron water and about three cups of flour. When light add a cup of melted butter, three eggs, three-fourths a cup of sugar, a teaspoonful of salt, an ounce of caraway seeds, a teaspoonful, each, of cinnamon and mace, and half a teaspoonful of cloves. Mix thoroughly, then add flour to make a soft dough. Beat the dough for fifteen minutes and turn into round cake pans. When light bake about an hour. Saffron cakes or loaves are said to be wholesome and palatable. Saffron is a stimulant and is thought to aid digestion. To make saffron water, steep the leaves in boiling water for a few minutes, then drain off the water.

QUERY 1429. — "Recipes of dishes suitable for a demonstration on luncheon dishes to be given to a Woman's Club."

Lady Finger Rolls

Scald one pint of milk and let cool to a lukewarm temperature. Soften a yeast cake in half a cup of lukewarm water, mix thoroughly and add to the cooled milk. Stir in three cups of bread flour. Beat the mixture until it is very smooth, then cover and set aside to become light and puffy. Add the yolks of two eggs, one-fourth to a cup of melted butter, one teaspoonful of salt, two level tablespoonfuls of sugar and about four cups of bread flour. Mix the whole to a smooth dough and knead the dough until very elastic. It will take at least fifteen minutes. Cover and set aside to double in bulk. Divide the risen dough into pieces of two ounces each (about half a cup of dough weighs two ounces). Knead these into balls and dispose on a board dredged lightly with flour; cover closely with a board or pan, and leave them to become light. Roll the balls on the board under the fingers, to make long rolls pointed at the ends. Using more pressure on the dough at the ends than in the middle will give the desired shape. Set the rolls on a buttered sheet, some distance apart. When light, with a pair of scissors make three transverse cuts in the top of each roll. Bake about twenty minutes. When nearly baked, brush over with white of egg, and return to the oven to dry the egg.

Chicken Mousse

Remove the meat from the breast and wings of a chicken. There should be a generous half pound of meat. Scrape the flesh from the fibers; to it add the unbeaten white of an egg and pound to a smooth paste; add a second white of egg and pound again till smooth, then add half a cup of cold white sauce and pound a third time till smooth. Set a fine gravy strainer into one dish of a double boiler of suitable size, and with a pestle press

the mixture through the sieve. Fold into it the whites of two eggs, beaten dry, and one cup of double cream, beaten solid. Turn into a mould lined with two strips of waxed paper and buttered thoroughly and let bake, set on several folds of paper and surrounded with boiling water, until firm. Serve turned from the mould and with Bechamel or mushroom sauce. The mould should hold one pint and a half. The dish may be made more ornamental by decorating the mould with figures cut from truffles or pimentos. Set these on the bottom and sides of the mould, while the butter is warm, then cool the mould, to hold the figures in place while it is being filled.

Bechamel Sauce

Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook three tablespoonfuls of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper; when bubbling and frothy, stir in one cup of well-seasoned chicken broth and half a cup of rich milk and stir until boiling. Add a cup of button mushrooms, cut in halves, and, if desired, the yolks of two eggs, beaten and diluted with half a cup of cream.

Halibut Steaks, Baked with Oysters

Have two halibut steaks cut about an inch and a half in thickness. Lay some slices of onion on these, sprinkle with lemon juice and let stand until ready to bake. Lay thin slices of salt pork on a fish sheet in a baking pan (without a fish sheet use the cover of a tin cracker box, with edges flattened). Set one slice of fish on the sheet and sprinkle with salt. Have a half pint of oysters, freed from bits of shell; dip the oysters, one by one, in melted butter and then in cracker crumbs, and lay them on the slice of fish to cover it completely. Sprinkle the oysters with salt and pepper. Lay the second slice of fish over the oysters; season with salt and lay strips of salt pork over it. Let bake about forty minutes, basting

with the fat in the pan or a little melted butter. A few minutes before the fish is to be taken from the oven, remove the bits of pork on the top and spread over the fish about two-thirds a cup of cracker crumbs mixed with one-fourth a cup of melted butter. Serve when the crumbs are browned with maître d'hôtel potatoes and drawn butter or Hollandaise sauce in a bowl. Serve also cucumber or lettuce salad.

Drawn Butter Sauce

Make a sauce with one-fourth a cup, each, of butter and flour, half a teaspoonful of salt and two cups of water, then remove to the back of the range and gradually beat in one-fourth a cup of butter, a little at a time. Two tablespoonfuls of capers and a tablespoonful of lemon juice may be added, or a cup of parboiled and drained oysters may be added. When using the oysters take the oyster liquid instead of water for the liquid of the sauce.

Potatoes à la Maître d'Hôtel

Have a pint of potato balls scooped from raw potatoes with a French cutter. Boil till tender in boiling, salted water and drain; add nearly a cup of milk and, when this is hot, stir in three or four tablespoonfuls of creamed butter, into which the yolks of two eggs, the juice of half a lemon and a tablespoonful of fine-chopped parsley have been stirred.

Prune-and-Pecan-Nut Salad

Soak half a pound of prunes in cold water over night; steam till just tender. When cold cut each prune in quarters, discarding the stones. Slice a cup of pecan-nut meats. Sprinkle the prunes and nuts with a generous half a teaspoonful of salt. Beat one cup of double cream, one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice until firm throughout. Mix the nuts and prunes

with three-fourths of the cream dressing and dispose on well-washed and dried heart-leaves of lettuce. With pastry bag and star tube pipe the rest of the dressing onto the plates of salad, decorate with a few slices, each, of nuts and prunes and serve at once. This salad, without the lettuce, may be arranged on plates some hours before serving, and, at the last moment, the leaves of lettuce be pushed in under the mixture.

Custard Renversée

Cook two-thirds a cup of fine, granulated sugar over a hot fire, stirring constantly, until the sugar is melted to caramel. Pour the caramel into a mould holding about three cups. Take the mould (use holders or a towel) in both hands and turn it to coat the inner surface completely with the caramel. Beat six eggs; add one-third a cup of sugar and a scant teaspoonful of salt and beat again; pour on three cups of milk, mix thoroughly and turn into the lined mould. Bake, set on several folds of paper and surrounded with boiling water. Do not let the water boil during the cooking. Cook till firm in the center. When cold turn from the mould. The caramel makes a sauce around the custard.

QUERY 1430. — "What is the best way of mixing French and mayonnaise dressing?"

Mixing French Dressing

The ingredients for French dressing may be added, one at a time, to the vegetables to be dressed, or the salt and pepper (onion juice, if it is to be used) may be mixed with the oil and into these the acid be beaten, and the whole turned over and mixed with the vegetables. Exact rules for quantities cannot be given. The usual proportions are one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt and one tablespoonful of acid to four tablespoonfuls of oil, but for some salads and for some tastes the quan-

CRESCA



From the painting by Charles Sarka

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tity of acid is often increased. Sometimes the measure of acid equals that of the oil. When properly dressed there is no liquid in the bowl, all has been taken up by the articles dressed.

Mayonnaise Dressing

This recipe accurately followed will give a perfect dressing, and with minimum of effort and time. Beat the yolks of two raw eggs; add half a teaspoonful of salt, scant half a teaspoonful of paprika and beat again; add four tablespoonfuls of acid, a little at a time, and beat in thoroughly. The acid may be lemon juice or vinegar or half of each. Add a teaspoonful of olive oil, put in an egg beater and beat in the oil thoroughly; add the oil, about a teaspoonful at a time, for several times, then add in larger quantity, using the egg beater vigorously. Use one pint of oil. Made in this way, there is almost no danger of the mixture "curdling."

QUERY 1431. — "Simple Boiled Chocolate icing for cakes, one containing yolks rather than whites of eggs."

Boiled Chocolate Icing with Egg Yolks

Let one cup of sugar and half a cup of water boil until it forms a thread about two inches long when tested with a spoon. Pour in a fine stream, beating constantly meanwhile, onto the beaten yolks of two eggs; add an ounce of melted chocolate and half a teaspoonful of vanilla extract and beat, occasionally, until it is cool enough to remain in place when spread upon the cake.

QUERY 1432. — "A good recipe for Pressed Chicken."

Pressed Chicken

Cut up the chicken as for a fricassee; wash carefully, cover with boiling water and let boil five minutes, then simmer till very tender; remove the flesh from

the bones, and put the light and dark flesh, alternately, into a bread pan or brick mould. Return the bones to the broth and let simmer until the broth is reduced to about a cupful. A few slices, each, of carrot and onion, a stalk of celery and a branch of parsley, with a few leaves of sweet herbs, may be cooked in the broth. Season with salt and pepper and pour over the meat; let stand a short time, then cover the meat with a board bearing a weight and let stand over night. If preferred the meat may be chopped.

QUERY 1433. — "Recipe for Cake-icing made with gelatine, an icing that is soft on the inside, but crisp on the outside, and may be put through a tube in fancy decorations."

Gelatine Frosting for Cake

Let a level teaspoonful of granulated gelatine soak in a tablespoonful of cold water five minutes or longer; pour on two tablespoonfuls of boiling water and stir until dissolved; add three-fourths a cup of sifted confectioners' sugar and a few drops of vanilla or almond extract and beat until of a consistency to spread or to pipe.

QUERY 1434. — "Meaning and pronunciation of some of the Common French Terms used in cooking."

Common French Terms Used in Cooking

- A la* or *A la mode*. After the style or fashion of.
- A l'Anglaise*. English style; *i.e.*, plain roast or boiled.
- A la cardinal*. Dishes distinguished by a natural or artificial red color.
- A la Francaise*. After the French style.
- A la Reine*. After the style of the Queen.
- A l'Allemande*. Applied to dishes prepared in a style peculiar to Germany.
- Allemande sauce*. A sauce prepared from veal stock and with the ad-



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Aspic. A highly flavored and clarified meat jelly.

Atelets (also given *Hatelettes*). Small, ornamental silver or wooden skewers, used in decorating dishes.

Au gratin. A term applied to dishes prepared with sauce, covered with buttered cracker crumbs and baked brown. An *au gratin* dish is low (that the contents may be heated quickly) and in it the food is sent to the table.

Au jus, as roast ribs of beef, *au jus*. A phrase for dishes of meat served in their own juices. *Au jus* refers to platter gravy in distinction from a made sauce.

Au maigre. *Maigre* is the French word for poor, lean; thus the expression is used for dishes prepared without meat. As soup *maigre*, a soup without stock.

Au naturel. Dishes simply cooked.

Aurore sauce. A bright orange colored sauce, usually Béchamel and tomato with egg yolks.

Baba. A Polish cake; the cake contains many eggs and much butter, and is lightened with yeast.

Bain-Marie. A large, open receptacle, half filled with water, in which small saucepans containing sauces, etc., are kept hot, and at the same time are not reduced or burned.

Batterie de cuisine. A complete set of cooking utensils and apparatus.

Bavaroise. Bavarian cream. A sweetened gelatine mixture, into which, on the point of "setting," whipped cream is incorporated.

Bernaise. A rich, slightly acidulated sauce, akin to Hollandaise, largely butter and egg yolks, flavored with green herbs.

Béchamel. A sauce taking its name from the Marquis de Béchamel, a chef and steward in the service of Louis XIV. The liquid in the

sauce is equal proportions of white stock and cream.

Biscuit. From the French *bis-cuite*, twice baked. Applied to unsweetened "crackers," used in place of bread, etc., to fancy crackers used with the dessert, to sponge cakes, both large and small, and to a sweet custard preparation, frozen in small cases or moulds.

Bisque. Referred originally to a class of soups (*purees*) made of shell fish, particularly crayfish. At the present time anything having the color of crayfish soup is often called *bisque*.



The Kitchen Sink

A very eminent physician once said, "If I am called in to a case of diphtheria the first thing I look at is the kitchen sink." The dangers arising from a badly kept sink cannot be exaggerated, nor can any degree of care in avoiding them be considered extreme. The waste pipe from a kitchen sink should have boiling water and ammonia or washing soda poured down it each day. At least once a week it should be treated to a dose of some good disinfectant such as chloride of lime.

This old standby is very inexpensive and quite as good as many of the modern, high-priced articles. Put a large teacupful of chloride of lime into two quarts of water.

A high-school boy who took work in cooking for a year wrote afterwards that the best thing he got from the work was an appreciation of his home. When he found how much thought went into the preparation of a single meal and that this was only a small part of the management of his household, he realized the time and effort that went into home-making.

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A Little Incident of Life

RIDING on the Grand Trunk Railway, a few weeks ago, from Suspension Bridge to Chicago I saw a sight so trivial that it seems unworthy of mention. And yet I have remembered it for three weeks, and so I'll now relate it, in order to get rid of it.

And possibly these little incidents of life are the items that make or mar existence.

But here is what I saw on that railroad train: Five children, the oldest a girl of ten, and the youngest a baby boy of three. They were traveling alone and had come from Germany, duly tagged, ticketed and certified. They were going to their grandmother at Waukegan, Ill.

The old lady was to meet them in Chicago.

The children spoke not a word of English, but there is a universal language of the heart that speaks and is understood. So the trainmen and the children were on very chummy terms.

Now at London, Ontario, our train waited an hour for the Toronto and Montreal connections. Just before we reached London I saw the conductor take the three smallest little passengers to the washroom at the end of the car, roll up their sleeves, turn their collars in, and duly wash their hands and faces. Then he combed their hair. They accepted the situation as if they belonged to the conductor's family, as of course they did for the time being. It was a domestic scene that caused the whole car to smile, and made everybody know everybody else. A touch of nature makes a whole coach kin. The children had a bushel basket full of eatables, but at London that conductor took the whole brood over to the dining hall for supper, and I saw two fat men scrap as to who should have the privilege of paying for the kiddies' suppers. The children munched

and smiled and said little things to each other in Teutonic whispers.

After our train left London and the conductor had taken up his tickets, he came back, turned over two seats and placed the cushions lengthwise. One of the trainmen borrowed a couple of blankets from the sleeping cars, and with the help of three volunteered overcoats the babies were all put to bed and duly tucked in. I went back to my Pullman, and went to bed. And as I dozed off I kept wondering whether the grandmother would be there in the morning to meet the little travelers. What sort of disaster had deprived them of parents I did not know, nor did I care to ask. The children were alone, but among friends. They were strong and well, but they kept very close together and looked to the oldest girl as a mother.

But to be alone in Chicago would be terrible! Would she come!

And so I slept. In the morning there was another conductor in charge, a man I had not before seen. I went into the day coach, thinking that the man might not know about the babies, and that I might possibly help the little emigrants. But my services were



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with the ice pick, break bowls, and such, trying to break ice in your hands? If you are trying to make crushed ice either way, you're doing it in the most cumbersome, inconvenient, troublesome, and EXPENSIVE way you can. And what you should have is a Little Giant Ice Crusher, then all you have to do is to place a piece of ice in the crusher, turn the handle a few times, and behold, you have the finest, cleanest, most uniform crushed ice that you could possibly have! And the first cost isn't much either—only \$7.50 for a Little Giant Ice Crusher, substantially built, —good for many years of service, convenient, easily set up and can be placed anywhere.

vice, convenient, easily set up and can be placed anywhere.

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See the Little Giant Ice Crusher at your dealer's—or if he hasn't one in stock, write us, giving us his name and address, and enclosing \$7.50, and we'll ship you your Little Giant Ice Crusher direct, and we'll send you our little book on the Little Giant Ice Crusher, containing some choice recipes for Sherbets and Ices. This is a really splendid recipe book—it costs us a good deal of money to prepare, yet we'll send it to you free of charge. Address

Davenport Ice Chipping Machine Company
1378 West Third Street, Davenport, Iowa.

not needed. The ten-year-old "little other mother" had freshened up her family, and the conductor was assuring them, in awfully bad German, that their grandmother would be there, although, of course, he didn't know anything about it.

When the train pulled into the long depot and stopped, the conductor took the baby boy in one arm and a little girl in the other. A porter carried the big lunch basket and the little other mother led a toddler on each side, dodging the hurrying passengers.

Evidently I was the only spectator to the play. "Will she be there—will she be there?" I asked myself nervously.

She was there, all right, there at the gate. The conductor was seemingly as gratified as I. He turned his charges over to the old woman, who was weeping for joy, and hugging the children between bursts of lavish, loving Deutsch.

I climbed into a Parmelee bus and said, "Auditorium Annex, please."

And as I sat there in the bus, while they were packing the grips on top, the conductor passed by carrying a tin box in one hand and his train cap in the other.

I saw an Elk's tooth on his watch chain.

I called to him, "I saw you help the babies—good boy!"

He looked at me in doubt.

"Those German children," I said, "I'm glad you were so kind to them!"

"Oh," he answered, smiling, "yes, I had forgotten; why, of course, that is a railroad man's business, you know—to help everybody who needs help."

He waved his hand and disappeared up the stairway that led to the offices.

And it came to me that he had forgotten the incident so soon, simply because to help had become the habit of his life. He may read this, and he may not. There he was—big, bold, bluff and bronzed, his hair just touched with the frost of years, and beneath

Don't Pay \$3.00 For What We Give You Free

The fad today is Silver Butter-Spreaders. Every housewife wants a set. Sooner or later she'll have one.

But she doesn't need to buy them if she'll act at once.

For we are giving for a little time an elegant set of these Spreaders—free.

These beautiful Butter-Spreaders are of the stylish Lily pattern in Wm. Rogers & Son AA triple plate.

The price, if you could buy them, would be \$3 or more for the six.

We are going to supply to our customers, for a little time, six of these Spreaders free.

Simply Do This:

Send either the metal cap from a jar of Armour's Extract of Beef or the paper certificate under the

top, with 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing, and we'll send you one of these Spreaders.

For six tops or certificates from six jars, we'll send you six of these Spreaders, making a beautiful silver set—fit to grace any table. The Lily pattern is one of the daintiest designs in silver today. But as glad as you'll be to get these Spreaders, you'll be more pleased to know of the "Extract."

For you'll find it will make all of your meats and soups and gravies even more savory than ever. You'll never know till you try it just what it adds and saves.

The saving is in adding new flavor to left-overs and cold meats.

It imparts a deliciousness to fresh meats and soups that tempts the most jaded of palates.



Armour's Extract of Beef

As an instance:

Try making a rich, brown gravy with Armour's Extract of Beef.

See if it doesn't improve it greatly—doesn't add a superlative zest.

The Germans and French, who are famous as cooks, make all their gravies this way.

Judge if you ever tasted a gravy even one-half so delicious.

Serve a gravy made this way tomorrow night. See what your husband says. Give the "little ones" such "bread and gravy" as they never knew could exist.

Don't Be Mistaken

Don't think of Armour's Extract of Beef as only for use in the sick-room.

Those who think that don't know what they miss. That is the *least* of its uses.

Its *real* value is for use in the kitchen. And it should be used *every day*. There are a hundred ways to use it.

After six jars you will use hundreds and better every dish. You'll never again be without a jar ready in the kitchen.

Four Times the Best

But please don't forget to get "Armour's," for Armour's goes four times as far. The directions read, "Use one-fourth as much," for our extract is concentrated.

We would like to give you a jar—free—to prove its advantages. We don't, because that would cheapen it. But we want you to have it.

That is why we return, for a little time, more than you pay for the extract, by giving you one of these Butter-Spreaders for the metal top or certificate—or as many as you need to make up a beautiful set.

So order the first jar of your grocer or druggist today, and begin to receive the Spreaders, at the same time begin the use of the extract and learn what that use means.

Judge by the first jar of the extract if you'll ever again go without it. Simply hear what your people say when they taste that dainty new flavor.

When sending the tops or certificates for the Butter-Spreaders, address Armour & Company, Chicago, Dept. O

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

A Monthly Catalogue of Cooking Recipes

☞ Index 12 envelopes in left upper corner for the twelve months, typewriting underneath, right on the outside of the envelope, just the name only of those meats, vegetables, fruits, etc., in season that month and therefore both cheapest in price and best in quality. This for marketing reminder to be looked over for ideas for the week's menus.

☞ Inside the envelopes slip new recipes to be tried, or new ways of serving fruits and vegetables in season that month.

☞ In typewriting on front of the envelope these reminders, it will be well to have fish in season in one column, fruits in another column, vegetables in another column, etc.

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AGENTS WANTED

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DEPT. B

CANTON, OHIO

his brass buttons a heart beating with a desire to bless and benefit. I do not know his name but the sight of the man, carrying a child in each arm, their arms encircling his neck in perfect faith, their long journey done, and he turning them over in safety to their grandmother, was something to renew one's faith in humanity.

Even a great Railway System has a soul.

If you answer that corporations have no souls, I'll say, "Friend, you were never more mistaken in your life. The business that has no soul soon ceases to exist; and the success of a company or corporation turns on the kind of soul it possesses. Soul is necessary to service. Courtesy, kindness, honesty and efficiency are tangible soul-assets; and all good railroad men know it." — *The Philistine*.

Sentence Sermons

We have no liberty to choose whether we will serve or no; all the liberty we have is to choose our master. — *Sanderson*.

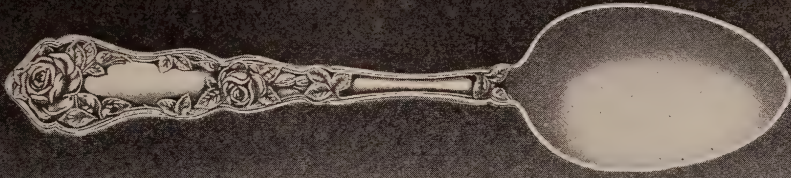
The greatest fault, I should say, is to be conscious of none but other people's. — *Carlyle*.

Do the work that's nearest,
Though it's dull at times,
Helping, when we meet them,
Lame dogs over stiles;
See in every hedgerow
Marks of angels' feet,
Epics in each pebble
Underneath our feet.
— *Charles Kingsley*.

Our fears are always greater than our foes. — *Ram's Horn*.

He who cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself, for we all need to be forgiven. — *Lord Herbert*.

Then, of what is to be and of what is done,
Why quierest thou?
The past and the time to be are one,
And both are now.
— *Whittier*.



Wouldn't you like to have
This Beautiful Teaspoon

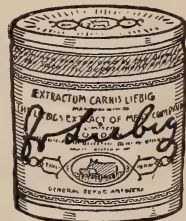
silver plated, in this artistic and *exclusive rose pattern*, like the latest solid silver; finished in French gray, the newest fashionable style, suitable for every occasion, and to the best society; and made and *warranted* by Wm. Rogers & Son? It is of full size without a suggestion of advertising on it.

It Is Yours

if you will send only ten cents to pay for expenses and the top of a jar of

LIEBIG Company's
Extract of Beef

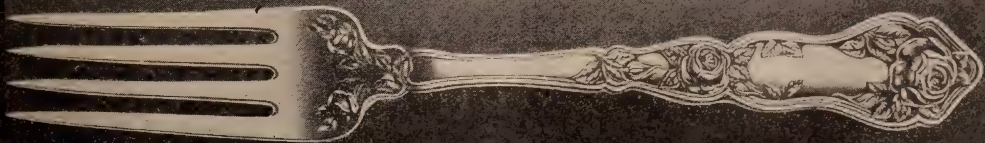
The genuine Liebig has the signature in blue across the label, and we want you to know by actual trial that it is the most delicious, wholesome and far-going beef extract; $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful makes a cup of the finest beef tea, and it is equally economical for cooking.



You can get as many spoons this way as you want; or if you will send 20 cents and a Liebig top we will send *the fork* to match, full size, same pattern and finish.

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BOSTON, MASS.

Capitulate

Concluded from page 325.

see why you were so indifferent over the sad fate of Colonel Rahl. Come, children, your cousin raves. Let us leave her. (*Exit LADY F. and the children, who lag behind, and PEACE runs back to give DOROTHY a hug.*)

DOROTHY. — Dear aunt; I have shocked her beyond measure. 'Tis well this thing has come about; I could not have concealed my love for the Continental cause much longer. (*Enter CAPT. D. in great haste.*) Ah, you again?

CAPT. D. — I could not stay away, and I have glorious news — another victory!

DOROTHY. — Washington has captured another detachment of British and threatens Cornwallis!

CAPT. D. — You know?

DOROTHY. — Yes, and do rejoice at it.

CAPT. D. — Then, Dorothy, please —

DOROTHY. — 'Tis ever Dorothy, please. *Sweet* Dorothy, I pray you do this! *Dear* Dorothy, I beg you do that! Was it so that Washington won his victory? I doubt not he said: "I do beseech you, *kind* Britishers, to lay down your arms."

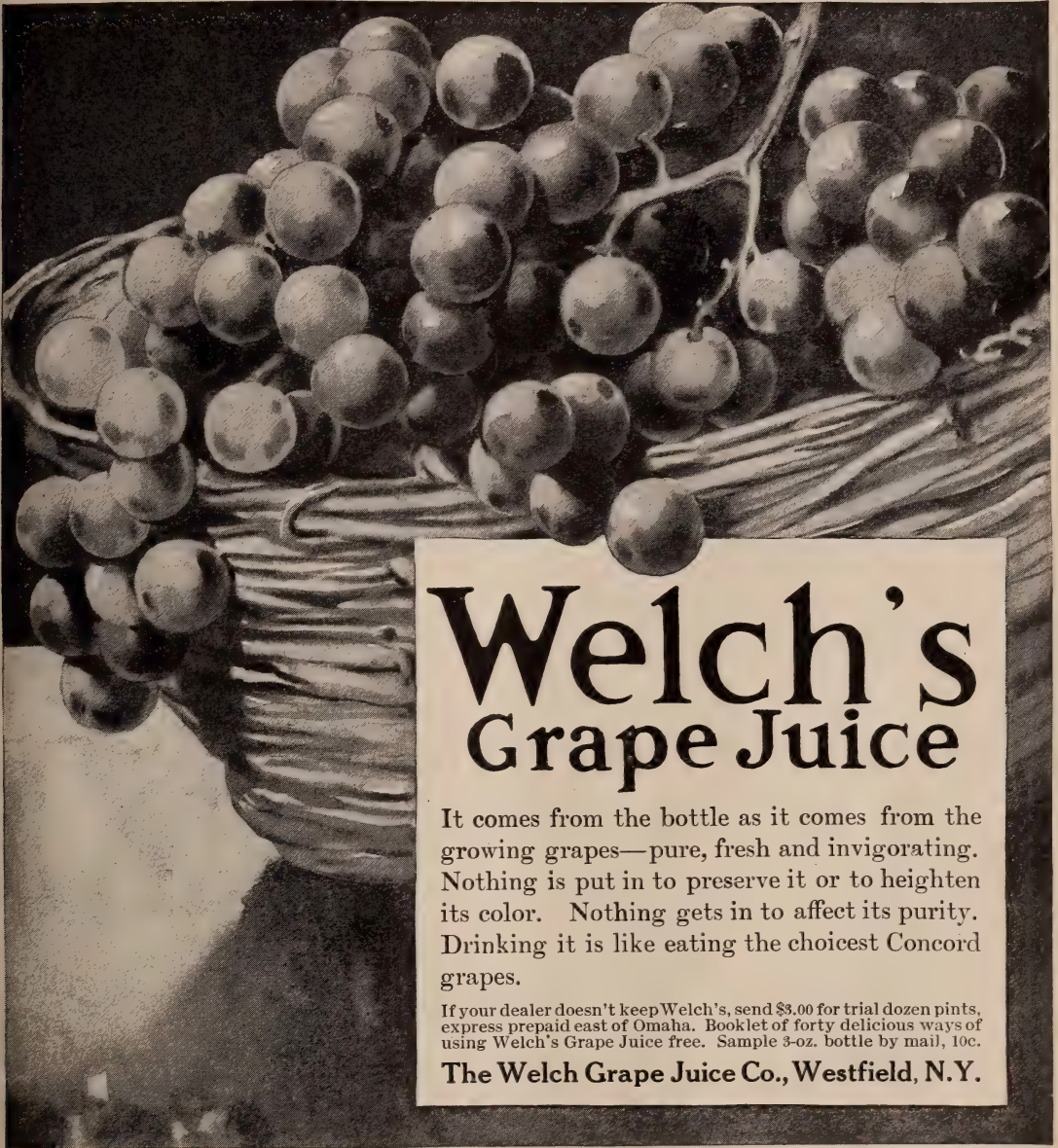
CAPT. D. — Nay, Dorothy, you know 'twas not so. (*Aside.*) Truly, 'tis given to few mortals and no men to understand a woman's moods, but I have an inkling. (*Aloud.*) Dorothy, I will have you. You shall be mine. I command you, no more dallying! Dorothy, answer me!

DOROTHY. — Most terrifying warrior! The fortress of a maid's heart could ne'er withstand so fierce an onslaught—

CAPT. D. — You waiver! You must — you do surrender!

DOROTHY. — Even so. To the invincible blue and buff — and to you — I surrender!

(*Curtain.*)

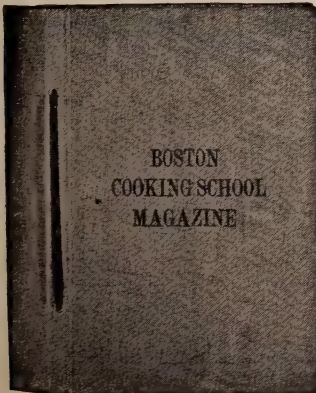


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It comes from the bottle as it comes from the growing grapes—pure, fresh and invigorating. Nothing is put in to preserve it or to heighten its color. Nothing gets in to affect its purity. Drinking it is like eating the choicest Concord grapes.

If your dealer doesn't keep Welch's, send \$3.00 for trial dozen pints, express prepaid east of Omaha. Booklet of forty delicious ways of using Welch's Grape Juice free. Sample 3-oz. bottle by mail, 10c.

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Forest Conservation

Some interesting correspondence in regard to the international aspect of the question of repealing the duty on lumber and other forest products has been given out by the National Forest Conservation League, which is taking the position that the first step in forest conservation is to repeal the tariffs which prevent American consumers from freely drawing on the forest products of other countries. This correspondence is between Senator Wm. C. Edwards, a member of the Canadian Parliament and a large manufacturer of lumber and pulp in Canada, and the Secretary of the League. Senator Edwards was the official representative of the Dominion at the recent Conservation Commission Conference in Washington, D.C.

From this correspondence it appears that although most manufacturers of lumber in the United States object to the repeal of the tariff on lumber, alleging inability to compete with Canadian lumber, the Canadian market has this year been flooded with American lumber, there being no Canadian duty on rough lumber, to such an extent that the Canadian manufacturers have been undersold at home and have had their market ruined. In consequence the lumbermen of Canada made an effort to have a retaliatory tariff placed on American lumber, but this agitation failed, largely, it is said, on account of the remarkable telegram sent by Senator Edwards to Sir Wilfrid Laurier. It is stated that the Canadian importations of American lumber have been chiefly low grades, competition in which the lumbermen appearing before the Ways and Means Committee said they most feared.

Senator Edwards writes to the Secretary of the League:

"Recalling the promise I made to you at Washington a few days ago, I herewith enclose copy of the telegram I sent Sir Wilfrid Laurier in June last,

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is the acme of Olive Oil production. Its use in the making of salads and salad dressings is a sure harbinger of success.

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Your grocer can doubtless supply you — if not we shall be glad to do so, carriage paid.

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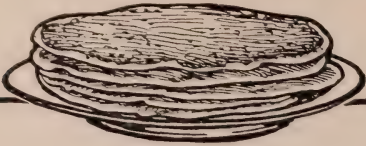
has been delighted with it, and surprised how easily the necessary subscriptions were secured. Have *you* obtained one yet? If not start to-day to get the subscriptions, and within three or four days you will be enjoying the dish.

This Chafer is a full-size, three-pint, nickel dish, with all the latest improvements, including handles on the hot water pan. It is the dish that sells for \$5.00.

We will send this chafing-dish, as premium, to any present subscriber who sends us six (6) NEW yearly subscriptions at \$1.00 each. The express charges are to be paid by the receiver. The tray is not included.

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Griddle Cakes

They're *fine*. Kornlet is the luscious, milky, inner pulp of tender young corn, from which every vestige of coarse outside hull has been removed. Kornlet is the *concentrated goodness* of green corn—the most delicious and nourishing of foods.

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Look for the recipes on every wrapper. Valuable book of recipes sent free on request if you give us your grocer's name.

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after a large deputation of lumbermen had called upon him and our minister of finance, begging for the imposition of a duty on Southern pine coming from the United States, which was then and for the most of the time since deluging our Canadian markets, produced and sold so cheaply that it has been impossible for us to compete. Hard, of course, for the moment on lumber producers, but a great benefit to the buyers and users of lumber.

"The ground I take is that we will win in the end. If you Americans are foolish enough to exhaust your forests, not only to supply your own wants but ours also, our timber will grow and become more valuable in the meantime, which will result in great ultimate profit to us."

The following is a copy of the telegram Senator Edwards sent to Sir Wilfrid Laurier:

"Most sincerely and earnestly hope you will pay no regard to unjustified demand made upon you for a duty on Southern pine coming from the United States. The demand arises in consequence of a temporary stagnation in our business, which will soon pass away. The imposition of the duty would be most trifling in so far as mitigation of the present dullness in Canadian trade is concerned, and would be most unpopular, excepting with a few avaricious lumber manufacturers. I sincerely beg you to allow one Canadian industry to exist without placing it in the despicable position of robbing the consumers of its product for its benefit."

The drink called "punch" gets its name from the Hindoo word "panch," which means five. The Hindoos made it with five ingredients — sugar, arrack, spice, lemon juice and water.

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Money spent wisely means comfort and pleasure to the spender. You go to bed to rest.

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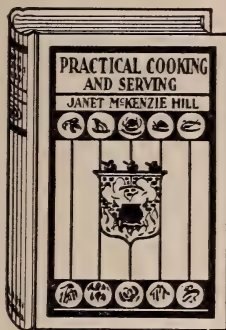
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With these Irons, twenty minutes time, and ten cents worth of materials, you can make 40 of either—patty cups or wafers. Caterers charge you 50¢ a dozen for them.

Dealers everywhere sell our Rosette Irons at 50¢ a set, either style. If you cannot get them, order by mail from us.

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Annoyed by the injury done to one of his trees by the driver of the local bus, Mr. Kipling once wrote a vigorous letter of complaint to the bus owner, who is also landlord of an inn. The landlord laid the letter before the select company of the bar parlor, who advised calm indifference. Also a Croesus among them offered ten shillings in cash for the autograph letter. Both advice and cash were accepted. A second and stronger letter followed, and this also found a purchaser, this time at £1, as befitted its increased violence. Boniface again said nothing. To him next day entered Mr. Kipling, briskly wrathful. "Why didn't I answer your letters, sir? Why, I was hoping you'd send me a fresh one every day. They pay a deal better than bus-driving!" — *Boston Times*.

MISS CUTTING: "I have a good joke on my cousin Laura. Without her glasses, you know, it is almost impossible for her to distinguish one person from another, and this morning she actually talked to a dummy in a clothing store, thinking it was you." SOFTLEIGH: "Weally! And how did she — aw — discovah her mistake?" MISS CUTTING: "She didn't; that's the joke." — *Chicago News*.

A member of the State legislature was making a speech on some momentous question, and, in concluding, said: "In the words of Daniel Webster, who wrote the dictionary, 'Give me liberty or give me death!'" One of his colleagues pulled at his coat, and whispered, "Daniel Webster did not write the dictionary; it was Noah." "Noah nothing," replied the speaker; "Noah built the ark." — *Buffalo News*.

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ATWOOD Grape Fruit is the best to be had in grape fruit. It is the solid, thin-skinned, delectable kind, the most abundant in its juices. It provides just what the system needs in cleansing, corrective qualities to prepare it for the full enjoyment of the morning meal.

Look for the ATWOOD Trade-Mark on the wrappers. Insist on it, as it is your assurance of the perfect product.



ATWOOD Grape Fruit is known everywhere as the finest grape fruit product grown. The ATWOOD Grove in Manavista, Fla., contains over 250 acres devoted exclusively to the cultivation of grape fruit on the highest scientific principles.

To serve, cut in cross sections, remove the core, and serve with or without sugar. Grape Fruit is better when served without ice. ATWOOD Grape Fruit makes the most delicious salads. Taken at night on retiring is better than any drug. Buy it by the box—it will keep for weeks.

THE ATWOOD COMPANY

KIMBALL C. ATWOOD

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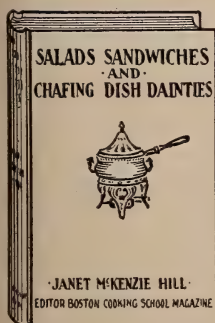
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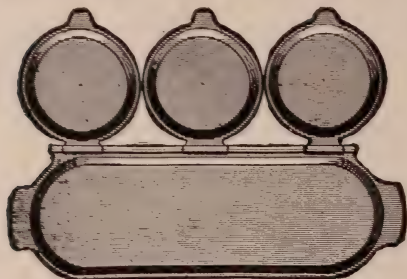
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A NEW NATURE STUDY

(With apologies to T. R.)

Spades is the family cat, so named because she is "as black as the ace of spades." Her habitat is the kitchen, except at such intervals as she happens to be discharging her maternal functions, during which she occupies a corner in the barn.

Her latest contribution to the cat census was a litter of five, four being as black as the mother and the fifth absolutely snow white.

It was this white kitten which developed unexpected reasoning powers in the mother, and gave another true nature story to a waiting world.

One day Spades carried her white kitten into the kitchen and laid it at the feet of the cook. Then she lifted up her voice in pleading for some unknown service until her hysterical wailings caused the cook to drive her to the barn. Day after day she repeated this performance until the cook thought the cat was suffering from brainstorm.

But Spades had method in her madness.

'Twas a Saturday morning, and the cook had just mixed some X-ray Stove Polish in an old soup plate, preparatory to putting a more brilliant gloss upon the cook stove, when Spades appeared. After one glance she fled to the barn, and was back like a flash bearing the snow-white kitten. Marching straight to the dish of X-Ray Polish she dropped the little thing in, rolled it over and over with her nose until it emerged jet black and glossy as its mother.

It must be plain to any one that the cat had watched the application of X-Ray Polish to the stove, and understood that it would give her own ebony brilliance to the white kitten. When the cook failed to understand her entreaties, Spades, wisely watched her chance, and when she saw the X-Ray Polish prepared she promptly



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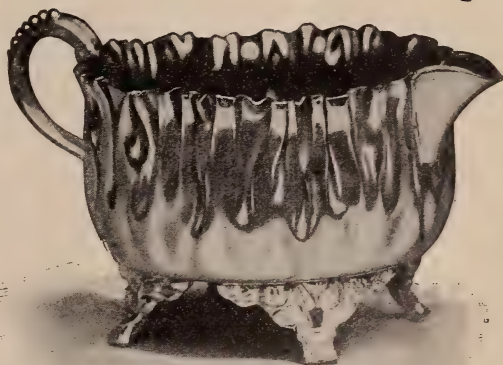
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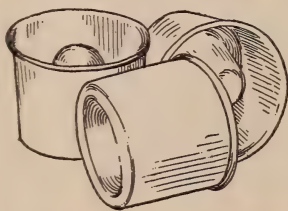
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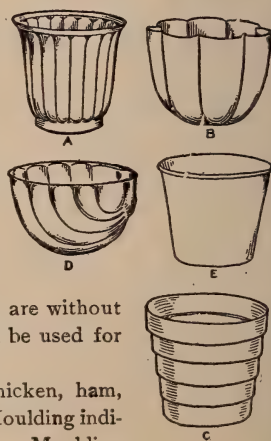
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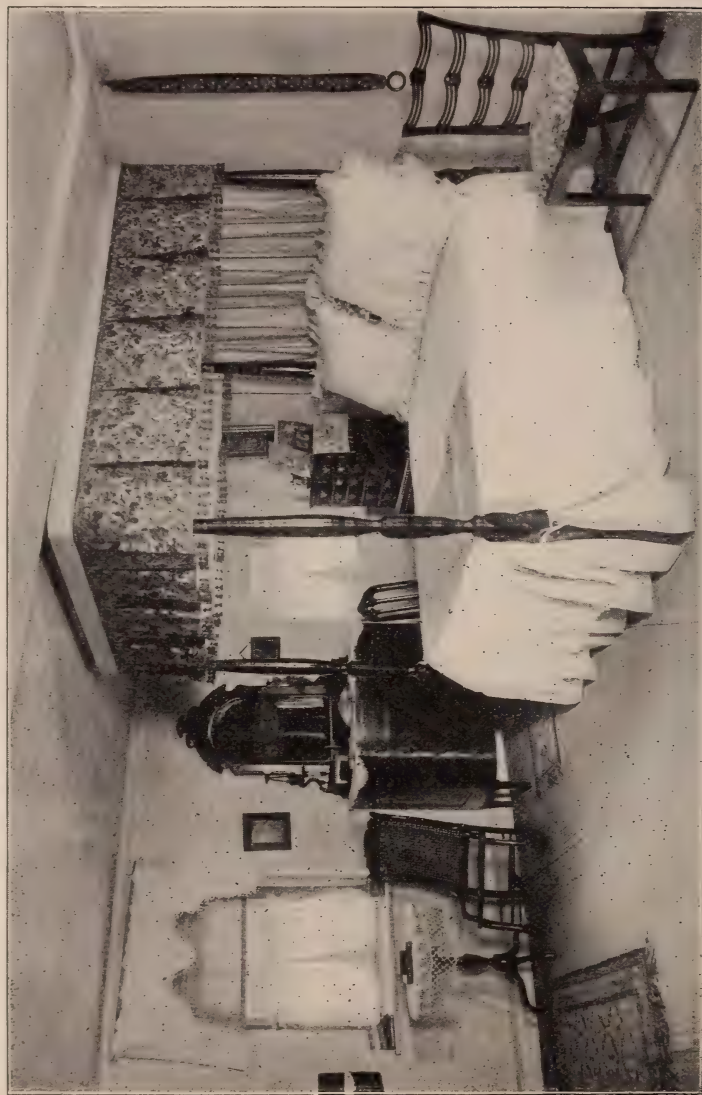
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*And here let Time hold still his restless glass,
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BEDROOM WITH FOUR-POSTER, GERMANTOWN, PA.

The

Boston Cooking-School Magazine

VOL. XIII

MARCH, 1909

No. 8

About Four-Posters

By M. A. G.

DRIED leaves and mosses made the beds of our primeval ancestors, canopied by the rustling oak. In rain or frost a corner of some cave afforded shelter; but the cold and dampness from the ground annoyed the sleeper, and he set his wits to work to find a remedy. Actual discomfort quickens the intellect. Civilized man has developed largely through his need of satisfactory food, shelter and clothing. So this rude savage made a framework of poles, covered it with branches, and so evolved the first bedstead.

We can only conjecture with regard to the rude work of the aborigines. The first authentic representation of a bed is doubtless found upon old Egyptian tombs. It is long and low, and suited for but one person. Greek and Roman beds are found depicted upon urns and mural decorations. They are single beds, resembling in shape the Flemish couches made in the latter part of the seventeenth century. The Greek *thalamos* had a framework of great beauty, curiously carved,

decked with ivory, gold, silver and precious stones. Roman luxury outvied that of the Greeks, as shown by specimens found in Pompeii. The hangings of the bed were less highly prized than the frame, owing to the mildness of the climate.

The eleventh century saw the half-savage peoples of Northern Europe building beds into the walls of their rooms, and fitting them up with doors and sliding panels. The Norman Conquest brought these cupboard-couches into England, to be speedily followed by a great oaken bed with a real roof. These were set up away from the chilly outer wall, often quite in the middle of the chamber, and were thickly curtained, to shut out the bitter drafts from ill-hung doors and unglazed windows, which were protected only by loosely fitting shutters. Some of these beds were of prodigious size. The "Great Bed of Ware," to which Shakespeare refers, is twelve feet square, and built of solid oak, with the most elaborate carving imaginable. This bed is known to have furnished sleeping



CHIPPENDALE DESIGN WITH DELICATE ORNAMENTS AND CLAW-AND-BALL FEET

accommodations to twelve persons at one time, as it has stood for nearly four centuries in an ancient inn, located in the town of Ware. This bed is a four-poster, and marks the introduction of what was doubtless the most popular as well as the most expensive house furnishing of its day.

These old four-posters consisted, as do those that we see today, of four posts, supporting a tester, and connected laterally by sidepieces, which were almost always undecorated, as the bedspread was supposed to hang over the sides of the bed and cover them. A headboard was considered almost indispensable, though it is absent in some cases. It was usually rather low, and decorated with carvings more or less ornate. The footboard was sometimes used, but was quite often omitted in the older specimens. It seems to have been added as a later detail. When the posts were lowered, the footboard rose into prominence; but this was after the first quarter of the nineteenth century had already elapsed.

These massive beds of the Tudor

and Stuart periods are never found in America. The earliest immigrants to the New World could not well store so large a piece of furniture on shipboard; and as for building beds on this side of the water, it was all that our ancestors could do to build houses of the poorest and roughest kind, with roads and bridges to connect the scattered settlements. I fancy that many of our forefathers must have slept upon the construction known to Kentucky mountaineers as a "Wild Bill." It is not a four-poster, but a one-poster, and occupies a corner of the loft in a log cabin. The side and end of the cabin serve as headboard and one side of the bed; saplings, nailed to the solitary post that runs from roof to flooring, supply footboard and sidepiece; springy poles, running crosswise, uphold the home-made straw mattress and feather bed. Upon this couch doubt not that rest is sweet, as the mountaineer is proverbially spare of outline. A corpulent gentleman from the North, who had experienced the hospitality of a "Wild Bill," assured me that, for downright diabolism, there is no contrivance to equal it among the works of man!

When life in the new country became a little easier, furniture was imported from England, and that was the furniture of the Queen Anne period, and comprised, among other details, four-posters made of black walnut, for this wood had superseded English oak in the popular favor during the preceding reign of William and Mary. Panelings and mouldings that had done duty during the Jacobean period were retained in all their splendor; and to these was added the new feature of the claw-and-ball foot. Our oldest beds belong to this period, unless I make mention of what are called, in inventories of goods to be brought from England, "presse bedsteads," or "cupboard bedsteads." The Dutch name for this contrivance was "slaw-

bank." This was a forerunner of the latter-day folding bed. When not in use it could be fastened up against the wall, where curtains could be drawn over it, or it could be enclosed in a little closet of suitable dimensions, having doors to close over the bed when folded up.

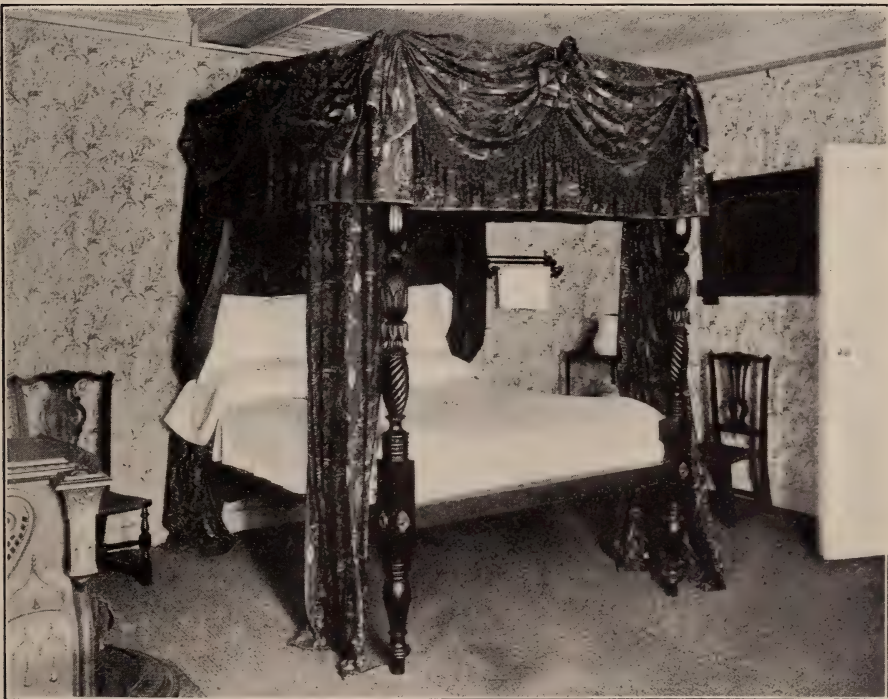
Mahogany was first used in England in 1720, and therefore belongs to the Georgian period. Four-posters of this material, as constructed in the early days of its use, had slender and delicate posts, which were sometimes fluted and sometimes carved. In these earlier specimens the headboards were simply made and undecorated.

Great advance was made at this time in the designing of furniture. Cabinetmakers published books of design, and Chippendale, who was doubtless the greatest English exponent of his craft, designed beds with footpieces and sidepieces carefully paneled and carved. He used tall and

slender posts and carving of the most elaborate character. Genuine Chippendale beds are very rare in America. They are not common in England. It seems almost as if he must have executed this particular piece of furniture less commonly than others. We have, however, beautiful specimens which were modeled after Chippendale designs.

The brothers Adam held the supremacy in English furniture from 1775 until the end of the century. They endeavored to restore the simply classical styles of Greece and Rome, with Greek ornamental figures, such as the acanthus, urns, shells, rosettes and female heads. They made a smaller bed than the Chippendale pattern, with lower posts and less abundant carving.

Hepplewhite's influence culminated some ten years later than that of the brothers Adam. He designed four-posters of attractive delicacy, used



ANOTHER ATTRACTIVE DESIGN



AN AMERICAN FASHION

carved rosettes and a delicate carved beading by way of decoration, and delighted to place an urn-shaped section, lightly festooned with drapery, on the post where the sidepiece joins the standard.

The last of the noted cabinetmakers of the Georgian period was Sheraton, who began to publish his designs about the year 1790. They were distinguished for the use of inlaid work, and, later on, developed painted designs. He brought in the use of many light woods, such as whitewood, satinwood and sycamore, which, when painted green, was termed harewood. All the trend of public feeling seemed to be toward simplicity and delicacy.

The old canopy top had been left behind in the Stuart period, but curtains and hangings filled too important a place to be lightly disregarded. Colonial bedrooms were fireless. A furnace to heat an entire house was unknown. Curtains to shield the sleeper

from drafts were certainly a luxury, and almost a necessity, in those early days. They might be made of chintz or of hand-embroidered linen. In more humble homes they were made of patch, as were the quilts. The blankets were of homespun wool, adorned with roses in each corner, which gave them the name of rose blankets. A blue and white homespun counterpane added the finishing touch, and often the hangings of the bed were of this same blue and white homespun, the curtains being drawn back so loosely that, on cold nights, they could be permitted to fall about the bed. Often both counterpane and hangings were finished with a hand-made netted fringe, from four to eight inches wide.

The last great change in the old four-poster was made, curiously enough, in deference to Napoleon. When he made himself Emperor of the French he considered himself, and wished others to regard him, as the Cæsar of the old

Roman Empire. He therefore revived the ancient Roman decorations, such as the laurel wreath and the torch. He laid his proud head upon the lofty four-poster, and it became a lowly Roman couch, — at least in France. England had her mental reservations, and by the time the fashion reached America it simply lowered the bed-posts. It was but the beginning of the end. Forty years later came the Renaissance of black walnut, and with it the relegation of the old four-poster

to the remotest corner of the garret. Worse yet, their owners were glad to see them go, and all because they were so hard to put together. Some were held by iron rods, some by ropes, some by combination of ropes and sacking. It was "sackcloth and ashes" at house-cleaning time, for each kind required the united strength of several muscular men to put it together. After all, except from the antiquarian point of view, our modern conception, of brass and iron, is a long stride in the right direction.

Keeping House in St. Petersburg

By Mary Gilbert

ALTHOUGH half a dozen of the islands on the outskirts of St. Petersburg are occupied by summer cottages, the winter population is housed in the great apartment buildings which comprise the major part of the city. They range in height from two to five stories, and each has a courtyard (*dvor*). The *dvornik* takes the place of our American janitor in every respect save one — he is so very courteous and obliging as to be unnoticed by the Russian jokesmiths.

The houses are substantially built to resist the damp, penetrating cold of winter, and are all provided with double windows. With the coming of spring the inner sashes are removed, and the outer ones open on hinges, like double doors.

Flies are so rare that screens are practically unknown. The real insect plague of the capital is the active and irrepressible flea. One who has smilingly entertained guests while these mites were doing their worst can appreciate tales of the Inquisition.

Their presence is doubtless encouraged, however unwittingly, by the

peasants who throng the basements of the apartment houses. The eight-



THE DVORNIK



THE SAMOVAR IS AN INDISPENSABLE ADJUNCT TO A RUSSIAN PICNIC

hour day is unknown in Russia outside of the government offices, and men who toil all day and are herded together like cattle at night have little time for personal cleanliness.

The fathers of the church have made provision that one must bathe before entering the sanctuary. One trembles to think of the possible state of the peasants but for this bit of far-seeing wisdom. Unfortunately the provision

does not extend to their garments. Hitherto unsuspected possibilities in the way of odors are developed by their sheepskin coats.

The public bath-houses are always crowded on Saturday, as only the most luxurious apartments boast a bath. The men of our family patronized them liberally, but we women folk used a portable tub throughout our long residence in Russia. Our servants soon accustomed themselves to this, as they did to other "foreign" ways, and were ready to heat great kettles of water at any hour of the day.

With all their faults, and they have many, Russian servants are the most willing and obliging that I have ever encountered. A good cook will work for twelve *roubles*—about six dollars—a month, and a



THE VEHICLES ARE VERY QUAIN

maid for a third less. Yet the amount of personal service a maid is willing to render is limited only by the time at her command. When she is absent on one of her rare holidays, the cook performs her duties without question.

Nor do they expect such fare as is served to the family. Soup meat, black bread and a cheap quality of tea are the chief articles in their dietary.

With the coming of warm weather the peasants begin to throng the parks on Sunday afternoon, dressed in their gayest attire. The men wear bright-colored shirts, often embroidered in red and blue cross-stitch, and startling color combinations are seen on the women. One that I especially remember consisted of a bright green skirt, a scarlet waist trimmed with lavender, a gayly figured magenta apron and a yellow kerchief bordered with red and white.

The kerchief, worn in the most unbecoming way, is the one head-dress of the peasant women, varying in weight with the weather. We once gave our maid a simple straw hat, but she promptly traded it to an old-clothes man for a kerchief that had taken her fancy.

When we gave her cast-off gowns, which were always accepted with a gratitude so fervent as to be disconcerting, she invariably wore the waist with one of her other skirts, the skirt with one of her waists, with effects that may be imagined.

The samovar is an indispensable adjunct to a Russian picnic, and may be seen in the park any summer holiday. The Russians drink tea in unlimited quantities, but, as they make it quite weak, it benefits rather than injures them. It certainly is to be preferred to the insipid, germ-laden waters of the Neva, and we soon learned to substitute it for American ice water.

The accordion, too, may be seen (and heard) in almost any group of peasant merry-makers. It is one of the many things to which distance lends

enchantment, for when its plaintive notes sound from some boat on the river or canal, one forgets to wonder at the Russians' preference for it.

Another favorite is the balalaika, a triangular stringed instrument of such limited possibilities as to justify the remark of a little girl, "He kept playing on it as hard as he could, but it didn't seem to do much good."

However, it serves to beat time for the favorite dance of the peasants, which the boys learn almost as soon as they can walk.

Our ignorance of the Russian language proved no barrier to our enjoyment of our first months in St. Petersburg. French, German or English, and sometimes all three of them, are spoken in most of the shops. But if the linguistic clerk is absent, you need not despair. The others will somehow manage to comprehend your wants.

Best of all, they seem to find nothing funny in one's gesticulating, pointing and making signs. Not once during our long stay in Russia did we find our ignorance or misuse of the language regarded as cause for amusement. Our most ludicrous blunders were laughed at only by ourselves.

There are no big department stores in St. Petersburg. The shops are very small, but each carries an excellent assortment of its particular line of goods. As samples of its wares are displayed in the windows, one has no trouble in finding what one wants.

Comparatively few shops have the one-price system — you are expected to "beat down" on almost everything. When, after several minutes' lively discussion, you make your purchase and take your departure, you leave the shop elated at the bargain you have secured, or regretful that you did not offer a rouble less, according to your temperament and previous experience.

The meat markets are, perhaps, more like our own than any other Russian shops. Beef and mutton are of about

the same quality as with us, but veal is incomparably better, and pork so immeasurably worse as to make Americans follow the Jewish custom in regard to it.

Game is plentiful, of excellent quality and reasonable in price. During the long season hardly a week passed without woodcock and partridge being offered for sale at our door, while venison was as common in the market as lamb.

Lake Ladoga keeps the fish markets well supplied, especially during the four fasts of the year. The Volga, too, yields its tribute of fish, most of which is sold at a price within reach of the poor.

Nearly all our vegetables are to be found in the markets, with the notable exception of sweet corn, for which the season is too short. I saw some corn growing, however, as a decorative plant, in an urn by one of the imperial palaces.

Berries of all kinds are both abundant and delicious. The marshy soil and bright sunshine make them attain an enormous size, but not at the expense of flavor.

Cherries, plums and apples are also plentiful, but tropical fruits are scarce and high-priced. The cost of pine-apples is almost prohibitive, while only the tiniest bananas are seen, and these at five cents each.

Most Russian housewives still preserve fruit after the manner of our grandmothers, pound for pound, and know little or nothing of our present methods of canning and jelly making.

But, though ignorant of American cookery and very, very slow at learning new methods, the Russian cook never minds your practising them in her presence. Whenever our family's appetite for Yankee pie, turkey with *real* stuffing, or strawberry shortcake, like that ghost of old refused to "down," I could enter the kitchen confident of being received with a smile, and given all the assistance that the cook was

able to render. It was never necessary for me to remain to watch the baking, Marfa or Natalia attended to that with just such jealous care as was betowed on their own most delicate creations.

Although some Russian dishes (iced fish soup, for example) would, perhaps, never appeal to the American palate, and there are others for which a taste must be cultivated, we found many of them so delicious as to continue their use after our return to our own country.

It is amusing to hear a group of American visitors discussing the dainty they most crave. One pretty girl wanted chocolate cake with chocolate between the layers (the Russians use a custard filling, reserving the chocolate for icing), her escort was hungry for pumpkin pie, another young man wanted mince pie, while his sister craved real ice cream — not the sickishly sweet Russian kind, of which one could eat only an egg-shaped mould.

Every spring we tried to still our longing for maple sugar with some of the delicious Russian sweets, just as at Christmas time we loaded the tree with tinsel to make up for the lack of popcorn.

The celebration of Christmas, which, because of the Russians' use of the Julian calendar, falls thirteen days later than ours, is continued for twelve days, reaching its climax New-Year's Day. Then all the servants expect to be remembered; and not they alone, every man who has served you, from the chimney-sweep to the polisher of the hardwood floors, the postman to the policeman who stands on the nearest corner, comes to congratulate you, and expects to receive a gratuity.

My brother was unable to recall any service that one caller had rendered, but was reminded that he had made him a pair of shoes some four or five months before! As the long string of applicants reappears at Easter, the greatest of all the Russian festivals,

there is little danger that a resident of St. Petersburg will become overburdened with change.

The street-car system is very poor, but since cabmen are to be found on every corner, and their prices are quite low (unless you neglect to bargain with them beforehand), one seldom regrets the comparative absence of cars. The vehicles are very quaint, low droskies in summer and sledges in winter, each with a high seat in front for the driver.

The cabmen pad themselves but

little, and usually present quite a slovenly appearance, but the coachman of a Russian aristocrat is nothing less than an animated meal bag.

It is said by the Russians that no one who has spent a year in St. Petersburg will ever be contented anywhere else. While loyal Americans will hesitate to subscribe unreservedly to this statement, they are ready to admit that few cities possess greater charms than the capital of Peter the Great.

Monsieur Escoffier and the Clam

By Helen Campbell

IT was the new kitchen of the nobody knows how many million dollars hotel to the christening of which, as it were, we had been invited, a "private view" of the white-tiled, spotless wonder, relieved by gleaming copper saucepans and all the paraphernalia requisite in the turning out of an eight or ten course dinner for a thousand if necessary, — for thousands, even it might be, since electricity was the fuel, with its capacity measureless and its results infallible. The little group passed from one point to another, admiring and questioning the guide of the day, this time, as it happened, the chef himself, head of the staff of minor chefs and their assistants in the enormous establishment. It was plain he was not quite familiar with the rôle of guide, but was doing his best for the group, who, as mere Americans, could have but limited comprehension of all the mysteries of the art he gloried in representing. Watching him it was quite plain that no general at the head of a conquering army could feel pride and confidence more assured than this com-

posed and somewhat serious gentleman, who might even himself have been that general.

"Good heavens!" one of the party said low, unconsciously catching the thought, "that man a cook! He might be a marshal of France. Look! Something is happening."

Something was happening, but its nature as yet was not definable; the face of our guide flushed with interest and his eyes sparkled with joy.

"Pardon, *messieurs et madames*," he said hastily, "a moment only;" and he hurried across the room bowing low before a short, round, excitable little man, declaiming as he went, and with extraordinarily bright, penetrating eyes which took in everything about him. He paused now in his discourse, blinked near-sightedly, then fell upon the neck of our guide and kissed him upon both cheeks, in true Gallic fashion.

"*Tu, François! Quel plaisir! Mais comment? Vous n'etes pas à Londres?*"

"*Mais non, non*," came the reply, and then a torrent of words in which one caught the general sense that in

America money pours like water for the thing the rich demand, more money than could be resisted, and thus François Lenormand, our guide, found himself precisely as now seen, etc., etc. Still flushed and smiling, he returned shortly to his charge, and the party, which also held his friend, passed on.

"Look well," the chef said, "look well, for you behold a famous man. All Europe knows him. It is Monsieur Escoffier. He is here but a week that America may also know him, the world's greatest chef. And yes, America that travels must also know, for it is twenty years that he is the head of the cuisine for the whole Ritz-Carlton System of hotels. So, too, is he head of the firm of Escoffier Limited, its headquarters ever in London. Who does not know the Escoffier sauces and confitures and what you call relishes, that go to all the world? for all the world buys them if it can, and will have no other. And with all this he will ever invent new *plats*, even here, when thrown as it were from spot to spot, he must see, still here and but yesterday taking time to make a timbale quite new, with the name of his hosts. Why does he come? Because he must for himself see his own system of sea-going restaurants, which he devises and yet will not see till now, because he loves not the sea. It is to him *malaise*, but still he comes.

"See now! What you call the great liners all introduce them, but under what difficulties! A great chef shuns the sea. How shall sauces blend smoothly if at any moment *malaise* intervene? So too with all compositions, *chef d'œuvres* that require an attention concentrated as the sea will not permit. To persuade many chefs, many assistants, more waiters, *ciel!* What a labor! It is this he has done, and then the great Ritz-Carlton System, it arises; it say, 'You are to go and see if all works as we would have it, and your famous name will require

to have it.' For see again many waiters had deserted, because the seasickness require it. How shall a *garçon* who knows not the sea carry dishes as if he walked on rock, when all is as an avalanche and he may place the soup in the bosom of him who orders it, or on his head, it may be? So they dismiss themselves, and to replace them is *difficile, bien difficile*. But he has done it, none but he. There are waiters trained to be steady, even if the ship stood on its end, and ranges that cook even the same, and all goes well."

The chef paused and smiled thoughtfully, then went on well pleased with the absorbed attention he was receiving.

"Why I will laugh, why I will ever laugh is at what he tell me he find most American of all, but so good he will immediately, if it might be, introduce to all Europe. For Europe, alas, has not the clam, the soft clam! Twice was he taken to a famous place where the soft clam is served by a negro cook, who has the inspiration that is so often to the negro of the ports, or elsewhere also, and he has eaten soft clams that make him swear he will, if may be, make the great Ritz-Carlton System know them. This clam and the terrahpeen, for that is as you call it, I see, he would have but to import them? It cannot be. But in the clam are twenty, thirty, even fifty combinations! He felt it, saw it, and sighed that Europe might not know them. And he takes back with him a negro who will cook chicken à la Maryland, — *c'est ça*, for that also he ate to his fill and counts it supreme. The clam, the chicken, the terrahpeen, before these he will bow, for they are national, and it shall no more be said America has no truly national dish. It has many, and I, François, will do as does my friend, the chef Escoffier, and even presume to vary on them and make

ever new combinations. But again, one must remember ever the original and give it in all perfection to the traveler, French or Italian, or what you will, who would know this new, quite new sensation not to be felt save here. Only one week here and he must return with a swiftness, and sigh that he can do no more than the clam, the terrahpeen and the chicken à la Maryland; but he will come again, for he would know more of canvas-back duck that only America has, though France has ducks as famous, our *canards rouennais*, for who has not heard of Monsieur Frederik and the squeeze that he gives to the one

duck for sauce that runs over the other? So it is that the eater has truly two ducks. This and more Monsieur Escoffier knows well;" and at this point the enthusiast stopped short.

"My hour is past," he said with deep regret. "I have forgotten my duty, it may be, but you pardon what my friend make me think, that I tell it to you. Is it so?" and with the most charming of smiles he bowed to the group, who would rejoice at any time to make a pilgrimage that would give them once more the opportunity of another hour as full of entertainment, of actual human interest, as the one here recorded.

You

By Elsa Barker

[*In The Smart Set*]

I wear the stars like lilies in my hair,
I feel the breeze like God's breath on my face
Whispering an unknown word — and everywhere
I see the vision of a love-lit face.

So strange it seems! A little while ago
I knew not any of these lovely things;
To all my dreams the demons answered no,
Darkening the daylight with their evil wings.

Tell me, Beloved, who are learned and wise,
Why do you hold all beauty in your hand,
And all the host of heaven in your eyes,
And in your hours the moons of fairyland?

You pass my threshold, and the narrow room
Is peopled with a million forms of air,
The barren boughs of faith are all abloom,
And I am mute with wonder and with prayer.



Home Psychotherapy

By Kate Gannett Wells

IS not psychotherapy after all but a modern name for the old-fashioned graces of self-control and tact? Our forbears knew that, if they were nervous or depressed, they would be sickly, and supposed that if sickly it was their duty to be resigned. Yet it seldom occurred to them that ministers had time to establish clinics for those who ought to know how to take care of their own souls, or that physicians had infallible remedies for disorders that sprang from persistent lack of common sense.

But nowadays, since names are as potent as not long ago were patent medicines, people are inclined to psychotherapy as being a more agreeable systematized cure-all than the sense of sin, with acceptance of the plan of redemption which so often healed our great-grandparents. If we would just lay hold on elementary psychology and apply it as a preliminary to the study of our own mental conditions and then, forsaking the over-refinements of such study, adjust our actions and the contents of our minds, which we think are peculiar, original, etc., to daily life, we could save lots of time, lots of morbidness and unconscious self-esteem. It is useless even to fancy that we are important when it matters very little to us, and still less to others, how we regard ourselves. A working knowledge of practical psychology is what we all need as home-makers, professionals, teachers, friends or playmates. Only it is lucky that common sense, when it is possessed, is so good a guide into the labyrinths of some one else's being that it answers for those who have neither time nor discrimination, in separating the chaff from the wheat, to pursue the curriculum offered by text-books.

We might go a little further and become home psychotherapists, practising upon our relatives, dependants and friends, exercises in sympathy, praise and tact, though making an ordinary stupid home happy is not half so exciting as being a social expert, a settlement worker, or the manager of a clinic. So home is shoved aside that one may get on the social civil service reform list. Any way the public is served, a far easier process than being agreeable to one's tiresome family.

Real home psychotherapy, first of all, gets rid of self-conceit. Next it cultivates observation, imagination and sympathy, welding the three attributes into tact, which at last becomes as automatic an exercise as breathing. Whatever one may think of President McKinley's politics, it is said that he made the disappointed man who did not get a commission more grateful to him than many who did, as "his manner breathed out the sweetness which you felt he had towards all mankind, — a man of the most wonderful tact."

Yet sundry sincere people seem to look upon tact as a species of graft, an endeavor to get something for nothing, and that being cantankerous and rubbing people the wrong way is more truthful than being complimentary towards them, only don't be what is called consoling. As for resignation, it is not half so fine as courteous courage. If difficult constantly to turn compliments, it should, at least, be impossible to produce family friction; nor will it do to be obstinate, pragmatic or over-advisory.

Still, as most of us are not quite sure of anything, our compliments lack the aroma of truth, and our counsels the bliss of certainty. We all are so many-

sided that the comfort of being one-sided and sure is largely gone forever. Yet the man, whose clinic in psychotherapy will be the largest, is he whose dominant convictions include the personality of Divine as well as of human life. But oh, the pity of having to go to a clinic for what each one should know for himself, or should do for his home fellow by so living that the dominance of his convictions produces, unsought, a healthy reaction in another from his own debilitating doubt! And oh, the gratitude for it all that in every fad and panacea there are germs of truth, and that the ways of healing are many, even if but few survive permanently!

The strongest part of psychotherapy is its emphasis on the individual. A Buddhist proverb says: "First observe the person, then preach the law; that is, adapt your instruction to the capacity of the listener;" or, in modern terms, study your family; don't have domestic jars. Treat the members as you would your best company; take care of your manners to them. In Shintoism the Japanese had to be careful about the "quality of a smile. It was a mortal offence so to smile in addressing a superior that the back teeth could be seen." Better to smile broadly than not to smile at all while you are at home. Better to be eternally right in kind purpose, even if temporarily mistaken in judgment.

The hard thing to do is to think of one's self as really being somebody else, and

thus realize what is suffered or desired. But just so far as we look upon some one's trouble from our own point of view and not hers, our psychotherapy fails. It is the fusion of the near and the far that creates real sympathy. Only when it comes to self-created sympathy for one's self, why not recall Stevenson's prayer, "If mercies must be taken, have us play the man under affliction," while helping others most by inducing them to do the best which is in them.

Good, honest psychotherapy never nags. It knows or feels when to let things alone. Many a home gets completely disrupted by the virtuous nagging of some one bent on improving others; and as for divorces, it is easier to forgive real offences than to forget the perpetual nagging reminders of what one ought, or ought not, to do. Chesterton said of Queen Victoria that she possessed "intellectual magnanimity, the faculty of letting things pass." Supposing she had always reminded her husband that he was merely a Prince! So while intellectual magnanimity is rare, not abusing opportunity, moral magnanimity is always at it, doing something. That's why good people are proverbially disliked. Why cannot we take morals for granted and then do homage to intellect, acknowledging that, as far as we are concerned, home psychotherapy is nothing but glorified common sense systematically and sympathetically applied?

Epigrams

Perhaps the best preventive of vanity is pride.
 Reverie is a memory of what never was.
 Friendship leads us to remember, while love
 lets us forget.
 Characteristics are but the finger-posts to
 character.

Ignorance has twin-daughters, conceit and
 suspicion.
 The virtue which has not been tested is not
 yet a fact; it is still only a hypothesis.
 Envy is the easiest expression of a mean
 man's admiration.

From the Notebook of a Young Voyager

On Board Ship in the Mediterranean

By Mrs. Charles Norman

WE are now in the great Mediterranean, traversing the waters which Paul and Julius Cæsar and Antony and Cleopatra beheld, and of which Dante and Homer sang. You have heard that the Mediterranean is beautiful, and you think one must be very stupid to be stupid here! Do not judge! Wait till you have been seasick on the Mediterranean. "No other experience in seasickness is worth mentioning beside Mediterranean seasickness."

Compared with today, other days of this voyage seem interesting enough; though we long ago exhausted the resources of our fellow-travelers. They are shallow-minded creatures, all! Every one is lolling around in the most supine fashion, their imbecility and languor being in contrast to the waves and winds, which are quite strenuous enough.

The lovely Spanish woman, who came aboard at Gibraltar with her poodle, promenaded the deck last evening in majestic fashion, and all the gentlemen did courtly honor to mistress and dog. Neither have appeared today, and the stewardess tells me it would be hard to say who is sickest, "the poor puppy or the pretty lady"; and from the whinings and groanings which emanate from their stateroom I judge both are somewhat uncomfortable. Every one is racking his brain for amusement. I hear my neighbor say, despairingly, "What shall I do?" Miss E. who is never tired of anything, and who wishes the voyage were twice as long, has a headache and has gone to her room. Little Miss Methodist Minister's Daughter has yielded to the oft-refused invita-

tion to play whist, and she is inquiring wearily, "What do these cards with pictures mean?" The sculptor, usually so gay and festive, is asleep in the smoking-room, leaving his fair lady-love to the young Sicilian who, just to lessen the monotony of life, perhaps, is looking very devoted and trying the effect of flattery. The time-worn ex-princess, fresh from a trip to California, thought she would write a letter, imagining there was some one to take an interest even in an ex-princess. But, after staring vacantly at the writing paper awhile, she changed her mind. The wind does not abate! By and by all on deck will have gone to join the innumerable throng in the staterooms below.

"When I was at home I was in a better place; but travelers must be content."

I supposed I should be in good company at the captain's table, but with the exception of that gentleman himself, and one other person of certain gentility, I am afraid my association is somewhat questionable. On my right are two ladies from the American metropolis. They came to lunch one day so bespangled with diamonds that I was thankful I did not have to sit facing them, for it would have hurt my eyes. One is a very corpulent blonde and the other a more corpulent brunette. They can really hold a large number of diamonds on account of their bigness. They are refreshingly ignorant. Most people on board know a great deal, and several know everything, but the corpulent ladies "ain't much on studying," as they are free to say. They were very desperate today for somebody to talk to, and so they opened up conversation with me.

"Did you ever go to Rome?" asked the blonde in loud tone.

"Yes," said I, pitching my voice as low as possible to set her a good example.

"Oh, then perhaps you saw Antonio out at the Sebastino catacombs!" she shouted.

"No, I don't remember," whispered I, thinking of skulls and mummies. "Which one was he?"

"Oh!" she screamed, with a bewitching smile. "The only one! Nice young priest! Divine eyes! Brunette! Very young—oh, you remember! Hope I shall see him again."

I was anxious to end the conversation, but I remarked that I had not heard his name before.

"Then you did not make an impression, or he would have given you his card," the lady continued, still talking so loudly that she could be heard for yards around, in spite of the turmoil in the sea.

At this I turned squarely to my left-hand neighbor. He was a taciturn Hebrew, who did not look promising as a conversationalist; but I hated to stare at him without a word, so I ventured to inquire if he had gone ashore at Gibraltar. I did not ask if he had enjoyed Gibraltar, lest he prove to be one of those experienced voyagers

to whom I had formerly addressed the question and from whom I had received the disturbing answer: "Oh no! I've seen Gibraltar so many times! Nothing new!"

My neighbor, however, gave no such reply, but calmly said: "No, I didn't land. I didn't care to. I don't know any one there."

I leaned back in my chair for another rest. The corpulent ladies were about to attack me again, however, and I had to do something. The man opposite was my only hope. I had heard him speak of Jerusalem, so I said, "Did you see Olivet?"

His smile instantly developed into a grin, and he answered, in a piping voice:

"No, and I don't care to see all you've *et*."

This remark silenced me. I was not hungry, so I left the table and returned to the deck, where I resumed my chair and my cynical cogitations.

"Cultivated people may travel," thought I, "but a good many of the other kind are on the road." However, though we may not be all alike in vulgarity, we are pretty much the same today in stupidity, and the only friend I claim on board this steamer has just told me that I remind her of some dolls she used to make with hickory-nut heads.

To Helen

By Edgar Allan Poe

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicæan barks of yore
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs, have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand!
Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
Are Holy Land!

Vegetable Protein

By Mildred Louise Mobley

PROTEIN is the term used by dieticians to denote that class of foods containing nitrogen, except the nitrogenous fats. All the proteids of the different foods, as legumin, casein of milk, myosin of meat and the albumen of the egg, belong to this class.

All foods from the vegetable kingdom contain more or less protein. Some of these foods, as cabbage and string beans, contain a large amount of cellulose wherein the protein is embedded. This arrangement renders the proteid almost useless, since the digestive juices cannot penetrate the woody fiber and change it into a form that can be used in the body. Such foods are not valued as energy giving and tissue builders, but for their mineral salts, acids and stimulating effect upon the digestive organs. Other vegetables, generally eaten in a raw state, are lettuce, onions and radishes, which are valued for their medicinal properties and mineral salts, the latter being in a form that can be readily used by the body. They are good tonics and have much the same effect as an opiate.

Of the various groups of the vegetable kingdom, the cereals are the most valuable from the standpoint of proteid. Of the cereals, wheat, maize and oats rank highest; however, the proteid in all cereals, though slightly different in form, has about the same nutritive value. Wheat is the most important of these three, since it is from this cereal that we obtain material largely for bread. The proteid of wheat is known as gluten, and it is this constituent that renders bread making possible, as it causes the particles to cohere when moistened. Wheat contains eleven per cent of proteid, and

wheaten bread alone will sustain life for some time, but it is a much better article of diet when eaten with meat or some similar substance, because of the large amount of carbohydrates in wheat bread in proportion to the other constituents present.

Maize is also an important cereal and is being used extensively for making bread; but the amount of gluten in maize is so small that the bread is much coarser in quality and much less compact than wheaten bread. The nutritious properties of maize are quite equal to those of wheat, as the following table will show:

	<i>Water</i>	<i>Proteid</i>	<i>Fat</i>	<i>Carbo- hydrates</i>	<i>Cellu- lose</i>	<i>Mineral Matter</i>
Wheat .	12.0	11.0	1.7	71.2	2.2	1.9
Maize .	12.5	9.7	5.4	68.9	2.0	1.5

It is slightly inferior to wheat in mineral matter and nitrogenous substances, but fully eighty-seven per cent of the latter is in an available form. The meal made of this grain is prepared in many ways, the most common in our country is in the form of bread. In this form its food value is great, and some man has said "that our workmen when fed upon a diet of this bread with pork are capable of enduring great fatigue and performing much physical labor."

Oats are more nutritious than either maize or wheat, as they contain more fat with an equal amount of proteid and minerals; and ninety-four per cent of the nitrogenous substances in oats is in an available form. The absence of gluten renders the making of oaten bread impossible, so it is generally simply mixed with water and boiled or made into cakes, in which form it contains twice as much tissue-building material as the same amount of bread. However, oats contain more or less

cellulose, which causes a great waste of proteid.

The cereals are more or less thoroughly digested according to mode of preparation. Bread made from wheat flour and maize meal is not completely digested, because of the large amount of starch present. The per cent of proteid assimilated varies, being less when eaten alone and greater when eaten with other foods, as variety stimulates the digestive organs and causes their work to be more thorough.

Oats are less easily digested than either wheat or maize, because of the amount of cellulose present, which prevents the digestive juices from getting at the proteid, thus leaving it in an unavailable form.

Legumes rank next to cereals as a proteid food, the edible parts of them being like the cereals, in that they serve as a storehouse of food for the young plants. This group is especially rich in nitrogen, and because of this they have been styled the "poor man's beef." Only a small per cent of this nitrogen is in a non-proteid form; but it is in a form that cannot be readily used by the body. The chief proteid of the legumes is known as legumin, sometimes called "vegetable casein," because of its resemblance to the casein of milk. The legumes are valuable from a mineral standpoint also, and contain more lime and potash than any of the vegetables, which constituents are used by the body to form and strengthen bony tissue.

In this class of vegetables we find beans, peas, lentils and peanuts, the latter possessing characteristics of both legumes and nuts. Peas render the farming class a two-fold service, since they serve not only as a food, but enrich the soil, by taking nitrogen from the air and storing it in small nodules on the roots of the plants; and when the plants decay the nitrogen enters the soil, forming elements necessary for the growth of other plants.

Beans, peas and peanuts are grown extensively throughout the United States, both as a food for man and beast and as an article of commerce; but lentils, the most nutritious of all legumes, is scarcely known in this country, though it forms the chief article of diet in some European countries. The lentil contains a large per cent of proteid and carbohydrates, with a small per cent of other constituents, which renders it especially good as a food when eaten with a food lacking in these two principles. In appearance they resemble peas, but unlike them are eaten only in the mature state. Peanuts are just coming to be recognized by dieticians as an important food product; and they are assuming a prominent place in the diet. They contain forty per cent of fat, which is larger than that of any other vegetable, and, in the crushed state or in the form of peanut butter, are especially good for making sandwiches.

Beans are richer than peas in proteid and in mineral salts, hence they are more valuable as food. The Navy bean is the kind most used in the United States as a food for soldiers and laborers, who seem to withstand hardships better on a diet of beans and bread. The following analysis will show the relative food value of beans in the cooked and uncooked state:

	<i>Cooked</i>	<i>Water</i>	<i>Fat</i>	<i>Proteid</i>	<i>Carbo- hydrates</i>	<i>Ash</i>
<i>Beans . .</i>		54.9	2.1	10.0	29.9	3.1
<i>Uncooked</i>						
<i>Beans . .</i>	12.6	1.8	22.5	59.6	3.5	

Nuts are a highly valued food product throughout the world, some variety being native of nearly every clime. However, they are more valuable as producing heat than energy, because fat is their chief constituent. Eaten with fruit, nuts form a good diet, each supplying the food principle lacking in the other.

Nuts are used chiefly in making candies, sandwiches and salads.

Fruits are not so highly valued as a

proteid food, since they contain principally water and carbohydrates. In most cases they are eaten as a supplementary food, being prized most for their flavor. In experimenting with a fruit diet, wherein nuts formed the source of fat and proteid, dieticians have found that children and adults can subsist upon it. In appearance those using this diet seemed to lack nourishment, yet they claimed to be in better health than when using a mixed diet.

Of the various fruits, the banana, which is easily grown, therefore a cheap food, is the chief fruit considered from the proteid standpoint. The following analysis will show the relative food value of the banana:

	Water	Fat	Protein	Carbo- hydrates	Ash
Banana	75.3	.06	1.9	22.44	1.3

Dried and sprinkled with sugar this fruit forms a very nutritious and appetizing dish. It is sometimes dried in the unripe state and made into a flour, two pounds of which with one of meat is said to sustain a laborer for one day in the tropics.

Compared with animal proteid the vegetable proteid, even in a finely divided state, is not so well assimilated as is that of meat.

Only five per cent of the proteid in meat is wasted, while from eight to nine per cent of vegetable proteid is lost. From this we see that a larger amount of vegetables must be eaten to get the required amount of proteid. Concentrated into a biscuit it would not be so healthful as if given in a larger amount of waste, for a certain amount of bulk is required by the digestive organs to cause them to do their work properly. Considered from an economic standpoint vegetables rank first, being much the cheaper food; for a laboring man they are quite as well, since he expends a large amount of physical energy, which enables him more readily to digest such foods than the man who

leads a sedentary life. From a sanitary point of view vegetables would again take the lead, as they do not contain the parasites found in meat, and are thus more free from disease germs. Hence we conclude that, with a view to amount or bulk, a mixed diet would be best, and, with a view to health, a vegetable diet, which enables one to withstand or cope more successfully with disease.

In the preparation of vegetables the objects are the same as in case of animal foods, to soften the fiber, to make more digestible and more palatable. They are prepared in many ways, and, in many of the preparations, some alkali, acid or condiment is used, that one or more of the objects to be attained may be more complete. In making a salad of green vegetables vinegar is used to soften the fibers and give them flavor, also eggs or oil or both are used to supply fat; in cooking cabbage and beans soda is added for the same purpose. In nearly all preparations such condiments as pepper, salt and in some cases spices are added to give flavor. The condiments not only give flavor, but hasten digestion by causing an increased flow of digestive juices. In each of the many ways of cooking and serving vegetables the result should be an attractive, appetizing and nutritious dish:

The following menu for a luncheon was arranged with a view to getting the greatest amount of vegetable proteid possible in the required amount of food:

MENU				
Food	Amount	Proteid	Fat	Carbo- hydrates
Cream of Pea Soup	14 oz.	.530	.042	1.556
Wafers	2 oz.	.220	.170	1.422
Boston Baked Beans	8 oz.	.552	.200	1.568
Whole Wheat Rolls	4 oz.	.388	.168	2.396
Apple and Nut Salad	14 oz.	.964	2.786	1.780
Jelly Sandwiches	4 oz.	.392	.036	2.200
Banana Sherbet	16 oz.	.540	.024	4.408
Angel Food Cake	11 oz.	1.052	.006	8.536
Total	73 oz.	4.638	3.432	23.866
Weight in grams		129.864	96.096	2,672.992

Atwater's standard for one meal, when a person takes little physical exercise, is: 90 to 100 g. of proteid, 90 g. of fat, and 350 g. of carbohydrates.

The above table shows that the proteid in this menu is in excess of the required amount. The fuel value of this menu is 12,076.288 calories.

His Seasons

By Alix Thorn

Pretty nice in Springtime just to be a boy!
Buds and brooks are singing — 'tis a world of joy;
Fast the sap is running through the sunny hours,
On the greening hillsides bloom the early flowers;
Hear his willow whistle, sure a wondrous toy, —
Pretty nice in Springtime just to be a boy.

Oh, it's good in Summer just a boy to roam!
To the mountains, maybe, or the ocean's foam;
Boating, tramping, golfing fill the happy day;
Cheeks grow brown and browner, everything seems play;
Speed the weeks, then dearer grows the distant home —
Oh, it's good in Summer just a boy to roam!

Fine to be a boy, then, in the Autumn, too;
Golden rod is gleaming, skies a brilliant blue,
Squirrels loudly chatter in the woodland brown,
Leaves seem fiery torches, nuts are patt'ring down;
Apples in the orchard, oh, the hours seem few!
Fine to be a boy, then, in the Autumn, too.

Guess it's fun in Winter just a boy to be;
Starry flakes are falling, bare is every tree,
Sturdy snow man jolly, though the winds pipe shrill,
And a fort is standing on the icy hill;
Coasting, yes, and skating, — merry times, you see;
Guess it's fun in Winter, just a boy to be!



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WOMEN'S VOCATIONS

"**F**EW recently endowed and established educational institutions in this country have risen as quickly to a place of authority in the educational world as Simmons College. The compulsion of necessity has forced expansion of plant, so widespread and far-reaching is the patronage that represents woman's desire to fit herself for callings that are peculiarly her own and that have to do with the betterment of domestic life and administration of philanthropy."

That woman's educational training is to be more and more along special lines the signs are unmistakable. The rapid rise of colleges for women, the spread and influence of women's clubs,

are conspicuous indications of the growing tendency, on the part of women, to enter upon more free and independent pursuits in life. If education is to have any meaning at all, it should mean a suitable preparation for life's work. The services we render determine our place and station in society, and efficient service can be rendered only by properly equipped and trained agents. Special schools and special courses of instruction, the adaptation of education in general to the requirements of active life, are significant of the progressive spirit of our day. The time is now at hand, when every man or woman must be qualified for the respective tasks each is to perform. Successful work is a pleasure in itself; no mean source of happiness is the joy of doing. Health, happiness and success are the inheritance of those who are prepared to do their work with confidence and ease.

PROFESSOR ZUEBLIN ON EDUCATION

COMING to the question of education, we ask, shall it be co-education or segregation; shall the boys and girls be educated together or separately? In this country we have had a great deal more co-education than in other countries. There is still, however, much difference of opinion. If we have it in the public school, shall we take them apart later, in the college? There is a feeling rooted in tradition which hangs over the older cities and moves them to segregation. Then there is the instinct of class. The daughters, who are to be educated for a career of comparative usefulness, are carried off to the girls' schools, where they are trained to be ladies, and will not have the contaminating influence of young men. Then the young men may be more boisterous if they go off to the men's college by themselves, where they may have opportunity to work off some of

that surplus vitality which is supposed to be disturbing to the relations of the sexes.

The difficulty in rightly appreciating this thing is because of the mistake we have made in our segregated institutions. They separate the women from the men, and then give the women a man's education. It would be much more scientific, and much more socially and morally justifiable, if we educated them together and differentiated the curricula, allowing perfect freedom of election as to the subjects which should be taken. The courses should be chosen on the basis of personality and individuality. If a girl wishes to study engineering, why not? If a man wishes to study cooking, why not? Our best cooks are men.

PERILS OF A SIMPLE DIET

THE physiological value of flavors has been frequently commented upon, and the subject deserves the widest publicity to check the growing tendency of a certain class of dietetists to consider that the only useful ingredients in foods are the tissue-building and energy-producing chemical compounds. Thus contends *American Medicine* in the course of an editorial utterance to the effect that foods must possess much more than carbon and nitrogen to make them wholesome. Nevertheless, the laboratory takes no account of such intangible things as flavor and bouquet. It is now asserted that the high prices paid for certain pleasing foods is really money well spent, even if the "nutritive" value is less than cheaper, more tasteless things. The craving for these dainties is an expression of a natural need, and health suffers if they are unattainable. Even savages have their occasional "spreads," the civilized "banquet" is as old as civilization, and both seem to satisfy a wholesome

craving. The economy of expensive foods is explained by the fact that digestion, at least in man, is dependent upon flavors, without which it is so defective that we do not obtain the good of the food we swallow.

"As far as experiments go, they substantiate these assertions, for the sight and smell of pleasing food start the flow of digestive fluids, while disagreeable odors and sights stop it. Delicatessen, then, would seem to be staples, for they are necessary. The talk of being able to subsist on a few cents a day is simply nonsense, and leads to deterioration of health. What seems to be extravagance in food purchases may be wholesome instinct. The high cost of living is partly due to the cost of the flavors we need. We commend these ideas to our worthy dietetic economists. Laymen may not be so foolish as the physiologists themselves.

"The inefficiency of plain foods must be a startling shock to all who have so strenuously advocated the simple dietetic life. The poor laborer who can never buy a dainty does not show up well as a workman. Even a horse wants a change now and then, and the cat is an incorrigible thief. The lower races, which subsist on plain and unvaried foods, are inefficient workmen, but if they are given a more varied diet they do quite well. Military men have found it impossible to confine an army to a fixed ration, for every soldier spends more or less of his money for occasional dainties. Restaurants follow armies even into battles. Are luxuries to be classed as necessities? Of course one would not so class a dish of nightingales' tongues; but perhaps such articles as oysters, caviar and a host of fruits and vegetables, all of low nutritive value, are necessities on account of the intangible qualities of taste and odor which have escaped the notice of our new physiologists. It has often been said that the alcoholic tend-

encies of soldiers and sailors of former times were an expression of depraved nervous systems due to plain, tasteless, unvarying foods. This may be true, for alcoholism is a sign of nervous depression. Since the diet of these men has been greatly improved by the addition of 'luxuries,' drunkenness has been enormously reduced."

The adulteration of condiments and flavors thus assumes an entirely new aspect. Our pure food laws most wisely included them, but perhaps mostly to prevent fraud. Yet there is urgent need for inspection and control of all such articles, including those generally considered luxuries, but which may be necessities whose impurity injures public health. Attention has often been called to the fraud by which two cents' worth of apple sauce is colored, flavored and put in a fancy jar and sold for fifty cents. It is generally assumed that the fraud was not inimical to health, but the buyer does not get what he needs. — *Current Literature*.

AMERICAN HOME ECONOMICS ASSOCIATION

OVER 700 names were sent in as original members of the American Home Economics Association, and some 125 delegates gathered in Washington, December 31-January 2, and established the formal organization. A constitution was adopted and general officers were elected as follows:

President — Mrs. Ellen H. Richards of Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Vice-Presidents — Miss Isabel Bevier of University of Illinois; Dr. C. F. Langworthy of U.S. Department of Agriculture; Miss Mary U. Watson of McDonald Institute, Guelph, Ontario.

Secretary-Treasurer — Benjamin R. Andrews of Teachers College, Columbia University.

It was determined to issue a bi-monthly "Journal of Home Economics," to be sent free to members. The first copy will appear in March and will include a full report of the Washington convention, besides various professional papers.

The response which the new organization has awakened is truly impressive. It bespeaks a professional spirit and a desire for individual improvement among teachers and practical workers concerned with home problems, upon which activities useful to us all can be securely developed. For the Journal, especially, contributions of articles and items from time to time and suggestions as to policy are requested, that it may be of the greatest benefit to all.

Unheard and unthought of a few years ago, the subject of home economics assumes an importance secondary to none. On every hand the indications are that, in the future, woman's part in the advancement of the race is to receive more careful consideration. Any real progress can not be one-sided. Political and home economy are not widely differing subjects.

I shall be happier than you and calmer if my doubt is greater and nobler than your faith; if it has probed more deeply into my soul, traversed wider horizons; if there are more things it has loved. — *Maeterlinck*.

Beyond all wealth, honor, or even health is the attachment we form to noble souls, because to become one with the good, generous and true is to become in a measure good, generous and true ourselves.

— *Thomas Arnold*.

He who gives us better homes, better books, better tools—a fairer outlook and wider hope—him will we crown with laurel. — *Emerson*.



FISH IN JELLY IN MOULD LINED WITH TRUFFLES, WITH
LETTUCE AND CUCUMBERS

Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

IN all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. When flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or a teaspoonful of any designated material is a *level* spoonful of such material.

Cream Cheese-and-Herring Hors d'Œuvre

TO serve eight have a choice cream cheese weighing about half a pound and three or four ounces of herring put up in oil, also two generous teaspoonfuls of beef extract and fresh parsley or cress leaves. Cut herring fillets into tiny diamond-shaped pieces; cut the trimmings fine and sprinkle them in the bottom of eight very small paper cases or china ramequins. Work the cheese and beef extract to a smooth paste with a wooden spoon. Put the paste into a bag with star tube attached and pipe it over the bits of herring, to cover them completely and leave a star of paste in the center of each dish. Decorate the paste with the diamonds of herring and the green leaves. Serve on small plates,

with a brown bread-and-cucumber sandwich, as the first dish at luncheon or dinner, in place of raw oysters. Dip the slices of cucumber in French dressing before setting them between the bread. This mixture, with bits of herring or anchovies, makes a most appetizing filling for sandwiches.

Cream-of-Rice Soup

Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan; into it slice a small onion, a stalk of celery or a few dried celery leaves and one-fourth a carrot; let cook slowly, stirring occasionally until softened somewhat, then cover and let steam while the rice is made ready. Put one-fourth a cup of rice over the fire in a pint or more of cold water and stir until boiling rapidly, drain, rinse in cold water and add to the vegetables; add also a cup of boil-

ing water, cover and let cook until the water is absorbed; add a pint of milk and let simmer until the vegetables are very tender. With a pestle press the rice and other vegetables through a sieve; add a teaspoonful or more of salt and a second pint of milk and let become very hot without boiling; add half a cup of cream and serve with croutons made of stale bread.

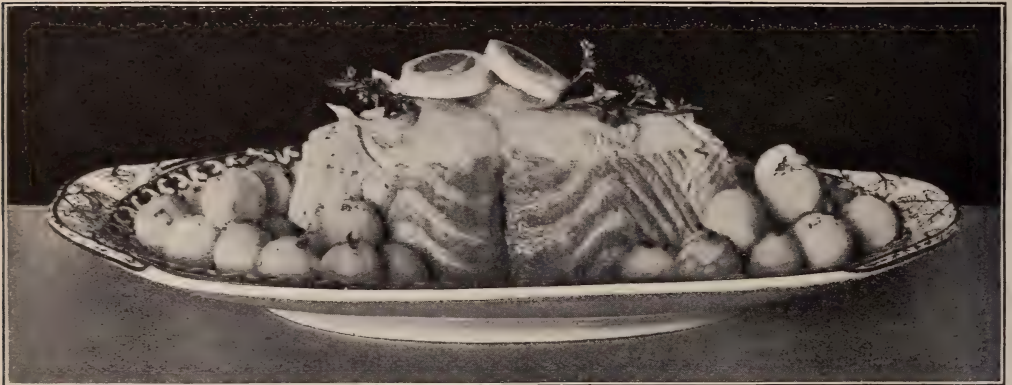
Boiled Halibut with Egg Sauce

Select a piece of halibut weighing about three pounds from towards the tail end of the fish. Set it on a perforated tin plate that fits into a saucepan leaving a space below, and pour

one cup and a half of the fish broth, stir until boiling, then beat in three tablespoonfuls of butter, a little at a time; add two hard-cooked eggs (less two slices), chopped fine, and if desired a little black pepper.

Fish in Jelly

Any variety of fish may be used. If the fish be baked fish "left over," and fish stock be not available, chicken broth or canned consommé may take its place. If fish be cooked expressly for the dish, let it be steamed and the broth be taken for the jelly. Separate the fish into flakes while hot. For a mould holding a pint and a half there



BOILED HALIBUT, WITH POTATO BALLS

in boiling water to just cover the plate; add a tablespoonful of salt and let cook about half an hour or until the fish will separate easily from the bone in the center. Lift out the perforated sheet and slide the fish upon a serving dish; carefully remove the skin on both sides of the fish, also the small bones at the ends. Pour a little sauce over the center of the fish and set two slices of "hard-cooked" egg above with boiled potato balls at the ends. Serve egg sauce in a bowl.

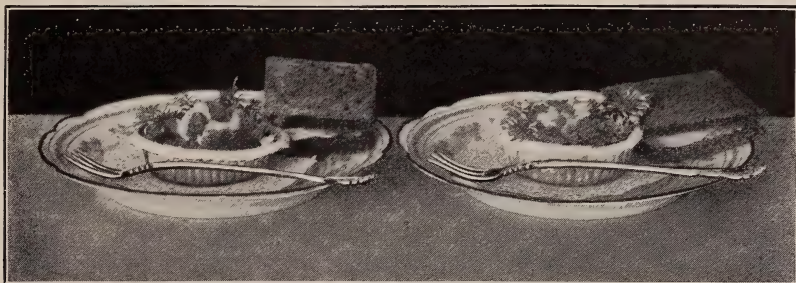
Egg Sauce

Cook three tablespoonfuls of flour in three tablespoonfuls of melted butter; add half a teaspoonful of salt and

should be a generous pint of fish. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter; in it cook half an onion, cut in thin slices, two branches of parsley and half a dozen slices of carrot. Do not let the vegetables brown. Add the vegetables, half a cup of cooked tomatoes and the thin, yellow rind of a lemon to four cups of the fish or other broth, and let simmer twenty minutes; strain and when cold remove the fat; add two level tablespoonfuls or one ounce of gelatine, softened in half a cup of cold water, a teaspoonful of salt, the crushed shell and slightly beaten white of one large egg, and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice; stir constantly, over the fire, until boiling begins; let boil five

minutes, then let stand on the back of the range fifteen minutes; strain through a piece of table linen wrung

center, leaving on all sides a wall half an inch thick; brush over the cover and the case both inside and out with melted



CREAM CHEESE AND HERRING HORS D'ŒUVRE

out of hot water, let cool a little, add, if desired, one-fourth a cup of white wine and the flaked fish, and use to fill a mould. The mould, chilled in ice water, may be decorated with capers, hard-cooked egg, parsley leaves or truffles. To decorate dip the bits of material in a little of the gelatine mixture, then set upon the chilled sides of the mould, to which they will adhere. Serve with cucumbers, lettuce and French or mayonnaise dressing.

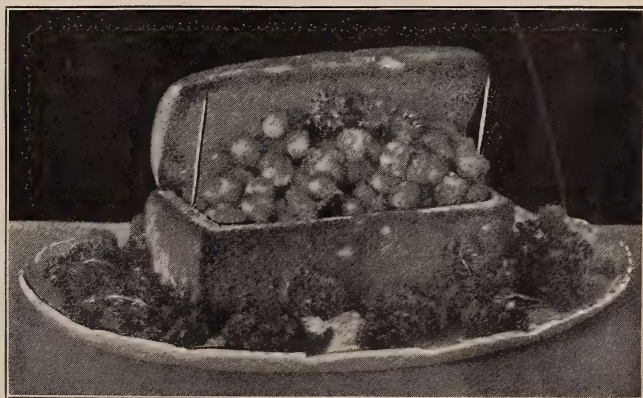
Fried Scallops in Bread Basket

Pour boiling water over the scallops, heat quickly to the boiling point, drain and dry on a cloth. Roll in sifted bread crumbs, then in an egg, beaten and diluted with a tablespoonful of milk, and again in fine crumbs. Fry in deep fat and drain on soft paper. Have ready a case or basket made from a five-cent loaf of baker's bread; turn the scallops into the basket, decorate with parsley and serve at once, with sauce tartare in a separate dish. To make the case, remove the crust from the bread and cut a slice from the top for a cover, cut out the

butter and let brown in a hot oven. Brush over the bottom of the serving dish with white of egg, set the hot case upon it and the egg will harden and hold the case firmly in place.

Sauce Tartare for Fried Scallops or Fish

Beat the yolk of an egg; add a generous fourth a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of paprika; beat again, then gradually, beat in a tablespoonful of cider vinegar, then with an egg beater beat in one cup of olive oil, a teaspoonful and after a time a tablespoonful at a time. Finish with two tablespoon-



FRIED SCALLOPS IN BREAD BASKET

fuls, each, of fine-chopped pickles, olives, capers and parsley.

Halibut Cutlets

Pick cooked halibut in flakes to make one cup and a half of fish; sprinkle it with one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt



HALIBUT CUTLETS

and a tablespoonful of lemon juice. Melt one-fourth a cup of butter; in it cook one teaspoonful of grated onion and a tablespoonful of chopped pimento; add half a cup of flour and a scant half teaspoonful of salt and cook until frothy; add one cup of fish stock or milk and one-third a cup of thick cream and stir until boiling; beat in an egg, beaten light, a teaspoonful of fine-chopped parsley and the prepared fish; turn upon a dish and when cold and firm mold into cutlet shapes. This quantity will make one dozen cutlets. Cover with sifted crumbs, with egg, then with sifted crumbs again, and fry in deep fat. Serve at the same time

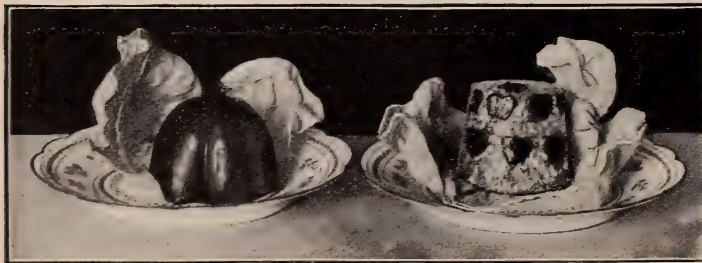
Jellied Relish for Fish

Line fluted moulds with pimentos; press close to the flutings of the mould, and trim even with the tops of the moulds; or decorate the bottoms and sides of plain moulds with figures cut from pimentos. For the latter, have the mould standing in ice water; take up the figures on the point of a larding needle, dip in the liquid of the mixture to be jellied and set in place. Soften one-

fourth a two-ounce package of gelatine in one-fourth a cup of cold water and dissolve by setting the dish in hot water. Chop exceedingly fine a slice of mild onion, two green peppers or pimentos, and enough cabbage to make one pint. Mix one-fourth a cup, each, of vinegar and brown sugar, half a teaspoonful, each, of salt, celery seed and mustard seed, and stir into the prepared vegetables with the dissolved gelatine. Mix thoroughly and turn into the prepared moulds. This will keep in good condition for several days.

Green Peppers, Stuffed and Baked

Cut the tops from eight long green peppers; take out the seeds, pour boiling water over them and let them stand half an hour. Have ready a sweetbread, parboiled and cut fine, one peeled tomato, one cup of boiled rice, preferably warm, six blanched almonds, cut in slices, one tea-



JELLIED RELISH FOR FISH

a relish molded in Spanish pimentos, or cucumbers, seasoned with French dressing to which a little onion juice has been added.

spoonful of grated onion, and one teaspoonful of salt; mix all together and use to fill the peppers. Set in an agate pan with one cup and a half of water

and a tablespoonful of butter, and bake half an hour. Pour over the following sauce and serve at once.

Sauce for Stuffed Peppers

Put into a double boiler a tablespoonful of vinegar, a bit of bay leaf and a slice of onion; let stand to become hot, then add one-fourth a cup of butter, three tablespoonfuls of water and the beaten yolks of four eggs with one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt; stir constantly while the mixture thickens, then strain over the peppers.

Manhattan Salad

Mix one measure of apple, pared and cut in cubes, half the quantity of sliced celery, and one-fourth the quantity of celery, in diced chicken breast, with a generous allowance of mayonnaise. Serve on lettuce hearts. This is a particular good salad to serve at tea and luncheon rooms.

Dressing for Vegetable Salad

Chop half a small onion, twice as much parsley as onion and half a can of pimentos, exceedingly fine. To these, in a fruit jar, add one teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of powdered sugar, four tablespoonfuls of vinegar and one cup of olive oil, and let stand one hour. Shake about five minutes when the dressing is ready to use. Shake a moment each time thereafter before using. This dressing may be made in quantity, as it will keep a long time. Two or three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, rather than the quantity given, would be preferable for some tastes.

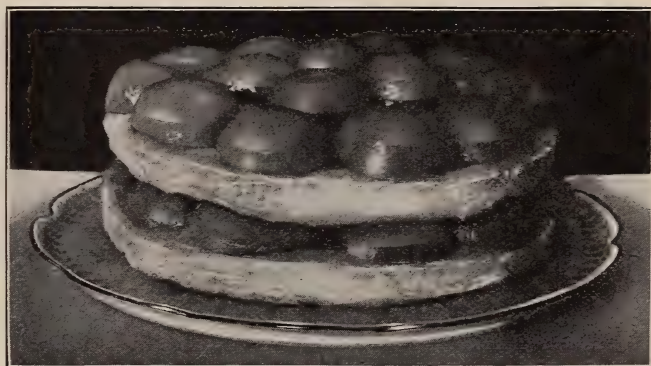
Neck of Lamb en Casserole

Take as much fat as possible from a neck of lamb; put the neck in an open casserole, season well with pepper

and salt, dredge with flour and put small pieces of butter on last; then put around the meat a small onion, sliced, and a cup of tomatoes; put enough hot water in casserole to nearly cover the contents. Set in a moderate oven for at least three hours. About an hour before serving, put in one-half a cup of uncooked rice.

Rice-and-Cheese Croquettes

Melt one tablespoonful of butter; in it cook one tablespoonful of flour, less than one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt, and a few grains of paprika; add one-fourth a cup of milk and stir until boiling; add one cup of cold, boiled rice (rice boiled so as to leave the



CANNED APRICOT SHORTCAKE

grains distinct and whole) and four tablespoonfuls of grated cheese. Mix together with a silver fork. When cold shape into six cylinder shapes of same size. Beat one egg; add a tablespoonful of water and beat again; brush over the shapes with the egg, roll in sifted bread crumbs and fry in deep fat.

Canned Apricot Shortcake

Sift together two cups of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt and four level teaspoonfuls of baking powder; work in half a cup of shortening. Beat the yolk of an egg; add half a cup of milk and mix the flour to a soft dough, using more milk as needed. Turn into a round buttered cake pan. Make

smooth on the top. Bake about twenty-five minutes. Split the cake and butter both pieces generously. Cover one piece with apricots, made warm by standing on the back of the range while the cake was baking. Set the other cake above the apricots, and cover with apricots. Pour the syrup over the whole and serve at once. Often the dish will be improved by reheating the syrup with half a cup of sugar.

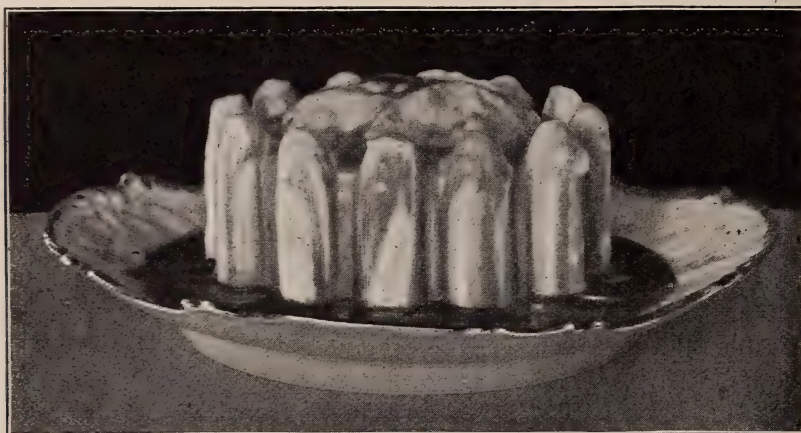
Rice Parfait, Raspberry Sauce

Put one-fourth a cup of rice over the fire in plenty of cold water, bring

parfait a cup and a half of raspberry syrup or strawberry preserves.

Prune Pie

Let three-fourths a pound of prunes soak over night in cold water; cook until tender, let cool and remove the stones; put the prunes into an agate plate lined with pastry, sprinkle on two-thirds a cup of sugar, mixed with two level tablespoonfuls of flour and half a teaspoonful of salt. Dot with bits of butter here and there; add the juice of half a lemon and enough of the prune juice to partly cover the prunes, set an upper crust in place and bake



RICE PARFAIT, RASPBERRY SAUCE

quickly to the boiling point and let boil five minutes, drain, rinse in cold water and drain again. Cook the rice with half a teaspoonful of salt and two cups of milk, in a double boiler, until the rice is tender; add half a tablespoonful of gelatine, softened in three tablespoonfuls of cold water, one-fourth a cup of sherry or a tablespoonful of vanilla extract and three-fourths a cup of sugar; stir over ice water until the mixture begins to thicken, then fold in one cup and a half of double cream, beaten solid. Turn into a mould and bury in equal measures of salt and crushed ice. Let stand about three hours, renewing the ice if necessary. When unmolded, pour over the

about half an hour. Or, omit the flour and use a smaller quantity of prunes. Beat the yolks of two eggs; gradually beat in the sugar, the grated rind of the lemon and the juice and turn over the prunes; add butter, salt and upper layer of paste and bake as before.

Irish Potato Pie, Alabama Style

Mix together one scant cup of hot mashed potato, one-fourth a cup of butter, two level teaspoonfuls of flour, two eggs, well beaten, three-fourths a cup of sugar, one cup of milk, half a cup of sultana raisins or sliced citron, and one teaspoonful of lemon extract or the grated yellow rind of a lemon. Bake in a plate lined with good pastry.

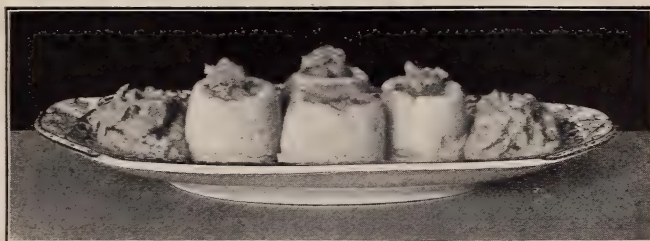
Delicate Souffle

Mix four level tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, one-third a cup of sugar and one-half a teaspoonful of salt and stir into one cup and a half of milk, scalded over hot water; let cook ten minutes, stirring occasionally; add a tablespoonful of butter and fold in the whites of four eggs, beaten dry. Butter small moulds, generously, sprinkle the butter with sugar, then fill the moulds with the hot preparation. Set the moulds, on folds of paper, in a dish, surround with boiling water, and let cook in the oven about twelve minutes. Turn from the moulds and serve hot with

Cold Raspberry Sauce

Beat half a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in a cup of powdered sugar, then the white of an egg, beaten dry, and, lastly, a little at a time, half a cup of raspberry syrup, such as is sold for Melba peaches. Half a cup of canned raspberry purée (canned rasp-

three-fourths of fine granulated sugar. Sift together three cups and one-third of pastry flour and two slightly rounding teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Add to the first mixture, alternately,

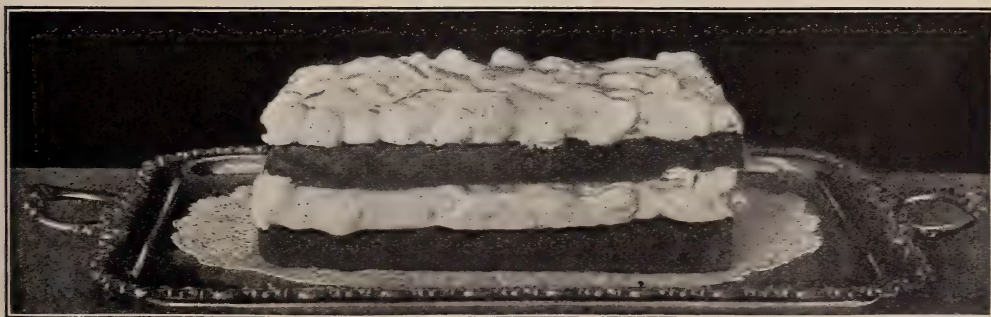


DELICATE SOUFFLE, COLD RASPBERRY SAUCE

with half a cup, each, of milk and water. Add the whites of five eggs, beaten dry, and a teaspoonful of vanilla or the grated rind of half a lemon. Bake in two layers (8 by 12 inches). Use marshmallow icing on top and as filling between the layers.

Marshmallow Icing

Boil two cups of granulated sugar and half a cup of water to 240° Fahr., or until it spins a thread about three inches long, then pour in a fine stream over the well-beaten whites of four eggs, beating constantly meanwhile.



MARSHMALLOW CAKE

berries pressed through a sieve to remove seeds) may replace the raspberry syrup.

Marshmallow Cake

Beat two-thirds a cup of butter to a cream; gradually beat in one cup and

When cool add half a pound of marshmallows, each marshmallow cut in four pieces with scissors. The marshmallows should not melt in the icing, which should be exceedingly light and fluffy. Flavor to taste.

Grape Juice Sponge

Soften one tablespoonful of granulated gelatine or one-fourth a two-ounce package of shredded gelatine in one-fourth a cup of cold water and dissolve by setting the cup containing the gelatine in a dish of hot water; add a cup of grape juice, the juice of half a lemon and a generous half-cup of sugar; stir until the sugar is dissolved, then set into ice water to become

coarse, stir constantly until the pepper is softened, but do not let the butter or pepper brown in the least. Add two cups of crab flakes (meat) and stir until the butter is absorbed; add a dash of paprika, half a teaspoonful of salt and one cup and a half of cream; let heat over hot water, then stir in the beaten yolk of an egg mixed with half a cup of cream; stir and let cook until the egg is set. Serve on rounds of toast.



GRAPE JUICE SPONGE

chilled. Beat the whites of two eggs dry, then as the grape juice mixture cools, add it gradually to the egg whites, beating it in with an egg beater. When all has been added and the mixture will "hold its shape," turn it into glasses, lined with lady fingers or thin, narrow strips of cake. Finish with whipped cream, candied violets and strips of angelica, putting on the cream with a star tube.

Creamed Crab Meat with Peppers

Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in the chafing dish or a saucepan, add half a green pepper, chopped rather

Steamed Entire-Wheat Pudding

Sift together one cup of entire wheat flour, half a cup of white flour, one teaspoonful of soda, and half a teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon and mace. Beat an egg, add half a cup of sweet milk and half a cup of molasses, and stir into the dry ingredients with one-fourth a cup of melted butter. Stir in half a cup, each, of cleaned currants and stoned raisins. Let steam two hours and a half. Serve with any sauce used for plum pudding. This is a particularly good pudding of this variety.

Lenten Menus for a Week in March

"There certainly seems to be justification for the opinion that the consumption of proteid food, as practised by the people of the present generation, is far in excess of the needs of the body."

— CHITTENDEN.

SUNDAY	Breakfast Grapefruit. Eggs in the Shell Potato Buns. Orange-Sage Honey Cocoa. Coffee Dinner Cream-of-Rice Soup, Croutons Halibut Cutlets Jellied Relish for Fish. Mashed Potatoes Boiled Parsnips, Buttered Grape Juice Sponge Crackers. Cheese. Coffee Supper Cheese-and-Pecan Nut Sandwiches Olives Apple-and-Date Salad Bread and Butter. Tea	Breakfast Finnan Haddie Cooked in Milk Stewed Potatoes Fried Corn Meal Mush, Maple Syrup Parker House Rolls (reheated) Coffee. Cocoa Dinner Oyster Stew, Crackers Cole Slaw Prune Pie. Edam Cheese Half Cups of Coffee Supper Lettuce and Canned Stringless Beans French Dressing Parker House Rolls (reheated) Canned Fruit. Tea	WEDNESDAY
	Breakfast Rice Cooked with Sultana Raisins, Cream Scrambled Eggs, Reformed Style Lyonnaise Potatoes Corn Meal Muffins Coffee or Tea Luncheon Macaroni with Cheese Kornlet Waffles, Maple Syrup Tea Dinner Cream-of-Spinach Soup Stewed Lima Beans Lettuce Salad Canned Apricot Shortcake Tea	Breakfast Grapefruit. Finnan Haddie Cakes, fried Buckwheat Cakes, Maple Syrup Coffee Dinner Salt Salmon, Boiled, Egg Sauce Boiled Potatoes Boiled Onions, Buttered Cabbage Salad Delicate Souffle, Raspberry Hard Sauce Half Cups of Coffee Supper Lettuce-and-Salmon Salad Squash Biscuit. Boiled Rice Stewed Prunes. Cocoa. Tea	
	Breakfast Corn Meal Mush, Milk Eggs Fried in Olive Oil Small Potatoes, Baked Baking Powder Biscuits (entire wheat flour) Coffee. Cocoa Dinner Fresh Fish, Broiled, Sauce Tartare Mashed Potatoes. Squash Dried Peach Pie. Cream Cheese Half Cups of Coffee Supper Rice Cooked with Tomatoes and Cheese Bread and Butter Canned Pears. Cookies Tea	Breakfast Wheat Cereal, Cream. French Omelet Toasted English Muffins Grapefruit Marmalade Coffee. Cocoa Dinner Slices of Fish Baked with Oysters Hollandaise Sauce Mashed Potatoes. Buttered Parsnips Lettuce, French Dressing Irish Potato Pie. Tea Supper Cream-of-Rice Soup, Croutons Stewed Prunes. Bread and Butter Water Sponge Cake Cocoa. Tea	
	Breakfast Grapefruit Creamed Fish and Oysters Mashed Potato Cakes, Baked Buttered Toast Coffee. Cocoa Dinner Clam Broth Rice-and-Cheese Croquettes Stewed Tomatoes Sliced Oranges and Bananas Cookies. Half Cups of Coffee Supper Boston Baked Beans Tomato Catsup Graham Bread Lettuce, French Dressing Caramel Junket, Whip- ped Cream Tea		
SATURDAY			

Menus for a Week in March

"The disappearance of appetite is nature's warning to desist from eating." — DR. KELLOGG

SUNDAY

Breakfast
Grapefruit
Yeast Rolls
Corn Meal Muffins
Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner
Cream-of-Dried Mushroom Soup
Roast Loin of Veal
Franconia Potatoes. Spinach Greens
Grape Juice Sponge
Marshmallow Cake
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Yeast Rolls, Toasted
Grapefruit Marmalade
Tea

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast
Gluten Grits, Cream
Scrambled Eggs, Reform Style
Broiled Bacon. Spider Corn Cake
Grapefruit Marmalade. Coffee. Cocoa

Luncheon
Broiled Sardines on Toast
Lettuce and Macedoine of Vegetables in
Tomato Jelly, Mayonnaise Dressing
Yeast Rolls. Half Cups of Coffee

Dinner
"Tip of the Loin" Roast
Boiled Jerusalem Artichokes, White
Sauce
Buttered Parsnips
Steamed Prune Pudding
Half Cups of Coffee

MONDAY

Breakfast
Grapefruit
Cereal, Cream
Finnan Haddie, Cooked in Milk
Baked Potatoes. Bread and Butter
Coffee

Luncheon
Kornlet Custard with Green Peppers
Baking Powder Biscuit
Canned Pears. Cookies
Tea

Dinner
Veal Scalloped with
Macaroni and Tomatoes
Lettuce, French Dressing
Tapioca Custard. Cookies. Tea

THURSDAY

Breakfast
Grapefruit
Baltimore Somp, Cream, Maple Syrup
Sausage Cakes, Browned in Oven
Mashed Potatoes. Buttered Toast
Coffee. Cocoa

Luncheon
Cottage Pie (remnants of roast beef)
Bread and Butter
Caramel Jelly
Tea

Dinner
Boiled Fowl
Rice with Tomato. Lettuce Salad
Baked Bananas, Sultana Sauce
Half Cups of Coffee

TUESDAY

Breakfast
Oranges
Grilled Ham. Creamed Potatoes
Cereal Griddle Cakes, Maple Syrup
Coffee

Luncheon
Creamed Finnan Haddie
Baking Powder Biscuit
Canned or Fresh Rhubarb Pie
Coffee

Dinner
Cream-of-Oatmeal Soup
Broiled Lamb Chops
French Fried Potatoes.
Canned Stringless Beans, French
Dressing
Caramel Custard. Tea

FRIDAY

Breakfast
Cereal, Cream
French Omelet, Tomato Sauce
Graham Muffins
Grapefruit Marmalade
Coffee. Cocoa

Luncheon
English Beef Soup
Canned Apricot Shortcake, Cream
Tea. Cocoa

Dinner
Chicken-and-Rice Croquettes
Carrots with Canned Peas
Egg-and-Lettuce Salad
Sliced Oranges and Bananas
Cake. Tea

SATURDAY

Breakfast
Stewed Peaches
Cereal, Cream
Creamed Finnan Haddie
Baked Potatoes
Yeast Muffins
Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner
Corned Shoulder of Lamb,
Caper Sauce
Boiled Potatoes
Boiled Spinach
Yeast Biscuit
Tapioca Custard Pudding,
Wine or Orange Sauce
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Kornlet Fritters
Spinach-and-Egg Salad
Bread and Butter
Fig Layer Cake
Cocoa. Tea

Special Menus for March

Dishes for Public Tea Rooms

Hot Buttered Toast
English Muffins, Toasted
Fruit-and-Nut Rolls
(Baking powder dough with egg, rolled thin,
spread with butter, filberts and raisins,
rolled and cut in rounds)
Grapefruit Marmalade
Blackberry Jam
Strawberry Preserves
Olive Sandwiches
Lettuce Sandwiches
Hot Cheese Sandwiches
Marshmallow Cake
Sponge Cake
Pot of Tea
Pot of Coffee
Cup of Cocoa or Chocolate, Whipped Cream

Menus for Luncheon Party

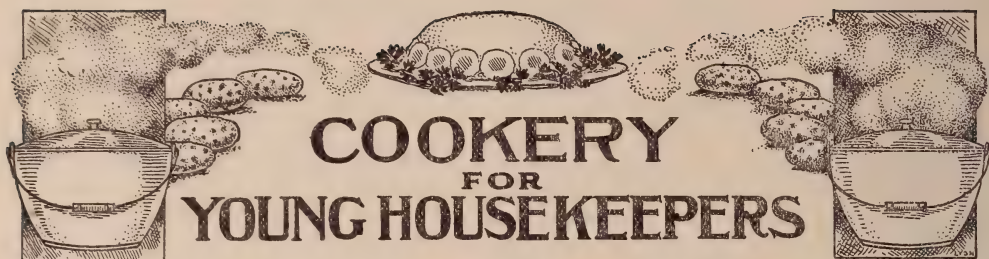
I
Grapefruit with Bar-le-duc Currants
Consommé en Tasse
Crab-meat Cutlets, Sauce Tartare
Julienne Potatoes, Fried
Larded Sweetbreads, Braised
Peas
Manhattan Salad
Grape Juice Parfait
Marshmallow Cake
Coffee

II
Cream Cheese
Beef Extract-and-Herring Hors d'Œuvre
Brown Bread-and-Cucumber Sandwiches
Chicken-and-Tomato Bouillon
Halibut Cutlets
Potatoes à la Maître d'Hôtel
Fish Relish, Jellied in Pimento Cases
Tournedos of Beef, Bernaise Fashion
Canned Asparagus Salad
Marshmallow Cake
Cocoa with Whipped Cream

Menus for Simple Company Luncheons

I
Cream-of-Spinach Soup
Fried Fillets of Fish, Sauce Tartare
Parker House Rolls
Grapefruit and Lettuce Salad
French Dressing
Half Cups of Coffee

II
Chicken Soup
Mayonnaise of Salmon in Jelly
Salad Rolls
Grape Juice Sponge
Lady Fingers
Coffee



By Janet M. Hill

Lesson XVIII

Some Dessert Dishes

I Gelatine, Whipped Egg and Whipped Cream Mixtures

IN the following recipes, unless otherwise specified, when cream is referred to, a cream that will beat firm is intended. What is sold as double cream at about fifteen cents a half-pint should become solid after beating a few moments. Thin cream, such as is taken from milk in a "separator," may be beaten solid by the use of viscogen. One-fourth a teaspoonful of viscogen is added to each three-fourths a cup of cream. Viscogen is easily prepared, and, stored in small receptacles from which the air is excluded, it will keep in good condition until used. Small glass-stoppered bottles are the best receptacles for keeping viscogen; fill the bottles full (air darkens the liquid), then put the stopper in above a narrow strip of waxed paper. Without the paper it is often difficult to remove the stopper.

The proper texture of many sweet dishes depends entirely on the manner in which whipped cream or white of egg is combined with the other ingredients. That a light fluffy texture be retained, the ingredients must be folded lightly together. When the whipped ingredient is to be added to a gelatine mixture, the latter must be

evenly chilled, and just on the point of "setting," when the combination is made.

Concerning Commercial Gelatine

Gelatine is usually put up in two-ounce packages, though some few brands are in packages that contain but one ounce. Two ounces of gelatine will jelly two quarts of liquid, scant measure; half a package, or one ounce, jellies one quart of liquid; and one-fourth a package, or half an ounce, will jelly one pint of liquid.

How to Use Gelatine

Gelatine, as it comes in the package, cannot be dissolved in a hot liquid; it must first be soaked in cold water, until it is completely hydrated, or until it will take up no more water. Gelatine will take up four times its weight of cold water. Thus two ounces or a full package of gelatine must be set to soak in eight ounces or a full cup of cold water or other liquid. In most of the recipes given for two people one-fourth or one-eighth a package of gelatine is called for, and one-fourth or one-eighth a cup, respectively, of water is needed. If cold milk or broth be used, the quantity must be increased a little. When the gelatine mixture is to be added to whipped mixtures, as in Bavarian

creams, parfaits, etc., it must be cooled to about the same consistency as the mixture to which it is added; otherwise the gelatine mixture would settle to the bottom in a firm mass. Moulds, in which gelatine mixtures with whipped cream or white of egg are to be "set," should be lined with narrow strips of tough, waxed paper. By this means the unmolding of the dish in perfect shape is assured. Do not cook gelatine; if it is to be added to a "boiled custard" mixture, cook the custard, then add the softened gelatine and remove from the fire.

Caramel Jelly

Use one tablespoonful of granulated gelatine, one-fourth a cup of cold water, one-third a cup of sugar cooked to caramel, one-third a cup of boiling water, two cups of thin cream, one-fourth a cup of sugar, one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt.

Soak the gelatine in the cold water. Cook the caramel and boiling water to a thick syrup; add the softened gelatine, the sugar, salt and cream and stir until the sugar is dissolved, then strain into moulds.

Moulded Rice

Use one-fourth a cup of rice, one cup of milk, one-half a teaspoonful of salt, one-third a cup of sugar, grated rind of one orange, one cup of thin cream, one-half a tablespoonful of gelatine, four tablespoonfuls of cold water.

Put a pint or more of cold water over the rice, let boil five minutes, then drain, rinse in cold water and drain again; add the milk and grated rind and let cook in a double boiler until the grains are tender; add the sugar, salt and cream, and let become hot, then add the gelatine, softened in the cold water, and stir over ice water until the mixture begins to thicken. Serve with boiled custard, sugar and cream, currant jelly or strawberry preserves.

Caramel Bavarian Cream

The ingredients are: one tablespoonful or one-fourth a box of gelatine, one-fourth a cup of cold water, two-thirds a cup of sugar, one-half a cup of boiling water, one-half a cup of chopped almonds, one and one-half cups of double cream.

Soak the gelatine in the cold water. Cook the sugar to caramel; add the boiling water and let simmer to a syrup; add the softened gelatine and the nuts; set into ice water and stir until beginning to set; fold in the cream, beaten firm. When the mixture will hold its shape, turn into a mould. For a more elaborate dish, line the mould with lady fingers. When unmolded decorate with a cup of cream, beaten stiff, and slices of candied cherries. Set the cream in place with pastry bag and star tube.

II

Custard Mixtures

In custard mixtures (egg, milk or other liquid, sugar, etc.), as in all egg cookery, the temperature at which the cooking is done largely determines the character of the finished dish. When the mixture is not to be stirred during cooking, set to cook on many folds of paper, surround with water at the boiling point, and let cook in the oven, or, covered, on top of the range. Do not allow the water to boil during the cooking, as the custard will be spoiled. The mixture is cooked when firm in the center. One egg to a cup of milk makes a fairly rich custard, but the custard should be eaten from the dish in which it is cooked. By the use of two eggs, or preferably one egg and two yolks (on account of tenderness that the fat in the yolks gives), a custard firm enough to be turned from the dish in perfect shape is assured. Starchy ingredients, as cornstarch, rice, tapioca, bread or cake crumbs, may be used in the place of the second egg.

Half an ounce of rice or tapioca (uncooked), or one whole ounce of cake or bread crumbs are needed to each cup of milk. As high temperature or time is essential to the proper cooking of starchy ingredients, rice, tapioca, cornstarch and the like should be cooked before the egg is added. When the hot custard mixture or pudding is to be turned from the mould, the matter is simplified, if the dish be buttered thoroughly and then dredged liberally with sugar. A mould lined with caramel insures perfect unmolding of the custard or pudding and at the same time provides a sauce for the dish. A tin mould of good quality is the best in using a caramel lining. Cook the required quantity of sugar to caramel over a quick fire. At once turn the caramel into the mould and with a towel held in both hands take up the mould (which will be very hot) and turn it round slowly, that the caramel may coat the entire inner surface of the mould. The mould may be used at once or at some future time.

Boiled Custard, No. 1

One and one-half cups of hot scalded milk, two yolks of egg, one-fourth a cup of sugar, one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt, one-half a teaspoonful of vanilla extract.

Beat the yolks, add the sugar and salt and beat again; dilute with a little of the hot milk; mix thoroughly and stir into the hot milk; continue to stir and cook until the mixture thickens slightly, then strain into a cold dish. Flavor when cold. Serve as a pudding sauce, or with blanchmange, caramel jelly, lemon, prune or fig jelly, fig whip, delicate soufflé, etc.

Boiled Custard in Cups

One and one-fourth cups of hot scalded milk, one or two teaspoonfuls of cornstarch, one-fourth a cup of cold milk, yolks of two eggs, one-fourth a cup of sugar, one-fourth a teaspoonful

of salt, one-half a teaspoonful of vanilla extract or grating of lemon or orange rind.

Mix the cornstarch with the cold milk and stir and cook in the hot milk until smooth and slightly thickened. Cover and let cook ten or fifteen minutes. Beat the yolks; add the sugar and salt, and beat again, then stir into the hot mixture and continue stirring until the egg looks "set," then remove from the fire; add the vanilla when cold. Cook the fruit rind in the milk.

Custard Rice Pudding

One-fourth a cup of rice, one cup of milk, one-third a cup of sugar, one-fourth a cup of raisins or currants, one egg and one yolk, one-third a cup of milk, one-half a teaspoonful mace or nutmeg.

Blanch the rice and cook till tender in the cup of milk; add the fruit, the egg, beaten and mixed with the sugar, the spice and half-cup of milk, mix thoroughly and turn into buttered and sugared moulds. Bake as all custards. Serve, turned from the moulds, with wine, orange or currant jelly sauce.

Wine Sauce

Cook a cup, each, of sugar and water to a thick syrup; add one-third a cup of sherry or claret and if at hand a teaspoonful of lemon juice. A teaspoonful of cornstarch mixed with the sugar improves the sauce for some tastes.

Orange Sauce

Cook a cup, each, of sugar and water with the thin yellow rind of an orange to a thick syrup; strain, add one-third a cup of orange juice and one tablespoonful of lemon juice.

Currant Jelly Sauce

Cook a cup of currant jelly with a cup of water until smooth; add a tablespoonful of lemon juice.

Frozen Desserts

For freezing desserts at home, the freezing mixture is prepared with ice (or snow) and salt. Often ice may be had by setting a pan of water out of doors overnight. With snow a little water must be used to start the melting process.

In a family of two, when a frozen dish is prepared, especially in cold weather, it is well to make this the sweet dish for both luncheon and dinner, otherwise this form of dessert should be put in the class of dishes reserved for occasional rather than for frequent use.

The ice to be used in a freezer must be made nearly as fine as the salt which is to be used with it; but for packing a frozen mixture, larger pieces that will not dissolve quickly are preferable. For the same reason very little salt should be mixed with the ice used in packing a frozen dessert that is simply to be kept in this condition.

In many freezers ices may be frozen quickly and at the same time be light and fluffy in texture, but in general the texture of the article is better if it be not frozen too quickly. One measure of salt to three of ice is a fair proportion for mixtures to be frozen in the ordinary freezer. The process will take from five minutes to half an hour, the time depending upon the kind of ingredients used and the make of freezer. Parfaits, being left to freeze without any attention, require to be packed for three or four hours. Use equal measures of ice and salt. Parfaits are at their best when frozen just enough to hold the shape. Too much sugar or wine hinders the freezing process. After the ice has been cracked and the cream beaten, the work of preparing a parfait is very slight. The unmolding of parfaits or any variety of ice once was considered a troublesome matter. If a little air can be let in under the ice, no trouble will be experienced; this may be easily

accomplished, if two narrow strips of paper be used to line the mould. Let the ends extend out over the edges of the mould. By lifting on these papers air can be let in and the ice easily removed. Any kind of ice packed in a mould made with double covers — the mould being first lined with paper — can be unmolded with ease and without recourse to the water faucet, either hot or cold. With a piece of hard wood of just the size to slip through the mould, the ice may be pressed through upon the serving dish without an instant's delay.

Packing a Mould

If ordinary ice cream or sherbet is to be packed in a mould, do not freeze as solid as for serving, lest it prove troublesome to press the mixture closely into the mould, and air spaces be left here and there, which will spoil the shape. Fill the mould to overflow, spread paper over the top and over this press down the cover, tie securely, especially if the mould be made with two covers, and at once bury in the freezing mixture. The mould for parfaits, carefully lined, to avoid salt water, *must* be chilled before use. The flavoring mixture and the whipped cream, which should be of about the same consistency, should be thoroughly chilled but not combined until the last moment before packing. The recipes given make just enough mixture to fill a quart mould. They may be divided and the mixture frozen in empty baking powder or cocoa cans. Parfaits may be frozen, also, in the can of a freezer and be unmolded in a round like a pie. Or the frozen mixture may be transferred by the spoonful to long-stemmed glasses. In glasses, for a special occasion, finish with whipped cream and a cherry. In hot weather the ice in which a parfait is packed will have to be renewed. Ices may be kept, after freezing, for many hours, packed in a fireless cooker.

The Most Ancient Sweet

By Julia Davis Chandler

IN his monograph on Arabia Petrea, Alois Musil speaks of the high value the Arabs place upon honey, although they have both sugar and sweet dates. Arab women upon long, hard marches quiet their children with a promise of milk and honey. Laborers, he found, would be stimulated to work by the promise of payment in honey made from grape blossoms. So today, as in Bible times, a land of milk and honey is the Land of the Heart's Desire.

Honey has always been the term for sweetness of appearance and disposition; it is still used as a pet name for children.

For ages wild and cultivated honey has been the chief sweet of wild and civilized races. Although some monks near Jerusalem claim that their bees are the descendants of the original gift to man, the fact remains that bees in different parts of the world do vary considerably both in the wild and cultivated states. Somehow, stingless bees have not been evolved; the unhappy farmer at work in the hot sun cutting hay knows what "the wild bees' morning chase" is far better than the poet. The little pouch on the hips of the honey bee, holding pollen, is what Aloysius Coll, in some cunning verses, calls the bee's purse, and the pollen grains the gold money they pay the flowers for honey.

True honey is made solely from flowers, but bees gather other sweet than that of flowers. What bees feed upon is an important matter, as it is claimed that certain flowers, like mountain laurel, yield poisonous products, and certainly the edible quality of honey depends largely upon the source of its supply. Unless perfumed by the flowers, honey is not really choice.

Bees will rapidly convert sugar into honey; they enjoy fruit on trees, and even a kettle of raspberry jam; they have been known to enter a cellar in search of such sweets.

The taste of people, in different sections of a country, for different kinds of honey may be explained by the fact that people like the kind of honey to which they have been accustomed. Some prefer the dark honey of buckwheat flowers, others choose white clover, linden or basswood honey. White cherry blooms make nice honey, while mint affects ill the taste of honey. Dr. Spencer Trotter of Swarthmore College, in an appreciative article on the Appalachian region of the Carolinas, says that the honey made from the sorrel tree or sourwood is superlatively fine.

A recently issued bulletin from Hawaii states that some six hundred tons of honey are produced there annually. Much of this comes to the bakeries of the United States. The choicest honey is produced from a wild tree that grows upon the hill-sides, and from sugar-cane plantations. This honey is placed in a separate class, as not true honey. It is obtained from the honey-dew of insects that live on the sugar cane.

Honey comes to market in three ways: in the comb, strained, and extracted. In the comb it is as the bees made it.

No art has yet availed to imitate honey in the comb, so purchase it in that form, unless you can put trust in your dealer, or some farmer. As for the keeping of honey do not put it in a cool, damp place. This causes the honey to become thin, and in time it may sour. Keep it where it will be dry; wherever salt will not cause a good

place to put honey. Freezing causes the comb to crack and the honey to break down. When granulated it must be liquefied, save for the few people who like it thus. To do this the honey should be put in a dish, set inside another dish, and the water in the lower should not be allowed to boil. A half day's time answers for this. Or, the honey may be simply set on top of the water reservoir of the stove. The color and flavor are quite sure to be hurt if heated to over one hundred and sixty degrees.

As honey is apt to be thin even at moderate temperatures, set it in the oven, and let it ripen, and grow so thick that it will not spill off from an inverted spoon. Such honey is claimed to be more digestible than any form of sugar. Honey may be given to children in place of butter upon bread, or for a dessert with crackers.

Honey makes a nice sauce for boiled rice, or batter puddings in cups. Honey makes a good second course at luncheon on busy days in place of any cooked dessert.

The Germans make honey cakes and famous honey gingerbreads. For cake cookery, including honey, refer to such German authorities as the "German National Cookery," "Aunt Babette's Cook Book," and Mrs. Gesine Lemcke's books.

Honey on fresh strawberries or on fresh figs is delicious; with the latter use a little spirits to flavor. Honey is used in cough syrups, especially with pure spruce gum dissolved in alcohol.

To make hot "honey tea," use two tablespoonfuls of strained honey to a glass of hot water. It is a very pleasing, simple drink. The mead of our soda

fountains is not the mead of England and the East. Mead has long been a favorite drink of Indo-European nations. A Chinese monk, traveling in 1259, mentions this "*miod*" or honey drink. Recipes for fermenting honey-combs with yeast and water, and sometimes flavorings, may be found in old English cook books.

The nectar of the gods of ancient mythology is thought to have been honey and water.

Hydromeli was the classic name for this nectar. Our poet Aldrich has referred feelingly to "life's brimming cup of hydromel and rue," — rue, the plant of bitter remembrance.

Lebkuchen

Cut fine a pound of blanched almonds, and add two ounces of citron, two ounces of orange peel, cut small, two ounces of ground cinnamon, one-fourth an ounce of cloves and one-fourth a grated nutmeg. Moisten in a bowl with a wineglass of prune brandy.

Melt four pounds of strained honey and gradually add to this five pounds of sifted flour. Turn the mixture onto a kneading board and add one ounce of pure carbonate of potash, then the moistened ingredients, the grated peel of one lemon, and, lastly, one pound of powdered sugar. Knead the dough with flour, and roll it out an inch thick. Spread upon baking sheets and buttered pans, and bake in a medium oven. Afterward cut in large pieces while still warm. After taking the cake from tins spread with a syrup of sugar and water, boiled until it will spin a thread.

Store in tin boxes or jars like any spice cakes or cookies.





HOME IDEAS AND ECONOMIES

Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

The Police Force of Chicken-Town

WHY do you raise so many of those big, crooked-necked gourds, Uncle?" I asked of a quaint old darky, as I stopped at the spring near his cabin for a drink.

Over the tall paling fence, over the low branches of a magnolia tree, over outbuildings and even upon the tumble-down porch of the house itself clambered these vines strung with green and yellow gourds.

"Why, mistis, I'se a-raisin' dippahs an' bud-houses," he answered with a wide grin.

"Bird-houses!" I echoed.

"Yes, mistis. See las' yeah's?" And he pointed to a row of bleached-out gourds hanging by their necks to the ragged edges of the cabin roof, while a dozen or so swung from convenient limbs of a dooryard tree. Each had a slice taken off of one side, making a sort of a doorway. It was easy to see what a cunning little pocket each made for a bird's nest. But just to hear him talk, I asked stupidly:

"The birds like them?"

"Dey sho do!"

"And they sing for you?"

He looked at me with evident disgust:

"Naw! I doan' 'low no *jes*' singin' buds to take dem nesteses — not when de ma'tins wants 'em. 'Cause de ma'tins dey *jes*' pertickler hates hawks, an' when a hawk lights in de chicken-ya'd de ma'tins drap down on him an'

jes peck he's haid off'n him. No, honey, de hawks dey lets we alls chickens 'lone when dey sees ma'tins in de gou'ds."

"So the martins act like policemen for the chickens," I suggested.

"No sir-ee, mistis! De chickens ain' sca'ed ob dem at all. Dey *jes* eat out'n de same dish an' drink out'n one trough. De ma'tins sho likes gou'ds fo' dey nesteses, but dey likes dese shells bettah. Lookee heah!" and the old negro parted the vines on one side of the house, to show me a cocoanut shell with one side cut and the piece turned up to make a sort of an awning over the doorway. It was the queerest, most picturesque little bird-house imaginable, and so easily made!

"Dey fights ober dat ebery yeah! Yet dey done peck all de nut out long ago — all 'ceptin' whut mammy an' me done et fust. But dey likes de gou'ds all right, an' dey takes good care ob de chickens. Dey's not — not — whut you call it? — perlice; no, dey's de chickens' frien's, dey is!"

L. M. C.

A Bed of Native Plants

THE three of us took a walk out from the end of the trolley line perhaps a mile farther into the country. She gathered violets and anemones, while he broke off blossoming branches of the redbud, dogwood and wild crab to bring home.

But I, who have so often loaded myself with beautiful wild flowers,

and brought them home only to find them faded and dead when they reached there, and myself too tired to arrange them properly in water to revive them to the extent possible, — I did a different thing.

I had taken an old broken kitchen knife wrapped in a folded sheet of wrapping paper. I dug up blossoming plants with their roots, protected with a little ball of the clinging earth, and brought them home quite fresh in the wrapping paper.

After setting outside the window on the sill all night, they were still fresh this morning, and I myself rested enough to feel exactly like setting them out in a corner reserved for "the wild garden."

This is an angle of the ground between the wall of the house on the east side and a piece of lattice on the north. The soil here is reasonably good, but has been made better by adding three pounds of commercial fertilizer to a space about six feet wide by fifteen long.

After making the earth very fine, I set each plant out in a little water-soaked bed, filling in between the roots with fine dry earth, and packing down with the fingers and palm of the hand.

Small ferns and the maidenhair variety were placed against the east wall, so as to be shielded from the sunshine all the forenoon; they will not dislike it for the rest of the day.

Columbines, budded ready to bloom, were planted along the north lattice behind some roses already there, for they will bloom in about three weeks and be ready to lapse into insignificance behind the roses, which will then be getting ready to bloom and want the foreground. In this way the narrow space serves for a home for the two distinct classes of plants, blooming at two different times.

Near the ferns are planted the dainty little rue anemones, Dutchman's breeches, spring beauties and blood-

root, for they all want shade enough to keep the earth moist around their roots, while near the front of the bed, where the sunshine strikes it from about eleven o'clock until dark, are placed the violets, blue, yellow and white, for they are more tolerant of sunshine, though they also like shade. Here also are the lamb's tongue, sometimes called the "dogtooth violet," although not really a violet at all.

Further out in the sun are the "Indian's tobacco" and the "wood sorrel," or "lady's sorrel," and the pretty blue wild phlox or "sweet William."

Brought home wrapped in paper, planted tenderly with no hurry, and watered for a few days, these things will go on with their blooming, and, moreover, spread their roots to right and left so that next spring we shall have these sweet things to enjoy without going afar, exactly as we have this year the wood anemone, May apple, wake-robin and buttercup we planted last year.

E. P. C.

A Domestic Scene just found in Nubia

HISTORIANS say that milk was much valued by the early people of the Nile Valley. A painting found this year in Nubia by the expedition of the University of Pennsylvania showed a milking scene probably painted eight hundred years before our era. It was considered so valuable a find, so unique a bit of ancient art, that the Egyptian government selected it for the Museum in Cairo, since half what is unearthed goes to the Egyptian government. Mr. Woolley, of Cambridge University, who assisted in this work in Nubia, in a recent lecture on the work done, showed slides of this painting.

Queen Candace (?), the artist has not given her name, sits before a beehive-shaped house, with a procession of

cows coming toward her. Attendants are milking these and offering the Queen wicker-covered amphoræ of milk.

Mrs. Langtry, who sets us an example in beauty and strength if not in other ways, says that many American women would be more beautiful if they chose their diet with more discretion and exercised more.

For a luncheon she thinks that plenty of fresh fruit to begin with, sweetbreads with spinach, chicken with mushrooms, an entrée of asparagus, potatoes Parisienne, some baked spaghetti and a dessert of meringue glacé just about right!

Would that American gentlewomen off the stage had a tithe of these good things. The average self-supporting woman of today hies to a hasty lunch-room or a boarding house for luncheon, and her decision of what is best is largely decided by the cost plus what the bill of fare has to offer that may be secured in time for a return to classes, office or studio. In the studio, however, there is more chance for light housekeeping and the handy chafing dish.

A Home-Food Restaurant

TWO women, a mother and young daughter, of good American antecedents and education, recently started a home-food restaurant near a large university. They took what was possible to obtain there for a moderate rental, — part of a very old house, now a little below the street level. One-half had been altered into a florist's shop, which made the front pretty. It took plenty of determination, however, plus plenty of soapsuds, paint and paper to make the place fit for occupancy.

When once opened for business it was soon discovered by university law students and instructors; many others followed, and finally some ladies from other educational places, which rather

surprised the young men, who had come to think it was solely for them. No smoking is allowed in the dining-room, but up a queer old spiral staircase enclosed in the wall is a second-story front room set apart for smoking, magazines, papers and letter writing, where the students may stay as long as they choose.

The dining-room is set with small tables. The list of edibles for the meal and the prices are posted in plain view. There is a partition at the rear of the room, half glass, where the daughter stands to serve customers as they apply, for each one waits on himself or herself. No checks are issued, for they found they could not do that in the rush hours; so they began trusting patrons to pay honestly for what they took. This has worked well; put upon their honor there has been no evasion, no noisy behavior, — such would be frowned down by regular patrons.

When a fair young girl with sunny hair, red lips, white teeth and gentle manners is seen thus earning her living, and her mother attending to marketing and meals, it can but rouse every spark of decency and chivalry in the young men. Perhaps they think, "But for father or brother my mother and sister might be doing the same for a lot of us fellows, and I'd punch the head of any one who was impolite or disrespectful."

A maid attends to clearing the tables and keeping things neat, and in the kitchen there is service as required. There are few for breakfast, although chops or steak or eggs are cooked to order if any happen in. The mid-day meal is the hearty one, and a hot supper is served at night. The luncheon is like a dinner in the country, that is, there is a roast and vegetables. The supper, too, is plentiful in meats, for many come to it before evening classes. The luncheon is the meal patronized by day pupils, librarians and teachers. Variety is given each day by means of

different meats, fritters, sandwiches and the like. The business is growing; indeed, they have in the middle of the day all they can manage, and say there is room for other similar restaurants.

J. D. C.

A Luncheon Dish for Four

QUARTER and slice two large potatoes and put in a stewpan with two cups of water, a lump of butter the size of an egg, two finely-minced onions, and cook ten minutes.

Smooth two tablespoonfuls of flour in milk, and add with two cups of rich milk to the potatoes, stirring until the flour is cooked.

Add a pint of chopped oysters and let simmer two minutes.

Season with salt and paprika. Add an egg just as pan is removed from fire. Serve on crackers.

This dish, with variations, has furnished many a quickly prepared and nourishing lunch.

The onion may be omitted and celery salt and minced celery used.

With more milk this may be served as a soup, but the recipe gives a good chowder.

Clean Comforts

NOTHING shows refinement or want of refinement in a home more surely than the beds and their accessories.

Steps have been taken in army circles to have sheets eight feet long, in order that at least a foot of linen may be turned back over the blankets.

Certain legislation has been reported tending to compel hotel managers to furnish nine-foot sheets for sanitary reasons.

In our private homes we should certainly be as dainty and clean as the soldier in his barracks and the stranger at his inn.

We have adopted two ways of protecting our comforts, and are well re-

paid for the small amount of added work and expense.

When making new comforts, we first cover the layer of cotton with a cheap calico, cheese cloth or mosquito netting, tying in a few places. The real cover is then added and tied in as few places as will keep the comfort in shape. Made in this way, the outer material may be occasionally removed and laundered.

For comforts made before this idea came to us, we have hemmed strips of unbleached muslin and fastened these over the upper edges.

Two yards of muslin will make three strips, and these may be easily attached and removed, thus insuring cleanliness all the time.

E. L. R.

A Help to Young Housekeepers on the Pie Question

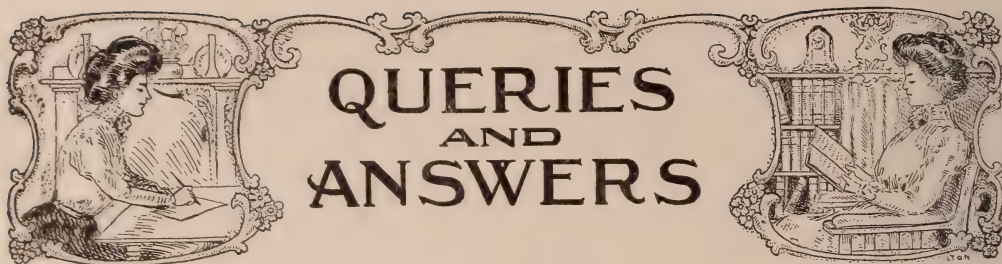
LIKE all beginners I had to learn from experience. I did not realize one kind of a pie called for a much shorter crust than another; for instance, an apple pie requires a much shorter crust than a mince pie.

You can make a good, flaky crust with all lard, which is less expensive than butter and much easier to work.

Make the crust as usual and line the plate; then roll out the top crust and with a knife spread half of it with lard which has been softened by standing in the warm room, sprinkle a little salt over this, then with a sieve strew over a little flour, turn the other half of the crust over this and roll out; spread with lard, sprinkle salt and flour as before and cover the pie; just before it goes to the oven hold it under the cold water faucet and sprinkle with water; hold it slanting so the water will run off the pie, but not into it; be sure the whole top is wet and you will have a nice, flaky pie crust.

I have had people ask me if it was puff-paste, and say, they never would know that it was not, if I had not told them to the contrary.

A. M. M.



THIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economies in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answer by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus remit \$1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, editor, BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

QUERY 1435. — "The best way to rid one's pantry closet of roaches."

To Exterminate Roches

Make a strong solution of carbolic acid — two tablespoonfuls to a pint of water, — and force this solution into all cracks and openings. It may require several applications of the solution. Leave no garbage anywhere around. Keep all food closely covered. Keep the closet absolutely clean and dry. Never leave crumbs scattered anywhere.

QUERY 1436. — "Several menus for a Bridge Supper for twenty-five or thirty persons."

Bridge Supper Menus

I

Cream Cheese-and-Herring Hors d'Œuvre
Brown Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches
Pickles or Olives
Manhattan Salad
Yeast Rolls
Coffee
Marshmallow Cake
Fruit Cup
(Blood Orange Sherbet with Pineapple,
Apricots, etc.)

II

Halibut Cutlets, Sauce Tartare
Peas
Salad Rolls
Lobster Salad
Coffee Parfait in Glasses
(Freeze in can of ordinary freezer without
turning the crank)
Macaroons. Lady Fingers

III

Lobster Newburg
Bread-and-Olive Sandwiches
Chicken, Canned Pea and Cucumber Salad
(Mayonnaise Dressing)
Parker House Rolls
Coffee
Blood Orange Sherbet
Marshmallow Cake

IV

Scalloped Oysters in Ramequins. Olives
Tiny Baking Powder Biscuit (hot)
Cold Roast Chicken, Sliced Thin
Egg Salad Sandwiches
(Mayonnaise and Lettuce)
Coffee
Fig Ice Cream
Angel Cake

QUERY 1437. — "Are cocoa shells nourishing? What is the proper way to prepare them, and are there conditions of health in which they would be detrimental?"

Regarding Cocoa Shells

Outside of the milk or cream and the sugar served with cocoa shells, we should not consider the beverage nutritious. Cocoa shells differ very much from the preparations which are bought under the name of cocoa. In cocoa we get the bean itself, roasted and ground to a powder, and these beans are nutritious. The shells are the outer husks or shells of the beans. In using them for a beverage we get no part of them but the flavor. To prepare, steep a generous cup of shells in a quart of boiling water three or four hours. We are inclined to think

that a decoction made from cocoa shells would not be wholesome for an individual who was suffering from flatulency or any form of dyspepsia.

QUERY 1438. — "Recipe for Bayberry Candles."

Bayberry Candles

Put the berries over the fire in a saucepan with plenty of water and let boil rapidly. As the wax rises, skim it off and pour onto a small dish of hot water. When the water cools the cake of wax may be removed from the top. Melt this wax and turn it into candle moulds into which wicks have been drawn. The candles are of a sage-green color, and have a slightly aromatic odor.

QUERY 1439. — "Recipe for Salt Rising Bread made rather sweet with sugar."

Salt-Rising Bread

Into a pint of lukewarm water stir flour to make a drop batter. Let stand in a vessel of lukewarm water in a warm place, keeping the temperature as nearly 70° F. as possible. When light and foamy, in eight or ten hours, add a quart of lukewarm water, two teaspoonfuls of salt, and flour to make a batter rather stiffer than before. Keep at the temperature of about 70° F., and, when again light, turn into pans and, when nearly doubled in bulk, bake in an oven of ordinary temperature for bread. One-fourth a cup of corn meal may be stirred into the water with the flour when making the "drop batter." One-fourth a cup of sugar (less if desired) may be added with the salt when mixing the dough.

QUERY 1440. — "Recipe for Mocha Cake, small squares (or rounds) of light cake covered with frosting and rolled in nuts."

Mocha Cakes

Bake sponge cake of any kind in a sheet; cut when cool into squares or rounds, spread mocha frosting over the top and sides of the little cakes, then

roll, to cover the sides, in shredded cocoanut, or in walnut or pecan meats chopped fine. With pastry bag and star tube coil mocha frosting, round and round, to cover the tops of the cakes. Finish with a candied cherry in the center.

Mocha Frosting

Wash the salt from a cup of butter, dry on a cloth, then beat to a cream; gradually beat in two cups and a half of powdered sugar and coffee extract to taste. Black coffee reduced by boiling may replace the extract, but a good coffee extract is better.

QUERY 1441. — "Recipe for Chocolate Layer Cake, less rich than the 'Brod Torte' given in the last number of the magazine."

Chocolate Layer Cake No. 1

Beat one-fourth a cup of butter to a cream and the yolks of two eggs until thick. Then gradually beat half a cup of sugar into each, and combine the two mixtures. Add four ounces of chocolate melted over hot water. Then, alternately, half a cup of milk and one cup and a half of sifted flour, sifted again with two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Lastly, beat in the whites of two eggs, beaten dry, and a teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Bake in two layers about eighteen minutes. Put the layers together and ice the top with the marshmallow icing given in the Seasonable Recipes. Half the recipe will suffice.

Moist Chocolate Cake

Beat one-third a cup of butter to a cream and gradually beat in half a cup of sugar. Beat the yolks of two eggs and gradually beat in half a cup of sugar, then beat the two mixtures together; add half a cup of hot mashed potato, one ounce of chocolate melted over hot water, and, alternately, one fourth a cup of milk and one cup of sifted flour with one teaspoonful and

three-fourths of baking powder, half a teaspoonful, each, of cinnamon and mace, and one-fourth a teaspoonful of cloves. Lastly add the whites of two eggs, beaten dry. Bake in a sheet or two layers and finish with marshmallow icing.

QUERY 1442.—“Recipes for Petite Marmite Soup and for Mushroom Broth; the latter has the consistency of cream, is made of chicken stock flavored with mushrooms and has whipped cream on top.”

Pot-au-feu to Serve in Petites Marmites

Soup to Serve in Individual Soup Pots

For two quarts of this soup purchase four pounds of beef from the vein or round, a fowl weighing about three pounds, and about eight inches of marrow bone (beef) sawed into inch lengths. Put the beef over the fire to cook in three quarts of cold water, and heat water quickly to the boiling point; let boil three minutes, then skim and remove to a cooler part of the range and keep at the simmering point. Clean, truss and roast a fowl about twenty-five minutes, turning often that it may brown on all sides, then add it to the soup kettle; add also the giblets, carefully cleaned; take out the beef and chicken as soon as they are tender. Keep hot a portion of the beef and chicken breast to serve in the pots and set the rest aside for other use. To the broth add an onion, into which two or three cloves have been pressed, two small or one large carrot, one turnip and three stocks of celery; remove the vegetables, when tender, and keep them hot. Remove the fat from the broth and strain the broth through a cheese cloth; add two teaspoonfuls or more of salt and reheat. Into each petite marmite put two pieces of the beef and chicken and each vegetable, fill the pot with broth; put the covers in place and set the marmites on plates covered with folded napkins. Serve with the soup slices of French bread,

browned or toasted, and spread with the beef marrow that has been poached ten minutes in water at the boiling point.

Mushroom Broth, Chantilly

To five cups of hot chicken broth add one cup of mushroom stems and peelings, a stalk of celery and half an onion in which three cloves have been pressed; let simmer twenty minutes, then strain and add one level tablespoonful of arrowroot or cornstarch smoothed with a little water; stir until boiling and let boil ten minutes; skim, add a teaspoonful or more of salt, also pepper if desired and pour into five cups. Beat half a cup of double cream to a stiff froth and set onto the top of the soup in the cups.

QUERY 1443.—“Menus for a church supper in April. We will have to provide for about one hundred and fifty. Wish new but not elaborate dishes.”

Church Supper in April

I

Hot Creamed Finnan Haddie
Cold Boiled Ham, Sliced Thin
Potato Salad
Lettuce-and-Egg Salad
(Eggs cooked hard without boiling)
Yeast Biscuit (reheated)
Coffee
Blood Orange Sherbet in Cups
Cake

II

Scalloped Oysters
Fish Relish (unmolded)
Mayonnaise of Veal, Peas and Pecan Nuts
Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches
Yeast Rolls (reheated)
Marshmallows and Canned Apricots
in Whipped Cream
(in Sherbet Glasses)
Cake
Coffee

III

Tender slices of Lamb or Veal with Macaroni
and Peppers in Tomato Sauce
Olive Sandwiches
Cheese-and-Nut Sandwiches
Baking Powder Biscuit (reheated)
Frozen Apricots
Cake
Coffee. Tea



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CRESCA DAINTIES and DECORATIONS

A handsome descriptive list of these products made famous by the cooks of Paris and Vienna has just come from the press. It is entitled "Cresca Dainties," and contains recipes for some delightful new dishes, prepared by Fanny Merritt Farmer, of Boston.

The illustrations show dishes decorated in French style. For such decorations, small fancy metal cutters being required, we have brought over an importation of them in the attractive shapes shown at one-half size in the border; housekeepers will appreciate their convenience.

The attached coupon shows how easy we have made it for every reader of the Boston Cooking School Magazine to serve her family with Cresca dishes decorated in Cresca style. One booklet and cutter will be sent free.

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QUERY 1444.—“Is it proper to place the bonbons and salted nuts on the table after the table has been cleared for the dessert course? I had planned to have olives and a relish on the table when dinner is announced and wish to avoid a crowded appearance.”

Time to set Bonbons and Salted Nuts at Formal Dinners

We infer that the dinner referred to is to be served “from the side,” and it would seem more in harmony with the character of the service to pass the olives and relish at the proper time or times, taking them from the sideboard and returning them to the same place. Bonbons and salted nuts, which might be considered as a part of the table decoration, could then be set in place before the beginning of the meal. However, these details are largely a matter of individual taste.

Common French and Foreign Terms Used in Cooking

Blanc (au). Cooked in white stock or served in white sauce.

Vin blanc (au). Cooked in white wine.

Blanching. The meat or vegetable is covered with cold water, heated quickly to the boiling point, boiled four or five minutes, drained, covered with cold water and after a few moments drained again. Meats, as sweetbreads, squabs, etc., are blanched to keep white and to give firmness for larding. Rice is cleansed and whitened by the process and the flavor of strong vegetables made more delicate.

Blanquette. A stew made of veal or chicken, with a white sauce enriched with cream or yolks of eggs, one or both.

Bleu (au). A name given to fish cooked in white wine.

Blond. Light colored.

Blonde de veau. Rich veal broth.

Bombe. A frozen dessert, originally shape of a bomb, but at present

quite generally shaped in a melon mould. Two mixtures, one as lining, the other as filling or center, are usually employed. The lining is frequently ice cream or sherbet, the filling a charlotte russe or parfait mixture. The handsomest bombs are those in which there is a decided contrast in the color of the filling and lining.

Bonne-bouche (a (good) delicious mouthful, tidbit). Name sometimes given to small savory dishes, served at the end of dinner.

Bouchees. Tiny puff-paste patties.

Bouchees de volaille. Small chicken patties.

Boudin. A small, delicate sausage-shaped entrée prepared of quenelle forcemeat.

Boudin ordinaire. A sort of sausage made of rice, blood, dice of fat pork, etc.

Boudins de volaille blanc. Chicken boudins with white sauce.

Boudins de veau blanc. Veal boudins with white sauce.

Bouille a baisse. A celebrated fish stew praised in verse by Thackeray.

Bouilli. Boiled. Fresh beef, boiled.

Bouillon. Plain, unclarified beef broth. At present often clarified with white of egg.

Bouillon, Chicken. Plain chicken broth.

Bouillon, Clam. Plain clam broth.

Bouillon, Tomato. Chicken or veal broth and tomato, clarified with egg whites.

Bouquet garni. A small bunch of savory herbs (parsley, thyme, marjoram, chervil, etc.), tied in a bunch to facilitate the removal, used for flavoring stews, soups, sauces, etc.

Bourgeoise (a la). A term applied to dishes prepared in a simple, homely but wholesome and appetizing manner. Modest home cookery.

Braising. Cooking in a close-covered stewpan. Meat thus cooked retains its own juices and flavor and



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that of the articles added for flavoring, as bacon, vegetables, herbs, etc.

Brioche. A light, rich cake of French origin, made with yeast, eggs and butter, eaten hot with coffee.

Cafe. Coffee.

Cafe au lait. Coffee with milk.

Cafe noir. Black coffee.

Cafe Turc. Turkish coffee.

Cafe frappe. Iced or half-frozen coffee.

Cafe vierge. An infusion made from unground coffee beans.

Cafetiere. Coffee pot.

Caille. Quail.

Cailles farcies. Stuffed quails.

Cailles roties. Roast quails.

Canape. Slices of bread cut in various small shapes, either plain, fried in oil or butter, or toasted, covered with savory mixtures.

Canard. Duck.

Canard roti. Roast duck.

Canard sauvage. Wild duck.

Caneton. Duckling.

Capres. Capers. The unopened flower-buds of a plant that grows wild in Greece and Northern Africa, and now cultivated in the South of Europe. For export they are pickled in salt and vinegar.

Carte du jour (la). The bill of fare for the day with the price attached to each dish.

Casserole. A small, round saucepan, formerly of porcelain, but more latterly of earthenware. They are made with and without covers.

Cassollette. Small casseroles, to hold one portion or service.

Caviare. The salted roe (fish eggs) of sturgeon.

Cazanova. Name applied to a salad of celery and truffles.

Cepe. An edible mushroom of yellowish color, largely cultivated at Bordeaux.

Champignons. Mushrooms.

Chapon. A bit or small square of bread rubbed lightly with garlic and dropped into the bottom of

the bowl in which salad, usually of fresh vegetable, is to be dressed.

The bread takes up the excess of dressing and is a delectable tidbit.

Chantilly (a la). Dressed with whipped cream.

Clam Broth, *Chantilly.* Clam broth with whipped cream above.

(To be continued.)

It Might have been Worse

Two northern business men, passing through a barren region of the South, paused one day before a hopeless, tumble-down habitation, one of them exclaiming: "Poor creatures! How do they ever make a living from such land!" At this the sagging door of the hut slowly opened, a tall, lanky, poor white appearing, who drawled out to them: "Looky here, strangers, I ain't so durned poor ez you think I am. I don't own all this yere land; I jest own the house."

A Reliable Fiancé

A lady in a southern town was approached by her colored maid.

"Well, Jenny?" she asked, seeing that something was in the air.

"Please, Mis' Mary, might I have the aft'noon off three weeks from Wednesday?" Then, noticing an undecided look in her mistress's face, she added hastily, "I want to go to my finance's fun'ral."

"Goodness me," answered the lady, "your fiancé's funeral! Why, you don't know that he's even going to die, let alone the date of his funeral. That is something we can't any of us be sure about — when we are going to die."

"Yes'm," said the girl doubtfully. Then, with a triumphant note in her voice, "I'se sure about him, Mis', cos he's goin' to be hung!"

— *Everybody's.*

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Book Reviews

Control of Body and Mind. By FRANCES GULICK JEWETT. 12mo, cloth, 267 pages. Illustrated. List price, 50 cents; mailing price, 60 cents. Boston: Ginn & Company.

Complete mastery of physical and mental faculties is the ideal aim of all education. If a child can be given an appreciation of the causes, effects and influences which make for good or bad in his physical and mental progress, he will become a valuable assistant to those intrusted with his instruction. To give just such appreciation to the pupil is the purpose of "Control of Body and Mind."

This book deals with the elementary facts of the nervous system and the principles governing man's mental operations. Such subjects as attention, choice, will power, habit and character are treated in a manner both interesting and inspiring to young people. The aim of the book is to present the fundamental facts about that part of the human system which influences man's mental and moral destiny in such a way that the reader will himself draw the obvious conclusions.

The contrast between this book and the old-time schoolbook is refreshing indeed. In keeping with the new thought of the day and modern methods of instruction, its pages interest the reader at once. It exemplifies individual teaching in direct and natural ways; at the same time its method is scientific. Facts are presented in such a manner as to produce conviction. As an elementary work on physiologic hygiene it is far ahead of anything we have seen.

The Baby. By DANIEL ROLLINS BROWN, M.D. Price, \$1.00 net. Boston: Whitcomb & Barrows.

This little book is for mothers and nurses. It deals with the first three

years of infancy. Encroachment upon the peculiar province of the physician the author has studiously avoided; the subject of food and feeding has received very full consideration. Here responsibility rests largely upon the mother or the nurse, for whose guidance the book is presented.

And for this purpose it is well adapted. Full and explicit directions are given on care and feeding in early infancy, to the end that the young child be kept in a state of healthy growth and comfort. A careful perusal of this book might save many a mother a good deal of worry and anxious solicitude. For it is well known at the present time how much of well-being in youth and manhood depends upon proper and judicious feeding in infancy.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Table Manners in Old France

Could we restore for half an hour the dinner table of old France and obtain half a dozen instantaneous photographs of a royal banquet at any era between the reigns of Francis I and Louis Quatorze, such a "cataract of laughter" would be heard as might disturb the serenity of Louis in Paradise, says "An Idler in Old France."

The duchess, her napkin tied se-

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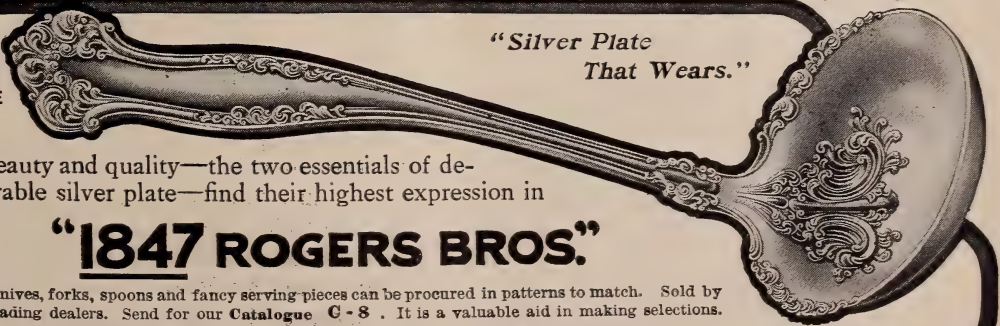
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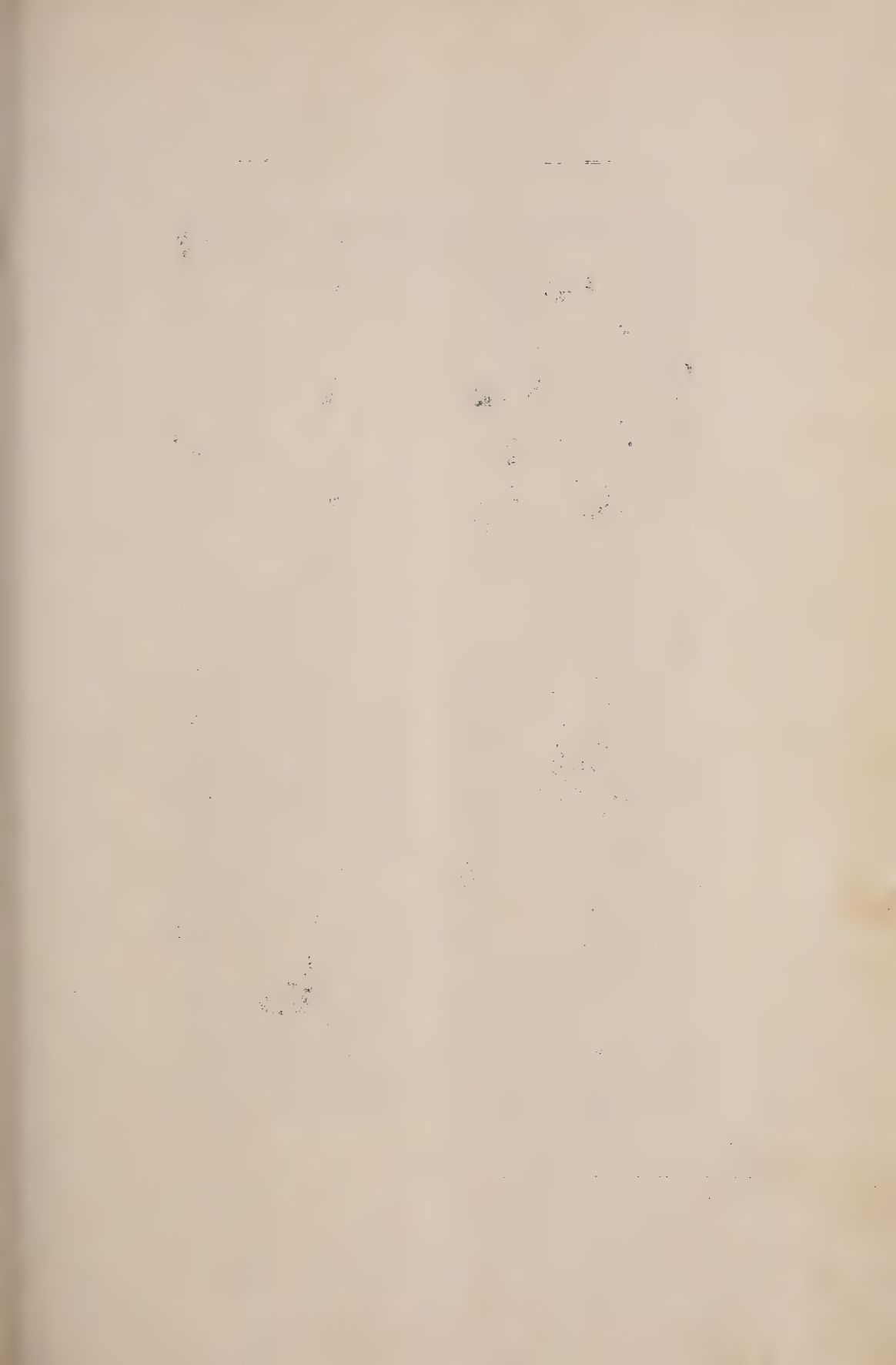
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curely around her neck, would be seen nibbling a bone; the noble marquis surreptitiously scratching himself; the belle marquise withdrawing her spoon from her lips to help a neighbor to sauce with it; another fair creature scouring her plate with her bread; a gallant courtier using his doublet or the tablecloth as a towel for his fingers, and two footmen holding a yard of damask under a lady's chin while she emptied her goblet at a draft. During a feast of inordinate length it was sometimes necessary to substitute a clean cloth for the one which the carelessness or bad manners of the guests had reduced to a deplorable condition.

Edam Cheese

The home of the Edam cheese industry is in the northern part of Holland. In the making of Edam cheese, fresh cows' milk is carefully strained and the rennet added. As soon as the milk curdles the whey is drawn off, and the curd, thoroughly kneaded, is pressed into moulds. This process is repeated until practically all the whey has been extracted and the curd is comparatively dry. It is then wrapped in a linen cloth and kept for ten or twelve days until it becomes quite solid. The cloth is then removed, and the cheese is put into a salt lye. Afterward a little more dry salt is sprinkled on the cheese until the maker thinks it is salt enough to insure its keeping. It is next put into a vessel and washed with whey and scraped to remove the white crust. It is then carried into a cool room and laid on shelves, where it is turned frequently and allowed to ripen. The ripening process lasts for some two to three months, the round balls taking on the fine yellow color or the reddish hue peculiar to Edam cheese. The cheeses intended for export to this country are rendered still more brilliant by dyeing the rind with a vegetable dye.





A MODERN DINING ROOM WITH COLONIAL FURNITURE

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The Catching of the Mackerel

By Albert C. Church

OF the many varieties of salt-water fish the mackerel is held in highest esteem. They not only possess a remarkably fine flavor, but also take more kindly to salting than any other, and many claim are improved by it.

Fresh mackerel are in season from the first of April till the latter part of fall, at which time they are at their best, owing to their fat condition. It may seem strange that little is known regarding this erratic fish, yet such is the fact; and, beyond the general location of their summer haunts, little is definitely known of their habits. Of late years the catch has dwindled to such an alarming proportion that the government is endeavoring to locate the source of the schools which make their annual appearance along the Atlantic coast and, if possible, take such measures as may tend to increase their propagation. Where these fish pass the winter is a matter of pure conjecture. No one seems to know. They suddenly make their yearly appearance at about the same time, the latter part

of March generally, and about thirty miles from Cape Henry. They arrive in small schools, or "pods" the fishermen term them; and so regularly follow their schedule that a large fleet of mackerel catchers sail from Gloucester each spring to intercept them as they follow their northward course; for the mackerel is extremely shy and uneasy, and seldom remains long in one locality. No sooner do these earlier pods bulk together in schools than the northward progress is begun, and slowly the masses of fish make their way in the gradually warming waters.

Apparently they scent danger, for the schools perform the most erratic evolutions, bobbing up on the surface occasionally, only to sink below and continue their journey unseen. But the keen-eyed Gloucester man has observed this, and for years has carefully studied the problem of transferring these schools from their native element to the hold of his fleet schooner. He knows it is useless to drop baited hooks into the sea, for the mackerel

would touch none of them at this season of the year, and would more likely be frightened into hasty flight. They even refuse to show themselves for days and sometimes weeks at a time. Such is the problem that presents itself



THE SEINE BOAT GOING FOR A SCHOOL

to the shrewd Gloucester fisherman, and yet he is equal to the task. The ingenious brain of man has devised a means to circumvent the cunning with which these fish have been endowed, although, for man's own benefit, the Creator has precluded this method being infallible, lest the defenceless fish become exterminated.

Learning that mackerel are not caught by hook and line, save at times during the fall, perhaps the reader wonders how the fisherman copes successfully with his prey, for we have learned that they are taken too far from shores to admit the use of fish traps, such as we see along the shores; and when we further learn that one of the mackerel's favorite haunts during the summer is some two hundred miles off shore, the problem of coping with him seems to deepen. Let us follow the preparations the Gloucester man has made, and take passage on his stately vessel, that we may acquaint ourselves with his method of attack and see if he be clever enough to outwit and capture his watchful quarry.

Our vessel is one of a fleet numbering nearly seventy, and about the middle of March we find her ready to sail for southern waters. Everything looks spick and span, the freshly painted black hull glistening in the sunlight, while her towering spars seem to pierce

the sky. From the top of each proudly flies a gayly colored pennant, floating gently in the breeze. A notable vessel this, a queen among the entire fleet, and proud of her are the crew, numbering nineteen, stalwart men all. This craft is supplied with every modern appliance used by a mackerel catcher, including a powerful gasoline motor, to furnish motive power when winds should be light or baffling.

A few hours later we are rushing down the coast at a lively clip, bound for the waters in vicinity of Cape Henry where the mackerel are expected to strike on. During the passage we have an opportunity to learn the uses of the various appliances which they carry; and also have them explained to us carefully, that we may later understand what is being done or attempted, particularly as most of it is done at some distance from the vessel, and often at night under cover of darkness.

These large mackerel catchers are called seiners, from the fact that they carry large seines to be used in capturing the schools of fish. The seine we find piled on deck in a heap, apparently all in a tangle, but, in reality, very carefully arranged so as to be taken up in layers and transferred to



THE SEINE SET AROUND THE SCHOOL

a large boat from which it can be handily thrown overboard when the proper time comes. This seine might be compared to a gigantic tennis net, save that it is tarred to increase its strength and prevent it from absorbing too much water. The top edge is

fitted with a rope along which are fastened a large number of cork floats, sufficient to keep the top of the seine level with the water, while a similar rope along the bottom edge is supplied with enough sinkers to make the seine hang perpendicularly in the water. The theory of its operation is to row around the school of fish, throwing out the seine as they go, until after circling the school the two ends are united and held fast, making a fence, as it were, around the fish. A strong rope, passing through a number of iron rings arranged along the bottom of the seine, is then hauled taut, thus closing the bottom together beneath the school, and holding them prisoners. In practice this does not always succeed, as the fish often dive out before it can be closed.

On the passage down the coast the seine boat has been lashed on deck, but as we near the cruising grounds the crew hoist it up by tackles and swing it overboard; and now the big seine is piled neatly in layer-like folds in the seine boat, which dances merrily alongside. A long roller, somewhat like a huge rolling-pin, is built on the left-hand rail of the vessel, and over this the seine is hauled, some of the crew stowing it neatly as it rolls into the boat. When this is completed the ropes are coiled, and oars placed where they can be reached at a moment's notice, after which the boat is towed astern.

Toward nightfall the skipper casts anxious glances at sea and sky, but says not a word. The sea is going down, and a gentle breeze blowing from the land, not far distant now, hardly ruffles the ocean's surface; and now darkness comes on, a veritable blackness. No sound is heard save the steady wash of the gently heaving swell against our vessel, now almost motionless. The intense darkness and unnatural quiet seem almost oppressive to us; not so to the skipper, who begins

to show signs of remarkable activity. On deck he comes, clad in oilskins and jack boots, vigorously puffing at a corn-cob pipe. "Great night for fish,"



ALONGSIDE READY TO BAIL OUT THE FISH

says he, noting with satisfaction the phosphorescent glow in our wake astern; and then 'tis, "Stand by to take in the kites, boys," at which command the sails referred to come rattling down and hang limply in the evening breeze. A few moments later and, leaning down the companionway, he shouts, "Get in your oilers,



DIPPING OUT THE MACKEREL

boys, and stand ready, I'm going aloft," at which he goes forward and scrambles nimbly up the rigging, disappearing in the dense blackness overhead. We wonder how it might be of advantage to him, at that lofty height,

when we can scarcely see the helmsman by the dim binnacle light, even though he be close at hand.

The seine boat is now hauled up alongside and towed from a small boom, which prevents it chafing against the vessel. The crew below, all in oilskins now, are lying at ease, some catching a few minutes' sleep, others playing cards or looking on; and so it is for an hour or more, when from aloft the skipper shouts, "Keep her off!" Promptly the helmsman obeys, and our course veers slightly. "He sees something," remarks our friend, by way of information. Then suddenly from the skipper, this time in a roar, "Haul up the staysail, give her the balloon and gasoline, full speed and drive her!"

Instantly the crew scramble on deck, the cards flying in all directions, and in a rush the orders are executed. One hurries up the rigging to assist the skipper in watching the fish, still some distance away. The pulsations of the powerful motor can be felt, and the roar of the laboring machinery comes from the engine-room below. The vessel is tearing through the water now, a broad belt of foam rushing by,



DUMPING THE FISH ON DECK

seemingly afire with its phosphorescent glow. "Get in the boat," again roars the skipper hoarsely, already halfway down the rigging. Into the boat tumble twelve powerful men, promptly

in their places all. Over the rail goes the skipper, the boat is released and shoots into the inky blackness, closely followed by a dory with two oarsmen, pulling for might and main; and now we see the fish, that is, we see something. It looks as though there were a tremendous fire beneath the water some distance off, and the glow shone upward toward the surface, much as a distant conflagration illumines the sky.

"Them's mackerel, a raft of 'em," volunteers the cook, who has the wheel. The wind has died out and only the muffled beat of the motor is audible. Occasionally a sharp command from the masthead man, and the vessel swings around as we slide off in another direction. Time slips by, and an hour is gone before suddenly a bright flash lights up our boat a quarter mile away. Promptly we glide down toward them, and soon a closer view discloses the seine teeming with mackerel, beating the water furiously with their tails. The skipper comes aboard in the dory and, taking the wheel, shoots the vessel gently alongside the boat, with the seine between us. Torches are now lighted. One side of the seine is hauled over the rail and made fast, and the boat is kept away from the vessel's side, forming a sort of pocket from which the fish can be bailed. Some of the crew remain in the boat to hold the seine, while the remainder spring aboard and hastily rig the large dip net used to transfer the fish to the vessel. It is quickly done, the skipper grasps the handle, while eight brawny men man the halliards. Down goes the net, deep into the fish. Up it comes, loaded with mackerel, till at the rail it is grasped by two rugged men, to be emptied. "Hi-i-i-i!" they shout, and over turns the net. Splash, and out drop three barrels of struggling fish; and again, and still again, till the deck is knee deep with wriggling mackerel, their tails beating each other furiously, and the tiny scales flying in every direction.

Such is the din that one is forced to shout to make himself heard. The last netfull scarce strikes on deck before the icing begins, and the fish are rushed down through the hatches and bunker plates to be packed away in the pens below deck.

And now, there being no other schools in sight, and daylight drawing nigh, the vessel swings around, all

canvas is piled on, and with the huge motor driven at its utmost we are tearing through the crested seas bound for market, with the first catch of the season.

"For they're stanch and trim and neat,
They're the pride of Gloucester's fleet,
As they race with the breeze o'er summer seas,
Those seiners out of Glo'ster."



A GLOUCESTER MACKEREL SEINER

Violets

By Alix Thorn

When moist winds sweep the meadow ways,
When every brook is singing,
When through the day in sun and shower
Bird notes are wildly ringing,—
'Tis then I know they're here at last,
The crowd of them together;
My dainty violets, springtime friends,
Come back with April weather.

They dot the fields, they fill the lanes,
In upland pastures growing;
And down beside some lonely stream
I find them bravely growing.
Dear ones, each year I gladly greet,
So quaint and sweet together;
Their blending tints of sea and sky
Are part of April weather.

Afternoon Teas

By Kate Gannett Wells

THE evening receptions of thirty years ago are now being revived, especially during the Lenten season, since they are supposed not to possess the seductive charm of balls, and yet to be of more socially authoritative value than afternoon teas. Then they can be economical or expensive in menu as a hostess may elect, for after all what dress shall be worn and whom one will meet are of more importance than what one will eat.

Still they are not the boon that teas are to a woman burdened with too many acquaintances whom she thinks she must ask to her house, but does not want for friends. But to charge any one who has them with aping fashion, practising social graft or being insincere either hints at an envious spirit in her who makes the complaint or is due to the prevalent emphasis upon bald truth and insistence upon a cantankerous sincerity that is disagreeable to encounter.

The very inner meaning of an afternoon tea should be its gregariousness and simplicity. Anybody can have it, anyhow, anywhere. Individuality in it can abound and be but little clipped by timorous convention, though personal grace is always assumed as its base. We are, however, too strongly impressed with the value of time and of ourselves to make tea ceremonies a feature of feminine education as they were in old Japan, where they required years of training "in politeness, self-control and discipline, in deportment." Because we do not want to be bothered with doing what we cannot do quickly or with what is contrary to our chance moods, we make afternoon teas serve as social catch-alls for our mixed motives, our varied friendships, our economy or our lavishness, and even

resort to the telephone as a short cut in issuing invitations. Yet when teas are regarded lightly, not strenuously as a matter of duty, they are delightful occasions for keeping one's self in the memory and sight of others, as it is trying to be forgotten when one is still alive.

Then teas certainly have their advantages over purposeful dinners given for business or political reasons, still more over the instructive dinners of the past. At the latter, as arranged for Queen Hortense by Madame Campan, she regulated the conversation by the number of those present. If twelve guests were at table, travels and literature were to be discussed; if eight, art, science and new inventions; if six, politics and philosophy; if four, affairs of sentiment; if two, each could talk of himself.

As offset to such formal converse, today's guest at a tea proves his right to be an epicure by recognizing the high purity or the flavor of the tea and the fastidiousness of the sandwiches, when the preparer thereof is an "artist cooking for artists, and not the culinary stoker, stoking for those who merely call for" food. Fortunately all our hospitality is more and more marked by appreciation of the innate elegance of moderation compared with past profuseness. Not longer ago than 1835, at "a small genteel dinner" given to Miss Harriet Martineau, on her visit to this country, the caterer provided thirty dishes of meat, "as there were to be only eighteen guests," and proscribed "puddings and pies as out of fashion and raisins and figs as vulgar." The hostess obliged him to compromise on eight dishes of meat. He could not have remembered that Washington in writing from West Point expressed him-

self as gratified that sometimes they had as many as "two Beef-steak pyes in dishes of crabs and that the cook had the surprising sagacity to discover that apples will make pyes." Such a chef knew more than did the gudewife to whom lately a Scotchman gave some sausages, asking her to cook them for his breakfast in the same way she did fish. The next morning she told him she feared he would not have a full meal, for when she had cleaned out the sausages in the same manner she did unto fish, there was not much left of them or in them.

Afternoon teas avoid such catastrophes and have the freedom of democracy through their constant opportunities for escape from social misfits, though no hostess can be omniscient and, if she were, she might not be omnipotent! A small tea with a personal center to it is as charming as a big crush, without a social focus, is a terror. Still, is it not men who are needed to make any tea replete with pleasure, and men are not to be had until five o'clock? So teas grow later in hours, dinners and bedtimes follow still later, till the natural order of events is supplanted by fashion and business. Teas are largely for the payment of women's social debts to each other, but also, when small, they are reminiscent of the grace and comradeship of little, simple dinners. Again is it a question of amount of time available, of which most women think they have not enough to arrange for many small dinners, in order to get even with their fancied creditors, and there is little excitement in going to other people's insignificant dinners, when one's own are stupid enough. Just because most of our social life is on such a debit and credit system, with its double entry of personal oughts and wishes in regard to social payments, spontaneity is lost.

Thus is it that the afternoon tea holds its sway as a reconciler between

the necessary exclusiveness of dinners and the needless extravagance of balls. There is no better place than a tea in which to learn how to be cordial without being "gushing"; how to have the ready word of bright, unstinging retort; how to acquire the useful art of appearing pleased, and how to pass easily from one person to another. All the more pity is it that the simplicity of teas, in dress, table ornaments and menus, is giving way before display, when the significance of a tea should be its frank acknowledgment that people are of more value than things and that there really is time in life for friendship and sociability.

Worthy of most active emulation is the hostess who is a good mixer of persons, yet who includes the spirit of democracy in her invitations without outraging personal reserve by introducing those who do not want to know each other. Nevertheless, in the end, social woe is hers, if she never mixes her friends, and invites you to meet only herself, as she does not know any one else whom it is safe to ask. Worse still, if she invites you as an attraction for somebody, but never asks you to meet some one of more social value than yourself.

We have learned how to "individualize the breakfast" in family life, allowing "sleep, the great healer, to deal with each after his needs." But, alas! most of us have not yet found out how to individualize our social entertainments and yet permit the spirit of democracy, rather than its discontented assertiveness of I-am-as-good-as-you, to deal with each person according to her needs. There is something lacking in one who cannot make new friends each year and new acquaintances all the time. Not merely by social philanthropies, church socials, welfare committees, and club life, but through the deliberate setting apart of time for hospitality, just for its own sake, and offering it invested with grace, can we

reach those heights and depths in human intercourse which make it the complement of useful industries. Never to be precariously fashionable, always

to be easily cordial; never to be censorious, uppish or squeamish; always to be just, frank and fearless, are the prerogatives of afternoon teas.

Who is Who, and What is What?

By Mrs. Charles Norman

WASHING, IRONING, CARPET CLEANING
DONE HERE!
ALSO, FAITH RUBBING IN THE LORD'S NAME

THE above sign, painted none too correctly upon a shingle, used to adorn the front of a negro cabin in the town of Cameron in the State of Missouri. In referring to it there is no danger of offering offence to the old woman whose business it advertised, for she has ceased from her labors and—as the expression goes—"has gone to her reward."

There was really no need for her to go to her reward, for her labors brought their own reward. "Washing, ironing, carpet cleaning!" There was never a time when her little one room did not smell of soapsuds, and though she carried away big baskets full of clothes, the pile in the corner never appeared diminished. Week after week, year in and year out, the work continued till it seemed her poor back would break—but she was calm! Then there was the "faith rubbing in the Lord's name," and, while she rubbed the pain out of others, she seemed—by that miracle of service—to lose her own; or at least to "steep her senses in forgetfulness." All her drudgery was sweetened by the daily exercise of what she considered her higher gifts—God working in her.

There is seldom a day but I think of the poor old soul, for all other women

are apparently as well deluged as she with occupations. Washing, ironing, carpet cleaning, dusting, sewing, shopping, marketing, cooking, nursing, entertaining, to say nothing of frantic efforts at self-improvement, and still more frantic efforts in behalf of some humane or reformatory movement! We are consoled in a measure for our "washing, ironing and carpet cleaning" by our "faith rubbing in the Lord's name"; yet we do not get as much comfort out of life and we do not put as much comfort into other lives as did the old negro.

What is the reason? We say she was ignorant, her standards were ordinary and her faith was blind. We are not anxious to imitate her, yet we some way wish our lives were a little more simple, a little more conducive to peace on earth, a little less dependent upon the one who does the "faith rubbing," upon the specialist, the doctor, the surgeon, the hospital or the sanitarium.

We did not mean to get into this hurly-burly. We started out very well with an aim to secure for ourselves the beautiful and essential things of life, with all vulgarity left out. Our husbands were willing to coöperate. They were ready to work hard to earn money, if that money was to buy future leisure—opportunity for thought. As a means to the end we tried to rid ourselves of impediments, and in the endeavor we have spent years, but the

impediments seem no fewer. The leisure, the peace, are still in the distance! We can no longer see the beauty we set out to attain, we have got into such a fret trying to reduce the friction of life. Long ago we got the furnace and the kitchen sink; we have acquired a winter home in the city and a summer home by the sea, but we have no more time than formerly for thought, or consideration of the sublime. We have taken a long and wearisome journey, — which we shouldn't so much mind, — but it is time we were arriving; and here we are still rattling along, and our heads swim at the unending confusion.

Thoreau tells of a woman who had the scrub brush continually in her hand, while the evidence of its use existed nowhere. Every woman will say the same of her dust cloth. I thought today I had dusted particularly well, but there was a neglected spot at which my caller stared unremittingly. We cannot even succeed in keeping clean, though we have grown up in the belief that "cleanliness is next to godliness."

To refer again to that peculiar man, Thoreau! He said he had a piece of limestone which he wished to keep, but he found it required daily dusting, so he threw it away. Now that is what made Thoreau peculiar. He counted the full cost and the full value to him, and if a thing was not worth the trouble it took to possess it, he let it alone. We are not peculiar! What woman thinks of the aggregate cost of her white shirt waist? No matter, she "must have it." Who estimates how much vital energy, how much life, how much sacrifice of other blessings, went into the furniture of the hall? Who paid and keeps on paying over and over for that hideous bric-a-brac on the mantel, which it makes you so

nervous to see a housemaid dust? Does your happiness depend upon things? Then are you likely to be bereaved, before your hope is fulfilled. Why *must* we do things we claim not to approve? Who compels us? Let us conform to the world when the world is rational, but not otherwise.

Be brave enough to make your own estimate as to duty and strong enough to live faithful to it, without apology. Calmly consider not only what is worth while, but how much of that which is worth while you have time for in your own program. Know what to omit! Blessed is the woman who knows what to omit! If she is a mother, she remembers that it is she upon whom rests the obligation of raising her children. The responsibility is hers; not that of the nurse, the school, the church, the clubs, or the State. And she had as well make up her mind that while she is discharging this obligation, with all her intelligence, with fasting and prayer, she is sure to be accused of "not living up to her opportunities." People will say she is not "improving herself," or that — having such marked ability — she ought to get out and *do good*. It is not enough that she keeps her own from becoming a shame or a care to the community, or that she is carrying on in her home a little training school, equipping each learner to go out and *do good*, or to stay in and do good, as duty indicates. Her temperature is normal and she can act with discretion. She is full of enthusiasm, but she is not delirious. She has solved the problems of her life — not yours. You must attend to your affairs; but if life's truest blessings do not come along in pretty regular installments, something is wrong. Did you do your faith rubbing *in the Lord's name*?



Heard at an Afternoon Tea

By Helen Campbell

"AND the father when she married gave her the most fascinating little house, big enough though for a beginning, and furnished most delightfully, and what do you think? She has rented it and gone into a studio!"

"Gracious! You don't mean she has taken to art?" said the hostess.

"Not in the least, but only to the rationality art admits."

"I thought, my dear, that irrationality was the foundation principle for all artists."

"Then you didn't know that through their methods the servant question may be settled."

"No, my dear lady," said a voice behind her, "and I doubt if anybody else does. You are deceived."

The last speaker, dark-eyed and rather sharp-voiced, as she ended set her lips in a determined line as if a final verdict had been given; but at this point the hostess, whose quick ears seemed always to get the sum of whatever came uppermost in talk, moved to the spot where the little group were sitting.

"We all want to hear about the studio plan. Is it a real deliverance or only another pit for the unwary? Tell us what you know."

"There is an invidious emphasis on that 'know,'" the first speaker said laughingly, "but I really do know more than you would imply, for I am going to do the same thing. The servant question is too much for me, also, and this is one way of escape, but there is something more. To entertain informally is my delight, but that can never be done in a house, you know. while in a studio informality is the law, the more of it the better. A studio is better than an apartment, and I know

several people who have left seven or eight room apartments to go into studios. They cost just as much, sometimes more than a good apartment, but people pay just because they afford such a release from the ordinary thing. In a house or any large apartment formality is essential. In the studio you do as you please and it's all right."

"Why not start out on the same plan in a house?" the hostess said.

"I don't suppose people would stand it anywhere but in a studio, but let me tell you what one of the agents of these new studio buildings told me. He said the house was full, yet only three artists were among the tenants, just because others flocked and would have the rooms, though there wasn't a sign of even a kitchenette. But in a bigger one, of which he was also agent, there were delightful kitchenettes with a little electric stove and ice box, a cellarette and a sink with running water. The little dining-room had a chafing dish, a samovar and a coffee urn, at least these were the only things visible. But a duplex studio is a thing of joy, if it were only for the windows. A duplex, you know, is one immense room as studio proper, but living-room for everyday people, a smaller room for a dining-room, and above these two rooms and bath on a mezzanine floor reached by a winding stairway, with a landing part way up lighted by a big decorative window. It's the windows that make you willing to pay anything. Just think of two-story windows with little panes above, and long casement-like panes below and queer alcoves and projections, here and there, and a door where you would never think of looking for one. The whole side of a room window, and that makes its effects

in drapery just waiting to be produced! Then you see you don't furnish as any ordinary house is furnished. You just let yourself go. You can put all sorts of furniture together and sort of harmonize the pieces with what you might call a Persian scheme of colors, all sorts, yet blending admirably. I saw a simply ideal one yesterday. The end of the room is all window, you know, but divided up. The lower part had sash curtains of lace, very simple, and on each side hung long curtains of gray liberty silk, soft and thick, with tracings of yellow, hanging full length on either side. Up to about a foot from the ceiling is a Japanese paper in a brown and green and yellow foliage design, with, here and there, a gay plumaged bird. Above is a frieze, the ceiling being in plain gray like the shade of the curtains. Between the wall paper and the plain frieze is a black molding picked out with gold. There is a parquet floor and on it a few small Persian rugs.

"The furniture? Oh, yes, an enormous divan with teakwood legs and frame, and a cane seat piled with pillows covered with every sort of Japanese fabric. Then there are two great teakwood chairs and some smaller ones in black and gold rattan, a teakwood cabinet nearly six feet high and four wide, full of beautiful things, curios of one sort and another. Then there is an ebony piano and stool.

The room is lighted from the sides, and the electric bulbs are of all sorts of tints, and are shaped like chrysanthemums. I forgot that one corner had a teakwood table, with a marble top sunk into the frame, and on it was a solid brass lamp with a tent-like shade of wonderfully tinted glass. You couldn't call it a studio really, for there wasn't a picture on the wall anywhere; but it was charming in its wonderfully blended coloring, more so than any studio I ever saw.

"The dining-room? That wasn't Japanese at all. Just weathered oak, but with seats of Japanese leather in green and gold tones. The buffet had a lot of curious copper dishes, but not a particle of silver in sight. The room had a dado, perhaps five feet high, of dark wood, and above it Japanese paper with a glowing floral design. As for bedrooms, that of the mistress was pale pink in walls, with white enamel moldings and baseboard, and a huge Japanese umbrella almost covering the ceiling, with colors yellow, old blue, crimson and black. Of course, all that means loads of money; but I know another one which means very little, yet, in its way, is charming. Nothing matches, and the owner says she hates things that match. I furnish in any old style I like, and won't be held down to following periods. Not I! A good deal of my place was done in Japanese grass cloth, and I have seen that in several studios, both for walls and floor. And another good thing about these studios is that none of them are decorated till the tenant has signed the lease, said tenant being allowed free choice of methods in decoration. Some of them build in bookcases and cabinets or, perhaps, a space-saving device like a mirror door. Then, you see, there is chambermaid service provided by the building, and meals are served at a moderate charge; there is even a general man for valeting. When you entertain, the guests are charmed to turn to and assist in all the operations, studio fashion, and there you are! It's the beginning of freedom. No more houses for me! Come next Tuesday to my opening day, and you shall see for yourselves. You will love it, I know."

"It seems, however, that there still have to be servants," said the original objector to the plan.

"To be sure, but don't you see a *man* manages them? Men don't have trouble with servants. They deal with them on strict business plans, and it

seems to work, but women couldn't, you know. They never have learned how and I, personally, don't believe they ever will."

"Oh, shame!" some one said; but the little lady had already vanished, and only a laugh came back as answer.

The Sand Man

By A. T. Frost

He always comes at twilight time,
The queer old man;
And follows me from room to room,
As such folks can;
By door and window stealing through
The oddest way;
I drop my toys, for all at once
I cannot play.

I may be sitting up real late,
As big boys do,
Some night, so very wide awake,
And jolly too;
My eyes will feel all stiff and strange,
Quite suddenly —
I drop my yawn, and then I know
He waits for me.

Why, once he met me on the stairs
That wind, and wind;
I had to sit right down and rest;
It wasn't kind.
Then some one found me fast asleep,
So quiet there,
And carried me the long way up —
I didn't care.

Yet, sometimes when I'm sent to bed,
Right after tea,
It's rather frightening, all alone,
And sad, you see;
He comes, I'm glad he knows me then
That Sand Man gray,
And when I wake I smile to see
The glad, new day.

The Girl and the Musician

By Amy R. Morton

IT was very quiet at the concert grounds. The soft twilight of the summer evening was giving place to the glorious light of the full moon, as it shone through the tall eucalyptus trees that rustled in the cool, evening breeze. Many of the seats were still in the deep shadow, and here and there a man and a maid were using their opportunity to make love in the half darkness.

Somewhere in the tops of the trees a mocking bird sang loudly, seemingly trying to drown the sound of the waves as they swept over the sands of the beach near by.

Some one turned on a few electric

lights and soon people began strolling towards the place. Half a dozen children began a noisy game of tag among the benches, occasionally quieting down as they stopped for breath, or after more or less stern reproofs from their elders. The popcorn boy was calling his wares, and between sales carried on a wordy war with the peanut boy from the rival wagon. The musicians were straggling in, and to the general noise was added the discordant sounds from several different instruments being tuned or practised upon.

It was the last concert of the season. It meant crowded benches, and Betty slipped into her place even earlier

than usual. She was alone tonight, as Aunt Martha, tired out from packing, refused to move from her comfortable rocking-chair on the porch of the little cottage near by, where she and Betty had been staying for a month.

The seats were being rapidly filled now, more lights were turned on, flooding the place with the brilliancy of day, and the people began impatiently scanning their programs.

Betty sat nervously clasping and unclasping her hands, and gazed at the empty seat of the violin soloist. He was almost the last to arrive, coming in just before the orchestra leader.

Every evening for a month she had been coming to the concerts, and it was at the beginning of the third evening that she first noticed him. That time she and Aunt Martha were quite early, and Betty sat smiling and playing peek-a-boo with a cunning little boy a short distance away, when suddenly the child darted away from his mother and, running to the girl, threw himself into her lap, laughing, "No! no!" when his mother called to him. As she made preparations to come after him, a young man who had been quietly watching the little scene came forward and took the child from the girl, looking, meanwhile, in undisguised admiration at her pretty, flushed face. The baby shrieked, "Dad! Dad!" and went willingly enough to his mother, waving his tiny hand at the girl and calling out, "Bye, lady!" to her. People about them laughed as the child evidently mistook the young man for his father, and Betty felt a little resentment towards them for being amused. She thought him very kind and gentlemanly, and had prettily smiled her thanks at him for relieving her in her embarrassment.

The next day she met him on the beach, and there was a look of recognition in his eyes, but she merely bowed slightly and passed on. That evening at the concert she saw him look all over the audience until he saw

her, and then he had evidently found what he was looking for. He gazed at her at every opportunity, trying to compel her to look at him. It made her uncomfortable at first, then she boldly looked at him as if she did not see him; but he smiled a slow, funny little smile that was so irresistibly good-natured and so contagious that she found herself smiling in spite of herself.

After the concert she and Aunt Martha were sitting on their porch when he had passed the house, walking slowly and gazing in. It was moonlight that night, too, and he saw her plainly. She had felt a little breathless as she noticed him, as if there were something unusual and romantic about it.

Poor sentimental little Betty! Hers had been an uneventful existence with a houseful of women, mother, grandmother and three maiden aunts. She had dreamed wonderful dreams of the tall, handsome lover who was to come some day,—a dashing, fascinating man, whose piercing black eyes would be soft and tender for her alone. Of the men she knew none seemed romantic enough, only one cared for her, in spite of her very evident indifference to him when he called at her home.

Her mother and aunts never spoke to her of Tom's admiration for her, but were continually allowing her to overhear their emphatic praises of his virtues. Betty had found herself mentally comparing him with the violinist who had just passed, looking so handsome in his trim uniform, and, to her mind, Tom suffered by the comparison. He was a thoroughly fine fellow (every one knew how good he had been to his mother and sister); but then, the musician *looked* like a fine fellow, too, and he was far handsomer than Tom; and the girl built air castles for herself and, well, it wasn't Tom, until Aunt Martha called her in to go to bed.

The next day she had met the violinist again, and she blushed and looked conscious when he raised his

hat. That evening he played a solo, and she felt that the tender love song was played for her alone; the man did not take his eyes from her face while he played.

So it went on, each day she saw him on the beach, or board walk, or pier; each evening she sat and listened to the glorious music of his violin, while he watched her until she felt that Aunt Martha would surely notice.

But Aunt Martha was supremely indifferent to all that went on about her. She was mentally reconstructing her gowns for the coming season. She listened to the music, oh, yes; the Berceuse from "Jocelyn" gave her inspiration to plan her church costume for the winter, and to the tune of the "Merry Widow" waltz she thought out every detail of the new gown she would have for receptions. She saw nothing else; as a chaperon, Aunt Martha was hardly a success.

There were times when Betty looked everywhere but at the man. There were others when he compelled her gaze by his own, until she felt she must cry out. She was half afraid of her own feeling and of him, though she fancied that a man must have a most noble nature to be able to make such music. She had fallen in love with an ideal, and was sure the man was its embodiment. She lived in a dream of mingled delight and despair,—delight in the feeling that he surely cared for her, and despair over the thought that they might never meet. It never occurred to her to begin a conversation with him; if such a thought had entered her mind, she would have shuddered in horror at her own boldness. The man seemed content to use his eyes only, for he never tried to speak to her. Perhaps he was afraid of Aunt Martha, who usually accompanied her niece on her daily promenade.

So it had gone on during the month, and now it was her last evening. Tomorrow they would go back to the

little foothill town where they lived, and tomorrow the orchestra disbanded for the season. Where would *he* go? Would he miss her? Would he follow her? What would her people say if he did? Such an unconventional acquaintance would cause the greatest consternation in her family. They all expected her to marry Tom.

Poor Tom! She felt a few qualms of regret; he would feel badly, she knew; but he was so unselfish that he would wish her to be happy, and surely she would be happy with the musician. And then, oh, agonizing thought! *Did* he care for her as she felt she cared for him? She tried to stop thinking and to listen to the music. It was the last number before the intermission, and after the applause some mothers left the place with their sleepy children; some people changed their seats, others went out for a promenade. There was a stir in the seats behind her; a newcomer was taking her place, and the girl became suddenly aware of a voice, a cheerfully intrusive voice:

"Yes, I thought I'd come over and say good bye. We go 'way from here tomorrow, and I'm mighty glad of it. The hole we had to live in was just awful; flies and fleas! And the people next door ain't any too quiet nights. But they was the quarters for the band, the management said so; and it was there or nowhere. Yes, he's in the band, that fellow at old Dinklemeyer's left; the violin soloist."

Betty gave a little gasp and listened. "Oh, he's a good looker, all right; and he knows it, too. There's lot of silly girls gets stuck on him, and some of 'em sends him notes full of the worst fool stuff; we laugh at 'em and burn 'em. Some of the men show their notes to each other, and have all sorts of fun with the little fools; but my husband says he's got to have a little respect for himself, even if the girls ain't got any for 'emselfes. Of course he does, *some*; he's a man, not a wooden Indian;

but he don't go too far, and he always tells me about 'em; but he won't show me which they are. There's one girl here he's been makin' eyes at for a month, but he says she ain't the fool kind, just kinder young; and oh, you know that kind gets stuck on a uniform if the fellow inside of it looks halfway decent. No, I ain't seen her. The kiddie's been sick, and I've been kept in a good deal."

The girl sat as if turned to stone. She still looked at the man, but with unseeing eyes. She felt as if she had been rudely awakened from sleep; but the dream she had been dreaming, oh, it had suddenly become a horrible nightmare. The voice went on in an unbroken flow of words:

"Yes, he's well now; but this is the first time I've had him here for a month. He's lively; won't set quiet a minute when he's awake. Last time I was settin' on the other side and he ran away from me and made love to some girl settin' over here somewheres, and wouldn't come back till his father went for him. He's three. Yes, beginnin' early; he'll be a heart breaker like his father when he's grown up. No, I ain't. What's the use in being jealous? he thinks more of me and the kid than any one else; but he was born a flirt, he can't help it, and the girls lead him on, and —"

There was a tap of the bandmaster's baton, and the voice trailed away into a whisper and was still.

The girl sat rigid, with her hands tightly locked in her lap.

Oh, how she hated him! How she despised herself! What a poor, sentimental little fool she was! She had disgraced herself forever! How glad she was that she was going away the next day and need never, *never* see him again!

He was still watching her, though more furtively. She realized that he must know his wife was seated behind her. Then, suddenly, she looked

squarely at him, *through* him, apparently not at all aware of his existence, and smiled sweetly at the big drum. *That* couldn't flirt! There was a ray of hope in the thought that the man might think some of those other looks had not been meant for him. Oh, if only the thing would end and she might go home and turn out the lights and cry, and cry, and cry!

And into her miserable thoughts there crept the memory of a big, broad-shouldered man, who had loved her since they were children together. He was not romantic looking, but his honest, blue eyes did not make love to every girl he knew; and he cared for her, truly, she knew. Perhaps it was his presence making itself felt, for a hand touched her on the shoulder, and a familiar voice said:

"Your aunt told me where to find you and sent me over to take you home after the concert. I was in Los Angeles and couldn't resist coming down to see you safely home tomorrow. Aren't you just a little bit glad to see me?"

Betty held out her hand. "Tom," she whispered, "I'm gladder than I ever can tell you."

And as he took his seat beside her she felt that it was all right now. Nothing mattered now that Tom was there to take care of her. She sat through the rest of the program in silence, and he, knowing her moods, did not speak to her. Something, he did not know what, had made her less indifferent to him, and he was satisfied for the present.

When it was over, as they slowly moved with the dense crowd into the street, she slipped her hand into his and said again, with a little contented sigh:

"I'm so *glad* you came, Tom!"

And he held the little trembling hand tightly in his big, strong one, and knew that after his years of patient wooing *his* dream had come true.

In Burgundy, or a Picture of Rural Life in France

By Julia Davis Chandler

"**T** IRED as I am from shopping, I would walk a mile now if I could only get some snails to eat, such as we used to have in Burgundy," said a bright-faced matron.

"Snails?" said an American listener, "I never ate one and, I am sure, I cannot tell you where in all Philadelphia or New York you could find any." Whereupon followed a discussion of edibles and life in the fair province of France that is called Burgundy.

Would you look upon an old family home there, a modest chateau, the Chateau de Vaufontaine, St. Denis?

Before it is the terrace garden inclosed by arbors hung with vines that seem to be hanging upon the façade of the house itself. Instead that is covered with peaches, trained *en espalier*, great choice ones, which visiting young people like michievously to reach far out from their bedroom windows to gather. Burgundy is a land of flowers, even humble cottages have some flowers; and here the golden gloire de Dijon roses climb all over the rear of the chateau, while in the front terrace garden madame has Jacqueminot roses, early violets and all her tenderest plants. Behind the house lie the plainer gardens, the granaries, and fields bordering on the placid little river, the Ouanne.

If, perchance, you have crossed the sea to visit the old family home at Easter, you will get off the train at a little station near by. The cool freshness of spring is in the air. Waiting to receive you are madame and her good husband, whom we will call Uncle.

The bells of the little church of St. Denis are ringing for the conclusion of the morning service and Uncle, who is ninety, gets off his time-honored query, "Why can we never have low mass

here?" Answer, "Because St. Denis is so high," meaning because the church stands so high on a hill. Later we will go there; now we are taken home for *dejeuner*. We know there are many tempting things there for us to eat, including the much-prized snails of Burgundy that feed upon the grape leaves in the vineyards.

After many happy questionings and repeated greetings of welcome, we go to the old dining-room. The finest of fowls is ready; it has been roasting in the kitchen on a revolving spit until done actually to a turn, over a half shell of iron filled with charcoal. It has a savory forcemeat filling, and gives off an appetizing odor. There are also veal with peas, little crusty loaves of true French bread, coffee, salad and *fromage de join*. This cheese is creamy, with considerable odor to it. It is not as strong as camembert, but enough to make one husband say to his wife, "It takes away the poetry to see you eat cheese like that!"

To which she replies, with a laugh, "Let poetry vanish then, for when I get home to Burgundy I can not help eating *fromage de join*. Wait until you see me eat snails!"

Presently these are brought in. While all the edible snails of France are famed, the Burgundy snails are considered the choicest. When alive they are dull greenish to drab, with white bands, and when hibernating, or dead, they are ocherish yellow, with pale sienna bands.

In summer they are not eaten unless fed for a week or so on flour. In winter they are far better.

They must be washed, and boiled in weak lye made of ashes and water. After that the shells are washed again and wiped. A paste of butter, parsley,

garlic and salt and pepper has been made ready. Some of this is forced into the shells, and with a long, peculiar needle the snails are put back into their shells, and more butter paste is put in the open end. Then the shells are carefully balanced right side up on a pan and put over a very hot charcoal fire. They are carried smoking hot to the table; a fork is used for drawing them out, and with every bit of savory butter gravy they are eaten with bread. In Paris the prepared snails may be bought for a cent apiece all ready for the final cooking.

Charcoal is the universal fuel here. The making of charcoal is one of the principal industries of this section, and it was largely the business of the family at Vaufontaine before the Franco-Prussian war. There will be charcoal in the big warming-pan tonight to iron out the chill from the linen sheets, that smell so sweet of orris root and lavender flowers; but before that time comes we must see many things, and then rejoice to close our eyes contentedly, feeling that a home means much in life, however unostentatious it may be.

At the close of *dejeuner* we rise and look at the old armoire, so typical of French housewifery; for it holds Madame Nottet's stock of napery, all tied with pink and blue *faveur* ribbon. There is a fine console, also, of the time of Louis XV, and a big, tall clock for which Uncle has refused a thousand francs, it is whispered. On the console is set out a choice of cordials for the celebration of Easter and the family reunion. There is cassis made of black currants, a specialty at Dijon; and some anisette and orange cordial. Uncle still carves at table, but he has to be abstemious. He can no longer eat a whole large egg, and so bantams are kept to supply him with delicate little ones. Of course we make merry over his limited Easter egg.

We saunter through the old home, regarding its floors of polished tiles of a

dark red color, its roomy closets, and the exquisite cleanliness everywhere, and then we go down to the gardens, where we see rows of apricot and nectarine trees that are trained upon the high brick walls; and under great glass bells are the French cantaloupes.

We see Uncle's rabbit hutches, and families of pure white cats that somehow spare the rabbits. We miss the flocks of sheep and the cattle, such as grandsire used to find so profitable, but the pleasant little meadow, with its rows of poplar trees, lies sweetly in the afternoon light. Children like to play in the shallow stream, catching crawfish, with big shears from the kitchen, in very nimble fashion. We lean on the railing of the bridge and enjoy the air. As we go back through the gardens we see the maids carrying water in from the spring for household use by means of two pails hung from a yoke on their shoulders. They no longer wear the picturesque peasant dress; labor is largely hired in by the day. Life in the households here flows along with less rumpus and change than in the crowded towns.

Grape growing is, of course, what Burgundy is famed for; the Duc d'Aumale had his troops "present arms," when passing a celebrated vineyard in the Côte d'Or region, years ago. Here is a little silver cup from Vaufontaine, which has been used by the master of the vineyard and chateau for tasting the new wine each year, which is quite an important ceremony. The cup is hammered in *repoussé* work with a different pattern on each half of it.

We get the huge key of the church from the woman custodian, and go to visit the cemetery. The woman tells us she can no longer keep up the work, but she has kept saying this for years; in fact, she does not need the income, being comfortably off, but she likes the position of responsibility it gives her. The owners of the chateau are the largest subscribers to the parish funds.

It is not long since all their gifts to the altars were taken by the government, almost like taking the valuables from a private chapel. The family shrines that good, dignified madame had beautified were stripped. Who can not feel sorry for those who have to suffer thus with changing relations between church and state? We see the offerings of the people, simple but touching tribute from field and dairy and vineyard, according to the season of the year, as is the old custom yet followed here, but largely forgotten elsewhere. Just now, when the cows are coming into fresh milking conditions, some butter from a fine new cow is on the altar; and in the autumn, bunches of grapes will be laid there in masses of beauty.

Around the church are fields filled with luxuriant growths of many plants; in early springtime the ground is blue with violets, and the cuckoo flower comes, and then the eglantine. The birds are singing merrily, the night-ingales sing all day and in the night. Gay flocks of goldfinches brighten the ground, and the sweet song sparrow builds confidently in the bushes everywhere, even close to the homes in the rows of currant bushes.

We stroll along admiring the fine walnut trees, Grenoble walnuts, or English walnuts, so called in trade. Do we not recall the hampers we used to have from here, when we lived in Paris? Such hampers of good things as we received from Vaufontaine at Christmas and Easter! At Christmas was a fat goose, clarified goose fat instead of lard for frying potatoes, and clarified butter for cooking, fresh butter, and best of all, jars of oil made from these fine walnuts, for salads. It is considered better than olive oil by French epicures. Then there would be fresh pork, sausages, and meat pudding called boudin, and crocks of honey.

We delighted in the choice preserved cherries, for Burgundy is famous for

fine cherries; and grandfather had learned from a great chef just how to do them. One of the family was told in New York that he would make more of a fortune by putting those cherries on the market here in the United States than from the Montana cattle ranches in which he had embarked with the ill-fated Marquis de Mores, whose story and tragic death are well known to the world. The old veteran of the Crimea, however, preferred to cherish his Legion of Honor and his memories of the past in a quiet part of Paris, content with having given all he had to defend Paris in the Franco-Prussian war.

At Easter time the hampers held fresh butter, fine eggs, colored eggs for the children; chickens, lamb, rich galettes and cakes from the big ovens of the old kitchen here, now less used, since there are few grandchildren, and not so many farm hands, to be fed.

In the morning coffee and rolls are served in the pretty kitchen, and the big dining-room is not opened until later in the day. Here you see it as we saw it last, with the big boys from Paris assembled around the table; above, on the wall, is the bright array of shining copper, so cherished in old French homes. The little fellow at the end of the table is attending the National School of Agriculture, to learn how to manage the land, just as our progressive boys, and lately our girls, are doing at our State colleges of agriculture and mechanic arts in the United States.

As we sit at table there is a knock at the door and, behold! it is the postman with letters from Paris and the papers. Formerly it was the custom for the letter carrier to receive a glass of cider or wine at the chateau, just as in the United States the carrier is offered a cup of coffee during a blizzard, or lemonade as he passes a lawn in summer. Every one is friendly to the uniformed messenger on peaceful business intent,

and he is taken in for a ride, whenever possible, by people going his route. In the most forsaken little villages of the French Alps the mails are delivered, which makes our boasted rural delivery not so far ahead of the times as we are apt to think it.

After breakfast Madame Nottet feeds her fowls; for fine poultry is the pride of every French housewife in the country

districts. As we start away for a little fun in Paris we call back to ask her what books we shall bring her, and she replies: "Bring me something pleasant; I am too old for the tragic. It must have a cheerful *dénouement*."

Thus, always bright and cheerful, full of good deeds and kindly hospitality, are the aged couple who keep the old chateau of Vaufontaine.

An Easter Meadow Scene

By Agnes Lockhart Hughes

Down the aisle a monk, gray-cowled and sad,
Passed, at the close of Lent;
And the dew shed tears of pearl where once
The grass in reverence bent.

Through Time's worn gate, that the monk left wide,
Tripped the beautiful Springtime maiden;
Scattering a wealth of gorgeous blooms
From her arms with flowers laden.

Then, dandelion blossoms, in yellow frills,
On little green thrones stood up;
And the kingcup lifted a goblet of gold,
That bees might her kisses sup.

The clovers, sweet, opened their pink, baby fists,
And back drew the curtains of dawn;
As the violet, rubbing her sleepy, blue eyes,
Unclosed her dear lips with a yawn.

The grasses, from under green hoods of silk,
Peeped forth at the marguerites white,
With their tiny gold hearts, like miniature suns,
And petals all silvered with light.

Then suddenly the scented bells, swayed by a breeze,
Chimed 'neath an old silver birch,
While the flowers their gay Easter bonnets donned,
And passed through the meadow to church.

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AN EVENTFUL AGE

INTERESTING days are these in which a fleet of battle ships steams around the globe and meets with no serious mishap. Marvelous, too, is the fact that throughout the cruise these ships were rarely without communication by wireless telegraphy with land somewhere. Marked indeed is the contrast between this exploit and that first famous voyage of Captain Cook around the world, of which we used to read and wonder at in our school days!

Great things are done in these days! Africa is no longer shown on maps of the earth as the unexplored continent. The great oceans are united by ship canals. Tunnels and subways are built through mountains and beneath great cities and broad rivers. And still the wants of the race seem to

keep pace fully with its wonderful capacity to achieve.

As practical knowledge comes to man, it is good to note, too, how confidence is displacing fear and superstition is giving way to more wise and healthful thinking. Can we not truly say that the actuating motive of all achievement and endeavor, past and present, is the universal desire of mankind for improved ways and conditions of living? Surely the present is a wonderful age.

THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY

THE greatest advance which has been made in the last half century in the practice of medicine and in the treatment of the mind is in the recognition of the influence of the body over the mind and the way in which through the body, by improving its conditions, one can favorably affect mental operations and the spiritual atmosphere in which one lives. Every physical organ has its direct influence upon the mind. Each organ is related to a series of mental operations, sentiments, emotions, moods and capacities. The new science treats of these things and also of the part played by disease in any one of the organs, in its effect upon the mind and the astonishing benefits that may be secured by simple operations and the proper treatment of disease in the body. In no particular in the history of medical science has progress been more marked and beneficial."

"The influence of the mind over the body has been recognized in all ages. The knowledge of that which could be done by playing upon the hopes and fears of men and women singly or in groups and masses has furnished the narrow-minded priest, the charlatan, the astrologer and the necromancer with the means of subduing their fellowmen. The grossest superstitions have been grouped around this knowledge; but also some of its noble uses were known and practised. In our

time the facts of human experience which were well known to the ancients have been brought out into the light of science, and we begin to study the operations of the mind without fear and with a freedom hitherto unknown. The improvement comes not so much from an advance in knowledge as in a better interpretation of that which everybody knew, but did not understand."

We quote the foregoing items as they suggest a phase of thought that is current today. People are learning more and more to live in accordance with intelligent and scientific truth. They are desirous of getting the very most that is possible out of life. They are not only interested in the functions of the body, in respect to their influence over the mind, but also in the reciprocal influence of mental operation over bodily functions. Little heed is now paid to the old-time psychology. The speculative thought of the past is of little concern to us; but the new science, indefinable as yet, is attracting wide and ever wider attention. Telepathy, hypnotism, auto-suggestion, mind-cure are becoming familiar words.

In its effects the influence of the new psychology appears among the practitioners of medicine, in pulpit utterance and practice as well as in the ordinary affairs of life. It has found its way even upon the stage, where exhibitions of hypnotic powers and dramas that depict strange mental processes are listened to by large and enthusiastic audiences.

What the final outcome of this new movement will be no one can tell; we predict, however, that naught else than good will be the result. For that the influence of the mind over the body and, *vice versa*, of the body over the mind is intimate and subtle can not be gainsaid. And whatever tends to enlarge our knowledge and understanding of this relationship must result in gain. Hitherto children have

been taught to know a great deal about many things and very little about themselves,—a deficiency that often leads to ill. Fortunately educational reform is abroad in the land. The world will hold fast only to that which is good and true.

ÆSTHETICS IN THE HOME

THERE are few people to whom the word *home* does not present more or less of an ideal place. One reason may lie in the sense of ownership and possession, another may be because it is to us a place of retirement and rest, but the strongest is, perhaps, because of the individuality expressed in that home.

How many times we see homes where treasures of art of both great and small value, for the most artistic is not necessarily the most costly, are all placed in a conglomerate mass. Each has an effect on others with the result that colors clash, forms, shapes and masses have no harmony and the entire place is full of discordant lights and darks having no proper value relation. Unity is the manifest connection of all the parts in a whole. One definition of a work of art is, "The representation of a single great emotion." How then could we have a home or a room filled with unrelated things; a picture with many centers of interest; a musical composition divided as to its theme, or a piece of sculpture with the eye following out this way and that toward varying interest points and still have it an object of beauty, have it possess the æsthetic qualities and represent or produce in us a single emotion? If the laws of beauty and order were generally carried out in homes of the people there might be an amazing change in the physical man. For these things have a distinct psychic effect which is at present unmeasured and offers an interesting field for scientific investigation.

The æsthetic powers are those of apprehension and production, both of which are fundamental. We are not born with developed powers; most of our faculties must be trained and none require more careful training than the æsthetic powers. Do not believe that the untrained eye, even though it possess natural taste, can recognize what is best in art or design. You must know the terms, the language of the thing to be judged. No more can the hand build or fashion a perfect thing without training. These faculties must be exercised, and the result of this careful training for the eye and hand will be the expression and measure of our own personalities. The shopper, then, instead of inquiring of a clerk, "What is being used this season?" will *know* what he needs in line, value and color to fill a certain place in his home.

It is my belief that no person exists who can not be taught the laws of order and an appreciation of beauty. For some it may be difficult, but a general training may discover the artist as well and he is only one in a thousand.

Denman Ross of Harvard, one of our greatest authorities, says in his "Theory of Pure Design:" "Instead of trying to teach people to produce *art*, which is absurd and impossible, we must give them a training which will induce visual sensitiveness, æsthetic discrimination, an interest in the tones, measures and shapes of things, the perception and appreciation of order, the sense of beauty." This æsthetic appreciation and enjoyment will do great things for the possessor. His eyes will see what the untrained have never dreamed. Others will appreciate his judgment. He becomes in a way a connoisseur in artistic things and a distinguished man among men.—LAMONT A. WARNER, *Instructor in Domestic Art, Teachers' College, New York.*

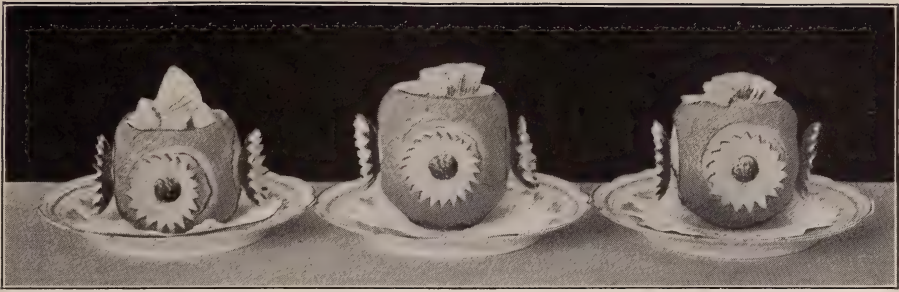
ABOUT ADVERTISING

A WORD to our readers and patrons about advertising, we trust, will not be taken amiss. The pages of this magazine are devoted to a single subject — domestic science. This one thing we do, and nothing is permitted to divert us from our chosen line of effort. Consequently only articles that are suitable, appropriate and trustworthy are presented on our advertising pages, and such only are desired and solicited by us. We are confident that this magazine offers a special medium for the advertising of a certain class of articles which can not be excelled.

Our advertising pages are limited to thirty-two. This space is not encyclopedic. Why should it not be filled to overflow? Here no advertisement will be buried so deep that it can not be found, without loss of patience. We know that our pages are read, referred to and made use of, and we desire to represent fully the latest, choicest and best of goods and appliances that are of especial concern to housekeepers.

In these days quite a deal of psychology, it seems, is involved in advertising. A good advertisement is a direct challenge to the mind of the reader. We have come to believe that advertised articles are good articles. It costs money to advertise. Business men are not likely to go to large outlay to advertise trashy goods, which no one will buy a second time. Hence it seems wise to buy goods with which one has become familiar through advertisements, rather than those of which one has no information, except the dubious recommendation of a salesman.

We are making an especial effort to put before our readers the advertisements of many good articles that are not now included in our pages. We are sure that our readers appreciate this department of the magazine and receive much profit and benefit therefrom.



ORANGE-AND-PINEAPPLE SALPICON IN ORANGE SHELLS, DAISY FASHION

For Fruit Course at Luncheon Party and Table Decoration. With these use
Centerpiece of Marguerites, Yellow or White.

Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

IN all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. When flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or a teaspoonful of any designated material is a *level* spoonful of such material.

Orange and Pineapple Salpicon in Orange Shells, Daisy Fashion

(For first course at luncheon)

CUT a slice from the stem end of an orange and remove the pulp from the orange in as neat pieces as possible; reserve these with the juice. With the cover of a tin spice box and a plain pastry tube score two rounds, one inside the other, on each of the four sides of the orange. Remove the rings of rind between the two scorings, cut the edges in points and return each to its proper place, white side out. In scoring and removing the rings of skin and, also, in taking out the pulp, be careful and not cut too deep or the shell will not hold the liquid. Cut slices of choice canned pineapple in cubes; add the liquid from the can and mix with the orange pulp and juice, and use to fill the shell. Use one for each service. Set in place on small plates covered with paper doilies before announcing the meal, that they may serve as a part of the table decoration.

Oatmeal Soup

Have three pints of broth, lamb, veal or chicken, nicely flavored with onion, celery, parsley, herbs and carrot; add one-fourth a cup of oatmeal and stir until boiling; let simmer an hour, then strain. When ready to serve stir in the yolks of two eggs, beaten and mixed with half a cup of cream. Do not let boil after the addition of the egg yolks.

Chicken Bouillon, Chantilly

Separate a four or five pound fowl into pieces at the joints, wash quickly, cover with cold water and heat quickly to the boiling point; let boil five minutes, then let simmer until tender. Remove the pieces of meat for croquettes, salad or some other dish. To the liquid add half a cup of sliced onion, one-fourth a cup of sliced carrot, fresh or dried parsley and celery leaves, part of a kitchen spice bag and a slice of dried or green red pepper pod; let all simmer half an hour, then

strain into a bowl. When cold, remove the fat, add one or two teaspoonfuls of salt, the crushed shells and slightly beaten whites of two eggs; stir constantly over the fire until the mixture boils, let boil five minutes, then draw to a place on the range where the liquid will not boil, and let stand ten minutes to settle. Strain through a piece of linen, wrung out of boiling water, and laid over a colander. Reheat and serve in cups with a tablespoonful of whipped cream set on the top of the soup in each cup.

Consommé Printanière Royal

Prepare and clear consommé, following the recipe given in previous numbers of this magazine, or in a standard cook book. Cut a carrot into small cubes, or straws, of equal size; cut string beans into pieces of same shape and size, and cook separately until tender. Bake a royal custard mixture without allowing the water surrounding it to boil. When cold, cut or stamp out into similar shaped pieces. Serve a half dozen

add one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt, paprika and mace, and mix thoroughly; add half a cup of cream or consommé, mix again and strain into a buttered mould.

Consommé Princesse

Serve half a dozen cubes of cooked chicken breast and half a dozen asparagus tips in each plate of consommé.

Halibut Au Gratin en Ramequins

Have ready boiled or steamed halibut, or other fish, from which pieces free from bones and of suitable shape to use in ramequins may be had. For eight ramequins prepare a cup and a half of fish bechamel sauce. Take the usual proportions of butter, flour, seasonings and liquid, but let the liquid be half and half cream and the water in which the fish was cooked, seasoned with onion and carrot. Also mix two-thirds a cup of very fine cracker crumbs with one-third a cup of melted butter. Have ready some hot, well-seasoned, mashed potato, of a consistency to flow easily through a



HALIBUT AU GRATIN EN RAMEQUINS

pieces of each vegetable and the custard in each plate of soup.

Royal Custard for Consommé

Beat one whole egg and three yolks;

pastry bag. Use china ramequins or paper cases. Butter the china dishes or the paper cases. Set the latter into the oven, after buttering, taking care that they do not scorch. Remove as

soon as the butter has penetrated the paper. Put fish into each dish, cover with sauce to make level on the top, cover the whole with buttered crumbs and pipe the potato on the edge. Brush

sifted bread crumbs (not dried), two hard-cooked yolks of egg, passed through a sieve, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and paprika, two



HAM DARIOLES WITH POACHED EGGS ON TOAST

the potato with the yolk of an egg, beaten with a tablespoonful of milk. Set into the oven to brown the crumbs and the edges of the potato.

Scalloped Oysters en Ramequins

(For fish course at luncheon party or dinner)

Pour a cup of cold water over a quart of oysters, wash to remove bits of shell and set to drain. Mix half a cup of fine, soft bread crumbs and half a cup of fine cracker crumbs with one-third a cup of melted butter. Into buttered ramequins put a layer of oysters, sprinkle with crumbs, add a few grains of salt and about one-fourth a teaspoonful of fine-chopped chilli pepper, or a larger quantity of green pepper. Add another layer of oysters, one or two tablespoonfuls of white wine (sau-terne) or cream, salt and chilli pepper, and finish with a thin layer of crumbs. Cook until the crumbs are browned.

Ham Darioles with Poached Eggs

Chop fine enough cold, boiled ham to fill a cup; add one-fourth a cup of

beaten eggs, and one cup and a half of rich milk; mix thoroughly, and turn into fluted tins to make a mixture about three-fourths an inch thick. Cook on several folds of paper, and surrounded with boiling water, until firm in the center. Unmold on rounds of toast, and set a poached egg above. Pour over the whole a cup and a half of cream sauce, or serve the sauce in a bowl. Wet the edges of the toast in boiling salted water, and spread lightly with butter before setting the dariole in place. The recipe will serve eight or ten people. Old-fashioned "patty-pans" or shallow cake tins may be used.

Lobster Cutlets

Have a cup and one-half of firm lobster meat cut in half-inch pieces. Put the body bones and crushed shells of the lobster over the fire with water to cover; let simmer an hour and strain off the liquid. Melt one-fourth a cup of butter; in it cook half a cup of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt and half a

teaspoonful of paprika; add one cup of the lobster broth, and one-third a cup of double cream, and stir and let cook till boiling, add an egg, slightly beaten, and stir until the egg is set, without letting the sauce boil; fold in the lobster meat and turn into a shallow dish to cool. When perfectly cold, form into eight or ten cutlet shapes, cover with sifted bread crumbs, beaten egg, and again with sifted crumbs. Fry in deep fat. Drain and serve at once with tomato sauce.

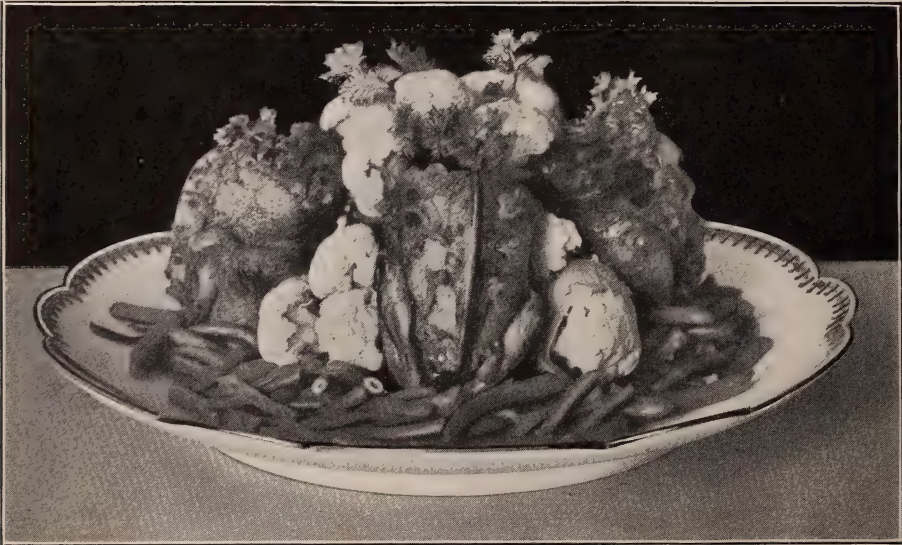
Tomato Sauce for Cutlets

Cook half a cup of tomato purée (cooked tomatoes pressed through a sieve to exclude seeds) until reduced to about two tablespoonfuls; add salt and paprika as needed, and fold into a cup of mayonnaise dressing, then serve at once.

skin and bones. For a pint of fish melt one-fourth a cup of butter; in it cook a tablespoonful of pepper pod, chopped fine, until softened and yellowed but not browned; add one-fourth a cup of flour and cook until frothy; add two cups of rich milk and stir until boiling; add the fish and set the dish over hot water; let cook about fifteen minutes; add salt, if needed, and a teaspoonful of grated horseradish.

Pigeons en Casserole

Select young pigeons, if possible; clean and truss as chickens. Lard the breasts with salt pork or bacon. Put a tablespoonful of butter in the casserole, add a Spanish onion, cut in slices, half a "soup bag," or one-half a teaspoonful of sweet herbs, tied in a bit of cloth for removal, a slice of green or red pepper, cut in shreds, or one



PIGEONS COOKED EN CASSEROLE, SERVED AROUND CROUTON OF BREAD

Creamed Finnan Haddie, Chafing-Dish Style

Put the fish over the fire in plenty of cold water; let stand where it will heat slowly, without boiling, fifteen minutes. Remove the fish from the water, wipe dry and separate into flakes, discarding

chilli pepper left whole. Put in the pigeons, cover and let cook fifteen minutes, then add three cups of broth, beef or beef and veal, and let cook in the oven until tender. It will take from one hour to four, according to age. Remove the cover, brush over the breasts with meat glaze, and let

cook on the oven grate until the larding is crisped, brushing over twice with meat glaze. Add four hot pieces of cauliflower or four onions, and serve

moulds. Turn a little liquid aspic into the moulds, let stiffen a little, then add cubes of foie gras; continue until the moulds are filled. Unmold upon heart



PIGEONS TRUSSED AND LARDED FOR COOKING

from the casserole; or set the pigeons around a cube of fried bread, and put cauliflower between the birds and on the top of the bread. Strain the vegetables and broth, reheat to the boiling point and serve around the pigeons as a sauce. Serve half or a whole pigeon as one portion.

Pâté De Foie Gras in Aspic

Have enough consommé to fill the required number of moulds. Take one-fourth a package of gelatine softened in one-fourth a cup of cold water for each cup and a half of consommé. Dissolve the softened gelatine in the hot consommé, add two tablespoonfuls of sherry wine and let chill a little. Take out a little of the aspic to cool in a separate dish. Chill the moulds in ice water. Dip figures cut from hard-cooked white of egg and slices of truffle in the aspic, and set on the bottom and against the sides of the chilled

leaves of lettuce; add six or eight asparagus points, pour over French dressing, and serve at once.

Spanish Salad

Cut a cream cheese into half-inch cubes. Cut Spanish pimentos into half-inch squares. There should be about twice as many cubes of cheese as squares of pimento. Dispose the cheese and pimento on washed-and-dried heart leaves of lettuce with a



SPANISH SALAD

generous allowance of mayonnaise above. This is a suitable salad for a luncheon party, or for Sunday night tea.

Egg-Salad Sandwiches

☐ For each sandwich have three or four heart leaves of lettuce, a hard-cooked egg and two triangular slices of stale bread; also a generous allowance of salad dressing, mayonnaise preferred. Spread the bread with the dressing; on it press the egg, cut in slices, and the lettuce; add more dressing and press two pieces of the prepared bread together. This may form a course at a luncheon party, or be the principal dish of a home luncheon. Knives and forks are to be provided for eating these sandwiches.

a cup of double cream, beaten solid. Have ready individual moulds, in the bottoms of which are peas and figures, cut from slices of truffles, set with a little of the gelatine mixture from the vegetables. Fill the moulds with the prepared mixture, and set aside, to become chilled. Serve with lettuce and French dressing. A single vegetable, as asparagus or peas, may be used in place of the macedoine.

Easter Cake

Beat one cup (half a pound) of butter to a cream; gradually beat in two cups (one pound) of sugar; add, alter-



EGG-SALAD SANDWICHES

Vegetable Macedoine Mousse

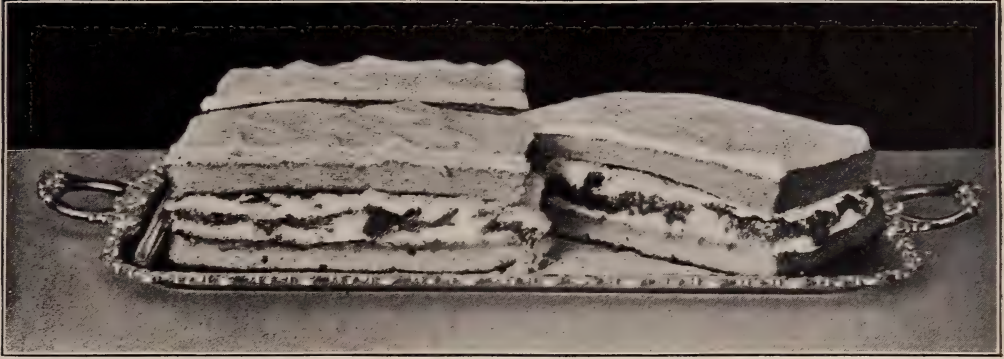
Soften one-fourth a package of gelatine in one-fourth a cup of cold water, and dissolve in one cup of hot chicken broth, flavored with onion, carrot, celery and sweet herbs. Have ready, cooked separately, enough bits of celery, carrot and string beans, with peas, asparagus tips and bits of truffle, to make a cup and a half. Over these strain the gelatine and broth. Add salt and pepper as needed, and set the dish in ice water. Stir until the mixture begins to thicken, then fold in half

nately, one cup of milk and four cups of flour (one pound) sifted with three level teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Lastly add the whites of ten eggs, beaten dry, and one teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Bake in two layers. Ice the top of each layer. Have ready a fruit filling. When the icing is "set," spread the filling over the icing on one layer of the cake and set the other layer of cake, icing side down, on the filling, then ice the top of the cake. This makes a very large loaf of cake. Probably half the recipe is all the cake of one kind that a private family would care to make.

Frosting for Easter Cake

Cook three cups of sugar and three-fourths a cup of water to 238° F., or until it will spin a thread three inches

each, of cinnamon and cloves. Stir constantly while cooking over hot water. It will take about fifteen minutes to set the yolks. Cool before using.



EASTER CAKE CUT IN THREE PIECES, EACH A GOOD SIZED LOAF

long, pour upon the whites of three eggs, beaten dry. Beat occasionally until cold.

Filling for Easter Cake

Chop fine one pound of raisins, half a pound of citron and one slice of crystallized pineapple. Put the mixture into a double boiler with one-

A Simple Charlotte Russe

Line a charlotte mould with slices of stale sponge cake. Beat one cup and a half of double cream, one-third a cup of granulated sugar and a teaspoonful of vanilla, or three tablespoonfuls of sherry, until firm to the bottom of the bowl; turn the cream mixture into the



A SIMPLE CHARLOTTE RUSSE, QUICKLY MADE

fourth a cup of brandy, the yolks of eight eggs, slightly beaten, half a cup of butter and one-fourth a teaspoonful,

lined mould, making it level on the top, and set aside in a cool place. When ready to serve, have the other half cup

of cream, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and a few drops of flavoring beaten firm. Unmold the charlotte on a



VANILLA ICE CREAM WITH MAPLE SYRUP AND WALNUTS

serving dish and pipe the cream over the joints of the slices of cake, and also on the top and base of the charlotte. Finish with slices of candied or maraschino cherries. A quart mould is needed.

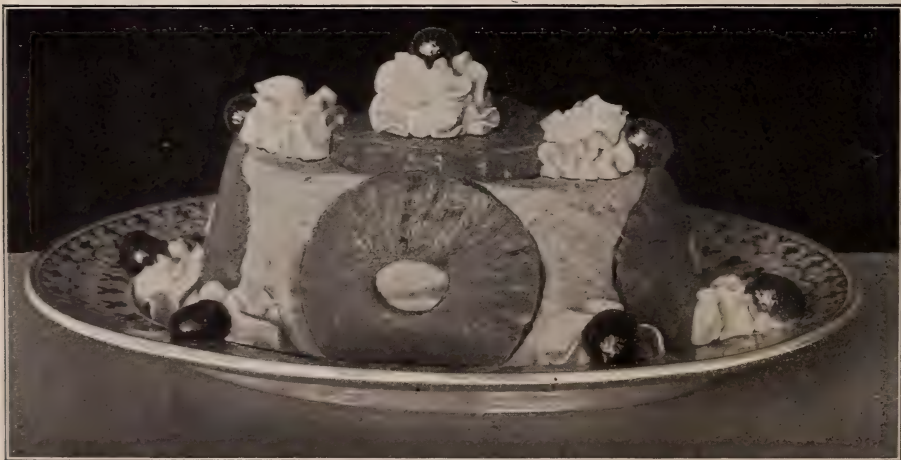
Pineapple Bavarian Cream

Line a mould holding a quart and a fourth with slices of canned pineapple,

in one-fourth a cup of cold water and dissolve by setting the dish in hot water. To the gelatine add a cup of canned pineapple, grated, the juice of a lemon and half a cup, generous measure, of sugar. Stir (over ice water) until the mixture begins to thicken, then fold in one cup and a half of double cream, beaten solid. When the mixture will hold its shape, turn into the lined mould, leaving the mixture smooth on top. When chilled and unmolded garnish with the other half cup of cream and two tablespoonfuls of sugar, beaten firm, and candied or maraschino cherries. This cream is easily prepared and makes a very showy dish, one appropriate for any occasion, in the place of ice cream.

Vanilla Ice Cream with Maple Syrup and Chopped Walnuts

Put two or three tablespoonfuls of maple syrup in the bottom of a sherbet cup, add a well-rounded tablespoonful of vanilla ice cream, and sprinkle a tablespoonful of chopped walnuts on the top of the cream. Caramel or choc-



PINEAPPLE BAVARIAN CREAM

split evenly in halves (to make the slices half the thickness of the original). Soften one-fourth a package of gelatine

olate syrup may be used in the same way. Or preserved strawberries or barle-duc currants may replace the syrups.

Menus for a Week in April

Success in the practice of cookery, as in any undertaking of life, is the result not only of natural aptitude, but of persevering application.

SUNDAY

Breakfast

Slices of Canned Pineapple. Boiled Rice
English Muffins, Toasted
Cocoa. Coffee

Dinner

Consommé Royal
Roast Veal, Boned Loin, Bread Stuffing
Potatoes Browned with the Meat
Spinach, with Sliced Egg
Vanilla Ice Cream, Maple Sauce. Coffee

Supper

Hot Cheese Sandwiches
(Bread, with Grated Cheese, soaked in
Milk and Beaten Egg, Fried)
Canned Peaches or Pears
German Crisps

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast

Boiled Rice, Stewed Figs, Cream
Cold Boiled Ham, Sliced Thin
Scrambled Eggs. French Fried Potatoes
Rye Meal Biscuit. Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner

Cream-of-Pea Soup
Boiled Fresh Haddock, Caper Sauce
Boiled Potatoes
Lettuce-and-Radish Salad
Apricot Shortcake. Half Cups of Coffee

Supper

Vegetable Soup, with Beef Extract
(Emergency Soup)
Egg-Salad Sandwiches
Sponge Cake. Cocoa. Tea

MONDAY

Breakfast

Cresco Grits, Cream
Eggs Cooked in the Shell
Lyonnaise Potatoes
Butter and Milk Toast. Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner

Cold Roast Veal, Sliced Thin
Hot Mashed Potato
Stewed Lima Beans (dried) in Cream
Spinach-and-Egg Salad, Sauce Tartare
Toasted Crackers. Cream Cheese
Stewed Prunes. Half Cups of Coffee

Supper

Succotash (dried Lima Beans, Kornlet)
Baking Powder Biscuit. German Crisps
Crushed Pineapple (canned). Tea

THURSDAY

Breakfast

Oranges
Ham Darioles with Poached Eggs
on Toast
Corn Meal Muffins. Coffee

Dinner

Haddock au Gratin en Ramequins
Broiled Lamb Chops
Kornlet Custard, with Green Pepper
Lettuce Salad
Pineapple and Tapioca Sponge
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper

Broiled Tripe, Baked Potatoes
Biscuit
Canned Fruit. Tea

TUESDAY

Breakfast

Barley Crystals, Cream
Salt Mackerel Baked in Milk
Baked Potatoes
Corn Meal Muffins
Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner

Veal Croquettes, Peas
Lettuce-and-Egg Salad
Rhubarb Pie
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper

Oatmeal Soup, Bread Croutons
Dried Smoked Beef
Buttered Toast
Stewed Peaches (dried), Cream. Tea

FRIDAY

Breakfast (Guests)

Oranges. Bacon
Fried Sweetbreads. Omelet with Peas
White Hashed Potatoes
Parker House Rolls (reheated). Coffee

Dinner

Cream-of-Kornlet Soup
Fresh Mackerel, Baked
Mashed Potatoes
New Onions in Cream
Cucumber Salad
Pineapple and Marshmallows
in Lemon Jelly. Half Cups of Coffee

Supper

Spanish Salad (see recipes). Salad Rolls
Canned Pears. Angel Cake. Tea

SATURDAY

Breakfast

Oranges
Eggs Scrambled with
Chopped Ham
Saratoga Potatoes.
Fried Mush, Maple Syrup
Zwieback
Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner

Veal Balls en Casserole
(With Tomato and Macaroni)
New Onion-and-Pimento
Salad
Prune Souffle
Boiled Custard
Cookies
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper

Ham-and-Potato Hash
Eggs in the Shell (Soft
Cooked)
Olives
Bread and Butter
Stewed Figs Stuffed with
Nuts, Cream
Chocolate Cake. Tea

Simple Menus for April

(Largely Farm and Garden Products.)

If your waist measure and height are not harmonious try Fletcherizing.

SUNDAY	Breakfast Eggs in the Shell Cream Toast Doughnuts. Maple Syrup Coffee Dinner Fowl, Steamed, then Browned in Oven Mashed Potatoes. Buttered Parsnips Canned Cranberry Sauce (Berries canned in water) Junket Ice Cream. Cookies Supper Egg-Salad Sandwiches Hot Apple Sauce Cottage Cheese. Cookies Tea	Breakfast Ham-and-Potato Hash, Tomato Catsup. Toast Fried Rice, Maple Syrup Coffee Dinner Salt Salmon, Boiled, Egg Sauce Boiled Potatoes Buttered Parsnips. Cole Slaw Rhubarb Pie. Coffee Supper Cream-of-Tomato Soup, Croutons Lima Bean Salad (Left over from Tuesday) Yeast Biscuit. Canned Fruit Tea	WEDNESDAY	
	Breakfast Broiled Ham, Fried Eggs Baked Potato Cakes (Left from Sunday dinner) . Rye Mush Coffee Dinner Fowl Remnants on Toast Canned Corn Custard Rhubarb Charlotte Coffee Supper Hot Boiled Rice, Cream Cold Boiled Ham, Sliced Thin Potato Salad Gingerbread. Tea	Breakfast Hominy, Maple Sugar, Cream Scrambled Eggs. French Fried Potatoes Currant Buns (yeast) Coffee. Cocoa Dinner Ham Fritters (Slices cold boiled ham fried in batter) Boiled Turnips. Lettuce Salad Baked Bananas, Sultana Sauce Cheese. Crackers. Coffee Supper Wheat Cereal, Cream Diced Turnips, French Dressing Bread and Butter. Chocolate Cake Cocoa. Tea	THURSDAY	
	Breakfast Creamed Codfish with Egg Yolks Baked Potatoes Corn Meal Muffins. Radishes Coffee Dinner Ham-and-Cheese Timbales Stewed Lima Beans (dried) Cabbage Salad Cream Puffs. Coffee Supper Entire-Wheat Baking Powder Biscuits Smoked Halibut Peach Butter Cream Puffs (left over) Tea. Cocoa	Breakfast Oranges French Omelet, Tomato Sauce Slices of Salt Pork, dipped in Flour, Fried Lyonnaise Potatoes Currant Buns (reheated) Coffee. Cocoa Dinner Salt Codfish Chowder. Pickles Canned Peach Shortcake, Cream Coffee Supper Salt Codfish Balls, Tomato Catsup Bread and Butter. Cake Tea Grape Juice	FRIDAY	
SATURDAY	Breakfast Eggs Cooked in Rame- quins, Cream Sauce Buttered Toast. Apple Marmalade Doughnuts Coffee. Cocoa	Dinner Pork Tenderloins, Baked Squash Scalloped Tomatoes and Onions Lemon Pie. Coffee	Supper Tomato Rabbit on Toast Pickles Pop-Overs. Marmalade Tea. Cocoa	

Company Menus for April

Menus for Luncheon Parties

I

Salpicon of Oranges and Strawberries in
Orange Cups, Marguerite Fashion
Crab Flakes, Newburg
(Chafing Dish)
Squabs en Casserole with Cauliflower
Cress, French Dressing
Spanish Salad
Toasted Crackers
Vanilla Ice Cream with Maple Syrup and
Chopped Walnuts
Angel Cake
Coffee

II

Cream Cheese, Beef Extract-and-Herring
Hors d'Oeuvre
Chicken Bouillon, Chantilly
Scalloped Oysters en Ramequins
Cucumbers, French Dressing
Tiny Baking Powder Biscuit
Broiled Lamb Chops, Boned, Lima Bean
Purée
Lettuce and Hard-Cooked Eggs, Mayonnaise
Dressing
Orange Sherbet
Macaroons
Tea, Poured at Table

III

Strawberry Cocktail
Cream-of-Spinach Soup
Fillets of Fresh Fish, Fried, Sauce Tartare
Larded Sweetbreads, Glazed, in Nests of Pea Purée,
Sauce of Glaze and Cream
Lady Finger Rolls
Egg-and-Asparagus Salad
Pineapple Bavarian Cream
Coffee

Menus for Simple Luncheons

I

Cream-of-Kornlet Soup with Timbales
Egg-Salad Sandwiches
Grape Juice Sherbet
Sponge Cake
Coffee

II

Chicken Broth with Rice, en tasse
Lobster Cutlets, Mayonnaise Tomatoes
Parker House Rolls
Toasted Crackers, Cream Cheese
Orange Marmalade
Coffee

III

Oyster Stew, Olives
Chicken Croquettes, Peas
Salad Rolls
Mayonnaise of Pineapple on Lettuce Hearts
Pastry Croutons
Coffee

IV

Strawberries, French Fashion
Ham Darioles with Poached Eggs
Lettuce-and-Radish Salad
Lemon Fanchonettes
Coffee

Dishes for Public Tea Rooms

Cream Toast
Cheese-Cream Toast
Cream Toast with Poached Egg
Quince Marmalade
Fig Marmalade
Egg-Salad Sandwiches
Hot Ham Sandwiches
Pimento Sandwiches,
Brownies
Individual Strawberry Shortcake

Individual Canned Apricot Shortcake
Waffles, Maple Syrup
Individual Simple Charlotte Russe
Charlotte Russe, Individual, with Wine Jelly
Vanilla Ice Cream, Maple Sauce, Chopped
Nuts
Blood Orange Sherbet
Pot of Tea
Pot of Coffee
Cup of Cocoa or Chocolate, Whipped Cream

Suggestions on the Care of Coal Stoves and Refrigerators

By Janet M. Hill

THERE is something almost human about a good "cook stove," for it is quick to respond to intelligent care and attention in every detail of its construction. That our coal ranges do not receive the thought and care that should be given them is attested to by over-heated kitchens, over-cooked food and large coal bills.

To care for a stove properly, one must know the plan on which it is constructed and the office of its different parts. A thing of importance and one that is often disregarded, in managing a coal stove, is that the space given up to the firebox is not unlimited, but extends no further than the brick lining with which it is encased. The space above the firebox, between it and the covers and beyond, is designed for definite purposes and must not ever be given up as a receptacle for superfluous coal or refuse.

Each separate draft and damper has its special use and this must be known and heeded, if we are to regulate the fire so as to secure the best results with minimum of effort and expense.

Before attempting to start a fire in a coal stove, make sure that no damper obstructs free access of fire and smoke to the chimney. Now fresh air let in beneath the firebox of ignited coal produces quite different results from a draft over and above a bed of hot coal. Thus the draft below the firebox supplies the oxygen requisite to drive the fire, while cold air let in from above checks the draft and cools the coal. Likewise the small slide or damper in the front of a range, above the firebox, is to check the fire by letting cold air in over it. But if the space behind this damper be heaped

with coal, as is often the case, even up to the stove lids, the damper loses its legitimate use and serves as a draft to fan the coal, piled high, to fiercer burning.

Now upon the proper management of this damper, as well as of that which connects the stove with the chimney and sends the fire around the oven, the durability of the stove, the temperature of the kitchen and the possibility of having a fire when one needs it all depend.

A manufacturer called upon to initiate a young housekeeper into the mysteries of one of his ranges said, among other things, "the careful and proper use of the check damper that regulates the circulation of heat through the range is worth to you at least one tailor-made suit a year, and, carelessly used, it will take from you the cost of several such suits."

This damper may be arranged differently in the several makes of stoves; the principle on which it works is the same in all stoves. When building a fire this damper is set wide open, to give a direct and quick draft up the chimney; but after the fire is well started the damper should be set to send the heat around the oven before it passes off into the stovepipe and chimney. This long, indirect draft not only heats the oven but causes the fire to burn with less vigor. When still less heat is needed, or on a windy day, this damper may be set to check still more the circulation of air and this in turn reacts on the fire, causing it to burn less freely. By the proper adjustment of these two dampers, with just a proper supply of coal, a stove may be so regulated that the fire will

lie practically dormant whenever it is not needed, and yet, in a few moments, it may be gotten into a suitable condition for the use desired.

How to keep a Fire

After the coals are well started, partly close the draft in front and set the damper to send the heat around the oven; then cook breakfast. Now the fire will not be needed for some little time; at once put on a fresh supply of coal, remembering the line at which the coal box ends. Close the draft in front, open the damper or slide over the coal, and set the chimney damper to check still more the draft up the chimney. Half an hour before the oven is to be used, open the draft, shut the damper over the coal and set the indirect draft around the oven. If the fire has been left several hours, it may take an hour to heat the oven and a fresh supply of coal may be needed; but this should not be put on until that already in the box is burning freely and the ashes from below have been raked out or removed by turning the grate. Always get the coal on fire before removing the ashes. Sweepings, papers and table refuse should not be tossed upon a coal fire; they ignite easily and in burning rob the coal of much of its lasting qualities.

Care of a Refrigerator

An up-to-date refrigerator is built on scientific principles. It is not simply a box holding a cake of ice around which food may be set indiscriminately. In a properly built refrigerator the ice occasions a circulation of cold air; thus cold air from the ice compartment enters at the bottom of the food compartment, rises to the top and passes back into the ice chamber. From this it is evident that the coldest place in the provision chamber is at the bottom, and also that articles of pronounced odor, as melons, fish, etc., should be stored on the upper, rather

than on the lower, shelves of the food compartment. With this arrangement there will be absolutely no commingling of odors or flavors.

Why Food Should not be Kept in the Ice Chamber

As we have said, the refrigerator is built on scientific principles. There is a reason why the ice chamber is located apart from the food chamber, and when provisions are dumped upon the ice, satisfactory results cannot be secured. If the article set in with the ice be cheese or melons, the odor will impregnate every article in the food chamber. How can it be otherwise, when the chilled air from the ice chamber is loaded with the odors of the food stored therein?

The care incidental to a refrigerator depends upon the style and make of the apparatus. Cleanliness is the first requisite. This does not mean that the refrigerator must be scrubbed outside and in every seven days. If nothing but clean ice be put into the ice-chamber, the cleaning is confined largely to the waste pipe. The waste pipe needs attention every other day. It must be kept sweet and clean. This pipe is usually covered with a cap. Keep it in place, or the cold air that should chill the food will pass out of the refrigerator through this pipe. Whenever anything is spilled in the food chamber, wipe it up at once. Make it a part of the early morning's work to look through the supplies in the refrigerator and discard anything that is on the point of spoiling. Remove crumbs if present and carefully free the compartment from any substance that may be smeared on walls or shelves. For this latter purpose use a soft cloth, wrung from hot water; leave everything clean and dry. It should be needless to add that food done up in paper that has been subject to indiscriminate handling, as also the dirt and grime incident to transporta-

tion, should not be given place in the refrigerator until freed from its wrappings. Milk may be kept in open vessels on the lower shelf of a first-class refrigerator, but, when brought

in cans or bottles, it is quite as safe and convenient to store it in these receptacles, returning original stoppers or fresh ones to place after a portion of the contents has been removed.

[Next month Mrs. Hill will consider the Use of Fireless Cookers and Gas Ranges.]

Qualities Good to Live With

By Estelle M. Hurl

IT is said that we never really understand people till we have to live with them. Not in occasional intercourse, however intimate, but in the daily routine of a common home do we know even as we are known. Here is the ultimate test of temper. Many supposed virtues are weighed and found wanting, while unsuspected value is discovered in less showy traits. It is praise well worth having if any one can say of you, "You are a good person to live with." You may be ever so clever, ever so charming, ever so good, but not a desirable housemate. People may admire you, envy you, love you, but firmly decline to live with you.

The boarding-school girl and the college student get quite a taste of experience in this direction in the choice of roommates. Many intimacies have been broken up by rooming together, and, on the other hand, close friendships have been cemented between apparently ill-assorted pairs. The popular girl may turn out an untidy and inconsiderate roommate; the honor girl may be self-centered and unresponsive; while the slow-going, quiet girl may prove a very treasure of a companion. It is one of the benefits of sending our young people away from home that they learn to adapt themselves to living with others.

The people who are good to live with seldom have theories. They are true

philosophers without the trouble of philosophizing. They are not concerned with matching facts with preconceived notions. They take life as it comes, and make the best of it. When the unexpected happens, as it does every day in the week, they take it precisely as if it were expected. To do this means flexibility and tact. A rigid, hard-and-fast kind of mind, a mind which moves in ruts, is one of the most trying types to deal with. It is almost as bad as the haphazard, go-as-you-please kind. The people who are good to live with must be somewhere between these extremes.

The girl who will not go to the party because the dressmaker has disappointed her, the young man who will not eat his dinner because the soup does not suit him, the housewife who makes the family miserable on a rainy wash day, the man who blames everybody but himself that the furnace fire has gone out, are people we have all met and have avoided meeting again. For a girl in an old gown has sometimes been the belle of a party, and few are the dinners without something fit to eat; there are six days in the week for washing, and patience and charcoal will rebuild the furnace fire.

A cheerful, even temper, that is the great desideratum, as of course we all know. Lacking this by nature, one may cultivate a certain semblance of it,

which helps amazingly in the routine of life. Merely to keep one's troubles to oneself is a mighty good beginning towards it. Not to cry over spilt milk, but to get another quart as soon as possible, or in default of this use water. This is a simple enough rule of life, but it takes lots of character to follow it.

A quaint old lady of my acquaintance is wont to give every bridal pair the homely watchword, "Bear and forbear." The rule presupposes plenty of faults on both sides, in face of which patience is a valuable asset. But mutual admiration is even more delightful than mutual forbearance.

To expect perfection in others, or to fancy it in oneself, is perhaps hardly sane; but a strong power of idealization is a quality which makes for constant happiness. The fortunate possessors are surely good to live with.

People who are good to live with need never lack a home. There is a constant demand for such folk: The person who knows when to talk and when to be silent, when to be present and when to be absent, what to see and what to be blind to, what to remember and what to forget, not necessarily brilliant or capable or strong, but just good to have around. The world has altogether too few of such.

Jamie's Opinion

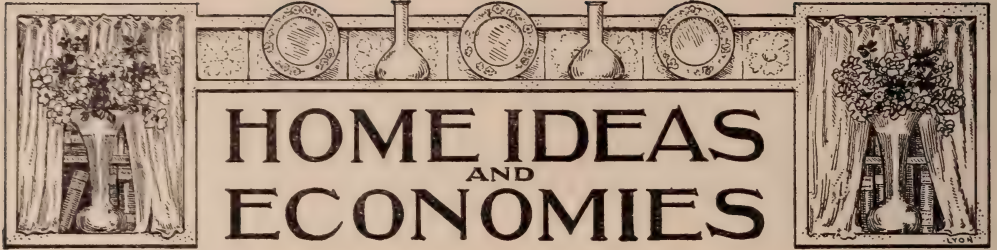
By Grace Stone Field

Dreams are well enough in bed when your eyes are shut up tight.
Glad my dreaming always comes in the middle of the night!
Thing that I can't understand is a daytime dream, you see;
Sister Sue she goes around dreamy, dreamy as can be.

Yesterday she made a cake — chocolate and frosting fine.
My, I thought I'd have for lunch two big pieces all for mine.
What you think that goosie did? Why, she put in sugar twice,
Eggs and flavoring and then — not a thing to make it rise!

Brother Bill just laughed and said, "This is mighty flat and sweet.
Dreams are nice — eh, sister Sue? — but they're never nice to eat."
Sue was redder than a beet. Wonder what he meant by that;
Ugh, that cake most made me cry; horrid sweet and awful flat!





HOME IDEAS AND ECONOMIES

Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

A Dutch Party

THERE is no prettier function for celebrating the birthday of the young son or daughter of the house than a Dutch party. If the party be given for a girl, the little hostess and her mother may appear in the charming and quaint costumes of the women of Holland.

It is not well to make this a costume party and invite the young guests to appear in costume, as this would probably entail too much preparation on the part of the busy mothers of the guests.

The floral decorations for the rooms and dinner table will, of course, be of tulips. While, for any function, natural flowers are really the only proper ones to use, yet, if the party is to be given by a mother who lives at a distance from any florist, or it is out of season for tulips, crepe paper may be resorted to. These paper flowers may be made up so as to be scarcely distinguishable from the natural blossoms. The centerpiece for the table should be of tulips arranged in two great wooden shoes. The place cards will be hand-painted Dutch girls on cards so folded that the tiny little girls will be standing. A little wooden shoe filled with salted nuts will make a pretty souvenir.

The menu for such a dinner given to adults would naturally comprise all, or at least many, "Dutch dishes," but these would probably not be palatable

to very young society people nor would the parents of many wish their children to eat this food. The effect will be more satisfactory, if blue and white dishes are used and the edibles be such as are suited to childish appetites. The napkins, unless the dinner be a very elaborate one, may be of crepe paper, with a blue windmill in each corner.

Let something of the customs, or dress, or manufactures of this far-away country appear in every part of the entertainment, and the whole affair will be made a lesson on the manners and customs of the country, which will be long remembered by the young people.

A very interesting after-dinner game, involving the same idea as the pinning in place of a donkey's tail by a blind-folded child, is putting the rosette on the slipper of a Dutch woman. This woman can be cut from cloth and pinned on a sheet, or a huge doll may be made up for this purpose. In fact, one of these dolls, to be used for this or some similar purpose, will be a source of endless pleasure to young people who entertain often. In dressing the doll be sure to make it an exact reproduction of the quaint Dutch costume. Dutch steins or other articles imported from that country should be given as prizes for the "nut-hunt" and other games.

Such a party is particularly nice to give at a time when several of the young people are studying about this country in school, and it might be well to ask that each child come prepared

to tell some short story about life in the land so little known to them.

If the guests are not to be seated at luncheon, a tulip may be pinned on each child as she leaves the dressing-room and the little souvenirs may be presented when the good-nights are being said.

I. E. F.

* * *

Sewing Club

IN Albany, N.Y., a very pretty idea for a sewing club was carried out last winter by nine young ladies. They met every Friday evening, taking their own sewing, and always accompanied, if possible, by their mothers. Each one sewed as much or as little as she desired, and there was generally music or reading. Simple refreshments were served by the hostess of the evening, but nothing elaborate was allowable.

Once during the winter they had a supper, and at another time, a sleigh ride. But the most delightful part of their program was the charming association of mothers and daughters that is too often overlooked in our social plans. The oldest member of the club was over seventy, and the youngest eighteen!

Domestic Cold Storage

THE following are some of the ways in which I have found the refrigerator a help in providing fresh, inviting food for a small family; for it is very difficult to keep things from becoming dry and unpalatable, when there are but two or three in the family.

When there is a small quantity of anything to be placed in the ice box, I place it in glass jars and lay over it the glass cover; this takes much less space than is required by ordinary dishes, and also prevents any odor from one kind of food being absorbed by any other.

When baking cookies during the warm weather, I mix the whole amount of the recipe, bake enough for two or

three days, and set the remaining batter in the refrigerator. The second or third baking is as good as the first, and we enjoy fresh cookies with but very little trouble.

In the same way I bake but half a cake at a time. Doughnuts would, doubtless, be successful, but I have never tried them, as we do not care for them in warm weather.

I always set a large quantity of bread, and after the last kneading place part of it in cold storage. By taking a small quantity of it in the morning, putting it in a tin and keeping it warm, we have hot rolls for dinner or fresh ones for tea.

Pie crust can be made ready for use, and kept on ice until desired. It rolls out much better after standing.

Facts about Furnishing

EVERY housewife desires her home to be artistic, yet some women will achieve a delightful, homelike atmosphere with the simplest furnishings, when another cannot bring harmony out of the most expensive ones.

Most of us have to get our furnishings, little at a time, and cannot, therefore, expect the perfect harmony obtained by arranging all the details of a room at one time. But I find attention to the following rules the greatest help in bringing about happy results:

Never use clear white in a room, except it be the linen in dining-room or chamber, it is too glaring and chilly in its appearance. If the woodwork is to be painted, give it an ivory tone or the slightest suggestion of bronze-green and the effect will be rich and soft. Use curtains of a cream or ecru tint, and avoid elaborate drapings. Substitute doilies and table covers of subdued colors on cream cloth for the white ones. In framing water colors, use a cream mat with the gold frame and note the gain in richness.

No matter what the fad for the moment may be, never use wall papers of

pronounced pattern or color; not only do they decrease the apparent size of the room, but also destroy the effect of pictures hung upon them. The plain papers do very well indeed, but they should not be too dark or too pronounced in color.

Never use primary colors for the principal furnishings of a room, they are too vivid and do not blend with each other; use the dull or pastel shades. If a definite color scheme is to be used, it is always safe to cling to dominant harmony, that is, various shades and tints of the same color, with just a bit of contrast to emphasize the effect. For example: A room furnished entirely in shades of brown and yellow seemed "dead"; crayon pictures framed with cream-colored mats and black frames were hung upon the walls, and a cushion of cherry velvet placed upon the couch, and the room was perfect from an artistic standpoint.

If a room appears too long, always put the long, low pieces of furniture, such as couch or bookcase, across the ends of the room, and avoid narrow rugs running the length of the room.

Avoid a rigid formal arrangement of furniture, but do not suppose disorder is a remedy for it. One housewife, in order to preserve neatness, keeps the desk closed, every book shut up safely behind locked doors, and the magazines and papers in a cupboard out of sight; consequently her house has a dull, prim look far from homelike. A few well-dusted books left conveniently on the tables, papers arranged neatly in a magazine stand, and the desk orderly but invitingly open, with a chair at hand, would make the same room homelike and inviting.

A. M. A.

* * *

The Spatula

OF cooking school students and those few fortunate ones who are able to attend demonstration lessons, the spatula is an old friend. To

the housekeeper who is not acquainted with the long, flexible, double-edged blade, having a handle large enough to work with, the following suggestions are made:

The spatula is especially helpful in spreading icings, which are apt "to harden just a moment too soon." In handling doughs, particularly soft ones, it is almost invaluable. It is the tool *par excellence* for manipulating omelets, puffy and French; and in turning hot cakes it often entirely supplants the stiff griddlecake turner.

A more general use of it in thoroughly emptying mixing bowls, platters, candy or icing pans would help to disprove the old saw about "a woman being able to throw more out of the window with a teaspoon than a man is able to throw in with a shovel."

Its application to all kinds and conditions of dishes causes the possessor of one to wonder what has robbed the dishpan of part of its terrors and made the task less irksome.

J. C.

* * *

Before hemming new napkins or tablecloths it saves much time and trouble to turn the hems by means of the machine. Adjust the hemmer and simply run them through, without needle or thread, thus creasing the hem more evenly and quickly than could be done by hand.

M. H. H.

* * *

Emergency Soup

TRY varying the "Emergency Soup" — a recipe for which has been given in a previous number of this magazine — by using water drained from boiled rice. This is so nourishing in itself, I have often made the "Emergency Soup" with vegetables and beef extract, added one quart of water, and while the vegetables were simmering, boiled rice, drained it and put it to keep hot, while I added the rice water to the soup, let it boil until

"blended" well, then strained out the vegetables and added the rice to the soup. It is a little more trouble, of course, but gives the soup more nourishing quality, and makes a variety too.

Two ideas come from trained nurses. First: To make up an iron bed to look hard and firm as beds look in hospitals, keep a yardstick and after the bed is all made rub it over the top of the spread, firmly pressed down, two or three times, going either from head to foot, or *vice versa*, but always in the same direction. This takes out every trace of looseness and wrinkle.

Second: In a case of persistent vomiting, two ways of nourishing the patient are worth trying. A teaspoonful or two of milk with one or two drops of lime water added is given every hour. The white of an egg beaten into a glass of lemonade (which should either be unsweetened or only slightly sweetened) is given every three hours or less often. H. R. H.

* * *

Fuel Economy

TO save fuel and also to avoid uncomfortable heat in the kitchen during warm weather, have a tinman make a round sheet-iron pan, three inches deep and exactly fitting a front cover in the cookstove, so that the rim is even with the surface of the stove. In this a saucepan of anything requiring long cooking can be kept simmering with very little fuel; and it is also fine for warming rolls, making toast or quickly heating an iron or two when needed for pressing. Last but not least, it does away with the soot and grime that collect on saucepans when they are set directly over the fire.

* * *

A Quick Icing

A cup of sugar, mixed dry with a dessertspoonful of cocoa and dis-

solved in just enough hot water to make a *thick* syrup, should be boiled about five minutes, a saltspoonful of butter is added, and when partly cooled it is ready for use. It makes a toothsome glaze for a plain tea cake, takes the place of jelly in "jelly roll," and the children think it a delicious addition to bread and butter sandwiches — which by the way are joyously eaten, *sans* butter, when this precious article is forty cents per pound. E. H. L.

* * *

Here and There

I HAD been bothered greatly by mice getting into my buffet; I now have had an ordinary piece of window screening neatly tacked over the bottom and back of the buffet. This plan works like a charm and I have not been annoyed by Mr. Mouse and his family since.

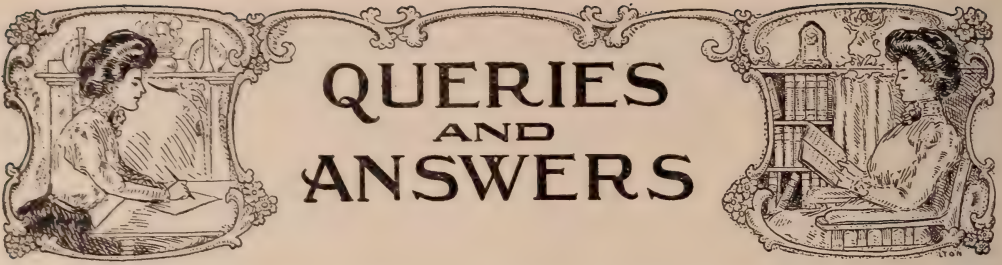
I know of a friend who saves all of her empty pasteboard cracker boxes, she lines them with paraffine paper and then bakes all her sponge cakes in them. They do not burn and the paper prevents them from sticking.

I wonder how many know that they can buy mica chimneys. They have the advantage over glass of standing the heat and not breaking. They may be bought for twenty cents.

A man who deals extensively in brooms told me that those of the natural color wear far better than those of green straw. In order to give them the green color, they have to be dipped in a preparation which they say impairs the quality of the straw and causes them to break very quickly when in use. G. J. P.

* * *

NOTE.—Write on one side of paper only. Also give carefully name and address in full.—EDITOR.



QUERIES AND ANSWERS

THIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economies in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answer by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus remit \$1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, editor, BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

QUERY 1445. — "How can I make crumpets successfully? The recipe used calls for one pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, one cake of compressed yeast and two cups and one-half of bread flour. These are mixed at night to bake the next morning."

Regarding Crumpet Recipe

The quantity of yeast, one cake, is too large for a bread mixture or a dough and certainly too large for a batter mixed at night. Try one-fourth or one-third of the yeast cake and the crumpets will probably be more satisfactory.

QUERY 1446. — "Recipes for Onions Stuffed with Nuts and Yellow Bechamel Sauce."

Onions Stuffed with Pecan Nuts

Peel eight Spanish onions. Let cook in boiling water an hour, then remove from the water, and, when cooled a little, cut out a piece about two inches across around the root end, thus leaving a thin shell of onion. Chop fine one cup of pecan-nut meats. Mix these with a cup of grated bread crumbs stirred into one-third a cup of melted butter, a scant half a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of black pepper, a tablespoonful of fine-chopped parsley and a beaten egg, or, better still, two yolks of eggs. Sprinkle the inside of the onion cases with salt, very lightly,

then fill with the nut mixture, giving it a dome shape on top. Set the prepared onions in a baking dish suitable to send to the table, pour in about a cup of white stock, and set to cook in a moderate oven. Let cook about three-fourths an hour, basting occasionally with the liquid in the pan, and at last with a tablespoonful of butter melted in hot water. Before serving pour into the dish around the onions a cup of cream sauce. Serve from the dish in which they are cooked.

Yellow Bechamel Sauce

Prepare a white sauce with the usual proportions of butter, flour and liquid, but have the liquid white stock and cream, half and half. Finish with the beaten yolks of two eggs for each pint of sauce.

QUERY 1447. — "Recipe for Marrons or Chestnuts preserved in vanilla syrup."

Chestnuts Preserved in Syrup

The chestnuts are soft and in the best condition to preserve when they are first gathered in the fall; but with care and slow cooking they may be put up successfully at any season of the year. The first thing is to shell and blanch the nuts, both can be done at the same time. With a sharp-pointed knife slit each

shell across one side. Cook one minute in boiling water to cover, drain, and let dry. At this season when the nuts are dry, cover with cold water and heat quickly to the boiling point, then drain and let dry. Add a teaspoonful of butter for each pint of nuts, and stir and shake over the fire, or in the oven, three or four minutes. Then remove the shell and skin together. Keep the nuts hot, as they shell better when hot. The slit in the shell affords an opening for the point of a knife with which the nuts may be quickly shelled. The slit also lessens the liability of the nut to swell and burst. Weigh the nuts, and take three-fourths of their weight in sugar. Let the blanched nuts simmer in boiling water until *about* tender. Melt the sugar in half its bulk of hot water, put in the chestnuts, and let them simmer until tender. Skim out the chestnuts, and reduce the syrup to a good consistency. Add the nuts and a teaspoonful of vanilla extract for each pint of syrup. Keep hot without boiling about half an hour, then store in fruit jars. The thin rind of a lemon or an orange and also the juice may be used for flavoring. The rind should be added when the syrup is put on to cook, the juice just before the syrup is reduced.

QUERY 1448. — "Recipe for Spinach Timbales such as are served at hotels and clubs."

Timbales of Spinach, Filippini

Remove coarse stalks and waste matter from two quarts of spinach; wash thoroughly, changing the water many times. Add salt and let boil ten minutes. Boiling water may be added when the spinach is set to cook, or it may be cooked in the water that clings to it by turning the spinach over frequently; drain in a colander, pressing out all of the water. Chop very fine; add half a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of sugar, half a

teaspoonful of white pepper, one-fourth a teaspoonful of grated nutmeg and three yolks of eggs; set over the fire and stir constantly while the mixture heats a little. Turn into buttered timbale moulds (a tiny round of paper should be set in the bottom of the moulds before they are buttered), set the moulds in a pan of boiling water and let cook about ten minutes. Serve with rich brown sauce to which three tablespoonfuls of sherry and a tablespoonful of liquid from a mushroom or truffle bottle has been added.

QUERY 1449. — "Recipes for Kisses and Sponge Cake used for lady's fingers."

Kisses

Beat the whites of four eggs until dry; gradually beat in three-fourths a cup of granulated sugar, and, when the mixture will hold its shape, fold in one-fourth a cup of sugar and half a teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Have a hard wood board an inch thick covered with paper; on this shape the mixture with pastry bag and tube or with a spoon. Bake about three-fourths an hour in a very slow oven. Remove from the paper as soon as taken from the oven, turn upside down and return to the oven to dry off the part next the board.

Sponge Cake Mixture for Lady's Fingers

Beat the yolks of three eggs; gradually beat in one-fourth a cup of granulated sugar and a few grains of salt, then fold in one-fourth a teaspoonful of vanilla and the whites of two eggs, beaten dry, and, lastly, fold in one-third a cup of flour. Shape, with a spoon or pastry bag with plain tube, on a paper, spread on a baking sheet in strips an inch wide and between four and five inches long. Dredge with sugar and bake from eight to ten minutes in a moderate oven.

QUERY 1450. — "Recipe for Calf's Foot Jelly, amber-colored and transparent."

Calf's Foot Jelly

Scald and clean thoroughly four calves' feet. Split them, break the bones and pour on four quarts of cold water. Heat slowly to the boiling point, skim, then let simmer until the water is reduced to about two quarts, less rather than more; strain and when cold remove the fat, taking care that not a droplet of fat remains. Turn the jellied broth into a saucepan; add the juice and the thin yellow rind of two lemons, one cup of sugar, a piece of cinnamon bark two inches long, or a blade of mace, the crushed shells and slightly beaten whites of three eggs, then stir all together constantly over the fire until the mixture boils; let boil five minutes, then draw back where the liquid will not boil but "settle" while keeping hot. Have ready a bowl, a colander in the bowl, a napkin wrung out of boiling water over the colander and a sieve on the napkin. Pour the contents of the saucepan into the sieve; this will hold back the scum and shells of egg and the clear liquid will pass into the bowl. Add from one to two cups of wine and salt to season and turn into cups to cool and harden. If the recipe be followed, this jelly will be amber-colored and transparent.

QUERY 1451. — "Exact recipe for Cream Puffs."

Cream Puffs

Set a saucepan containing half a cup of butter and a cup of boiling water over the fire. When the mixture boils, sift in one cup of flour, and beat vigorously. When the mixture cleaves from the sides of the pan, turn it into a bowl, and beat in three large eggs, one at a time and very thoroughly. Put the mixture into a pastry bag, with three-fourths inch tube attached, and press the mixture onto a buttered

baking sheet in rounds of such size as desired. Or, the mixture may be shaped with a spoon. For a glazed puff, brush over the surface of each cake with beaten egg diluted with a little milk. Four small eggs may be selected for the paste and part of one of them be reserved for glazing the cakes, or, a little of the egg to be used in the cream filling may be taken. Bake about twenty-five minutes. When baked the cakes will feel light, taken up in the hand. When cold, split open on one side, and fill with English cream, or with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored before whipping. The oven should be hotter below than above, or the cakes will not puff well.

English Cream

Pass through a sieve half a cup, each, of sugar and flour and one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt. Dilute with hot milk, from a pint scalded over hot water. Return to the fire, and stir and cook until the mixture thickens. Then cook, stirring occasionally, fifteen minutes. Beat two whole eggs or the yolks of four, add one-fourth a cup of sugar, and stir into the hot mixture. Stir until the egg looks cooked, then let cool, and flavor with vanilla, lemon, orange or coffee.

QUERY 1452. — "Kindly give four courses, novel and inexpensive, for a Supper or Tea, to be given to twelve ladies."

Inexpensive Supper or High Tea for Twelve Ladies

I

Halibut au Gratin en Ramequins
Yeast Biscuit (reheated)
Olives
Veal Loaf, Sliced Thin
Lettuce-and-Stringless Bean Salad
Sliced (Canned) Pineapple with Whipped
Cream
Sponge Cake
Coffee

II

Salpicon-of-Oranges and Pineapple in
Orange Shells
Lobster Cutlets, Tomato Mayonnaise

Tiny Baking Powder Biscuit
Cold Roast Chicken or Veal, Sliced Thin
Creamed Potatoes
Spanish Salad
Vanilla Ice Cream, Maple Sauce

III

Strawberries, Unhulled, Sugar
(six berries round a teaspoonful of powdered
sugar on small plate)
Creamed Oysters in Ramequins
Olives. Pickles
Veal Balls en Casserole
(with macaroni, tomato and cheese)
Lettuce and Pimientos, French Dressing
Simple Charlotte Russe
Coffee

QUERY 1453. — "What are Bar-le-duc Currants and can they be made at home?"

Bar-le-duc Currants

The preserve known by the above caption can be made at home, but, as the process of removing the seeds from the currants is tedious, most people prefer buying to making this preserve. We have had good success with the following recipe: Take selected currants of large size, one by one, and with tiny embroidery scissors carefully cut the skin on one side, making a slit one-fourth an inch or less in length. Through this with a sharp needle remove the seeds, one at a time, to preserve the shape of the currant. Take the weight of the currants in strained honey, and when hot add the currants. Let simmer two or three minutes, then seal as jelly. If the juice of the currants liquefy the honey too much, carefully skim out the currants and reduce the syrup at a gentle simmer to the desired consistency, then replace the currants and store as above.

QUERY 1454. — "Describe the placing of the silver — knives, forks and spoons — on the dinner table."

Disposal of Silver on Dinner Table

Let a plate of dinner size (about ten inches in diameter) mark the center of each "cover" or space allowed to each individual at table. Place a dinner knife at the right of the plate, cutting

edge toward the plate, beyond this the spoon for soup. This may be a table or dessert spoon or a round-bowled soup spoon. If raw oysters or clams are to be served, lay an oyster fork across the soup spoon or beyond it to the right. When canapés take the place of oysters, a small fork takes the place of the oyster fork. On the left dispose the forks in order of use, just as on the right, the utensil to be used first being farthest from the plate, as fork for fish, entrée, roast and game. This array of cutlery being quite enough to occupy the space allotted to cover, forks for additional entrées and the forks and spoons needed for the dessert service are usually passed when needed. At the left of the forks lay the napkin, a roll or piece of bread between the folds, but in sight. Occasionally we see a roll laid on the top of the napkin, but a partial covering with the napkin is preferable. Near the point of the dinner knife set the glass for water, and beside this the glass for Apollinaris or charged water.

QUERY 1455. — "How may Irish Moss be prepared. What is Aspic Jelly?"

Preparation of Irish Moss

Soak a cup of moss in cold water until soft. Pick over, discarding refuse, and wash in cold water; shake lightly. Add a quart of boiling water and let simmer until the moss is dissolved; add the juice of two lemons and two-thirds a cup of sugar and stir till the sugar is dissolved, then strain into moulds. Serve with cream and sugar. Serve with stewed prunes or figs or with currant or quince jelly.

Aspic Jelly

Aspic jelly is made from clarified meat broth thickened with gelatine. A two-ounce package of gelatine, softened in a cup of cold water, is used to each five cups of broth. Consommé, having

been clarified, and water with meat extract being transparent, can be made into aspic by simply the addition of gelatine. Meat broths must be flavored with vegetables, sometimes with wine, freed from fat and clarified with whites and crushed shells of eggs. Aspic made from chicken or veal is of a very delicate color. Consommé gives a darker color and beef broth the darkest of all. Often tongue, chicken breast, and sweetbreads, whole or in slices, birds, eggs and choice vegetables are molded in aspic. Among the recipes in this number of the magazine is given a recipe for pâté de foie gras molded in aspic.

QUERY 1456. — "Recipe for Chocolate Eclairs. Where can a French potato ball cutter be purchased?"

Chocolate Eclairs

Prepare the cream cake or puff mixture given in answer to Query 1451. With a teaspoon or pastry bag with plain tube spread or pipe the mixture upon a baking pan in strips four or five inches long and about an inch and a half wide. When baked, cut a slit on one side and insert a spoonful of English cream, cover the flat side of each oblong cake with chocolate frosting. Bake the eclairs about twenty-five minutes. A recipe for English cream is given under answer to Query 1451.

Chocolate Frosting for Eclairs

Cook one-fourth a cup, each, of granulated sugar and water to a syrup; add an ounce of chocolate; when melted, add half a teaspoonful of vanilla and beat in sifted confectioner's sugar to make a frosting that will spread easily and not run from the cakes. Hot water, sugar and chocolate may be added at discretion.

French Cutter for Potato Balls

French cutters for making potato balls can be bought at kitchen furnishing

stores or they may be obtained through the office of this magazine. The price is twenty-five cents each. The cutters make balls about one-half or a whole inch in diameter. In ordering state which size is wished.

QUERY 1457. — "Recipe for Hot Cross Buns."

Hot Cross Buns

Soften a cake of compressed yeast in half a cup of scalded-and-cooled milk and add to a pint of milk, scalded and cooled; stir in about three cups of flour, beat until very smooth, then cover and set to rise. When light add half a cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, three eggs, one cup of cleaned currants and about three cups of flour, enough for a soft dough. Knead until elastic and set to rise. When doubled in bulk roll into a sheet and cut in rounds. Set the rounds a little distance apart, to keep the shape. When doubled in bulk, with scissors, make a slit in two directions, on the top of each bun, to form a cross. Bake about twenty-five minutes. Brush the tops of the buns with a paste made by cooking two teaspoonfuls of corn-starch in a cup of boiling water. Then carefully fill the cross with cinnamon and sugar, mixed together, piling the mixture up well. Return to the oven to dry the glaze.

QUERY 1458. — "Recipe for good Graham Bread. What is the trouble with my bread and cake? The cake is not light, often, and when it is light the holes are large, and the bread is not white."

Graham Bread

Soften one-third a cake of compressed yeast in half a cup of lukewarm water; add one cup and a fourth of scalded-and-cooled milk, one-fourth a cup of molasses, two tablespoonfuls of butter and one teaspoonful of salt; mix thoroughly, then stir in two cups and one-half of graham flour and one

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cup and a half of white flour. Mix very thoroughly. The dough is not firm enough to knead. In the morning cut the dough through and through with a knife, and turn it over and over. Turn it into two buttered pans, make smooth with a knife and let stand to become nearly doubled in bulk. Bake about one hour.

Trouble with Cake and Bread

As we are unacquainted with the manner in which the cakes in question are mixed, we cannot state where the trouble lies. Directions for mixing cake were given in full in the December, 1908, magazine. The subscriber might follow these directions in mixing and baking a cake and then if unsuccessful write again, giving the exact recipe used. The flour may be in fault, if bread is not of good color. Ask others who use the same brand of flour concerning the color of their bread. If the fault be not with the flour, write again, telling just how the bread is made.

Common French and Foreign Terms Used in Cooking

Charlotte. From old English word Charlyt, meaning dish of custard.

Charlotte de pomme. Apple purée baked in mould lined with thin slices of buttered bread.

Charlotte russe. Cream preparation shaped in mould lined with lady's fingers or thin slices of sponge cake.

Chartreuse. A dish is served Chartreuse style when it is composed of two parts, one of which (the outer) conceals the other, as a Chartreuse of rice or spinach might have a salpicon of chicken or a whole chicken concealed in the center. Such dishes are said to have originated with the monks of Grand Chartreuse, near Grenoble, France.

Chateaubriand. Name of a French viscount, whose favorite dish, a

thick cut from the center of a large fillet of beef, nicely broiled, hands down his name. The steak should be cut to weigh one pound and a quarter.

Chaudfroid. Name given to cold dishes, as also to the sauce that masks them, of chicken, game, cutlets, masked or covered with a cold gelatine sauce, decorated with truffles, white of egg, etc., and the decorations covered with a thin layer of aspic jelly. The word means "hot-cold."

Chiffonade. Fine shredded, cut in narrow ribbons. Often applied to salad, as "salad chiffonade," a salad in which all or a part of the ingredients are shredded or cut in ribbons.

Chinois. A pointed strainer with fine holes used to strain soups and sauces. Often called Chinese strainer.

Chipolata. Small Italian sausages. The name is also applied to dishes which are garnished with sausage.

Chives. A variety of small, green onion. The grass-like tops are chopped and sprinkled over salads or are added to soups, etc.

Chou. Cabbage.

Chou farci. Stuffed cabbage.

Chou de Bruxelles. Brussels sprouts.

Chou-fleur. Cauliflower.

Chutney. An East Indian condiment made of a variety of fruits, sugar, spices and vinegar.

Citric Acid. This acid is used in very small quantities to "break the grain" in sugar boiled for syrup, candy, etc. It is obtained from the lemon and other acid fruits. It may be purchased in liquid or powdered form.

Clarification. A process by which certain liquid preparations are made clear and transparent. Thus specially prepared meat broths are clarified for consommé, and savory or aspic jelly. Whites and crushed



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shells of eggs and lean, raw meat finely chopped are used to secure the condition.

Cock-a-Leekie. A soup, originating in Scotland, made of fowls and leeks.

Cocotte. Small earthenware, fireproof dishes, either individual size or larger.

Collops. Raw meat cut in small cubes. Usually served in a sauce.

Compôte. Fruit stewed in syrup, also applied to a stew of small birds.

Confiture. Fruit jams, preserves or pastes.

Consommé. Seasoned broth made from the proper portions of beef, veal and chicken, clarified.

Coquille. Shell. *En coquille.* Preparations of meat, fish or vegetable and sauce served in shells.

Côte. A rib slice of beef or veal.

Cotalettes. Cutlets. Small slices of meat with rib bone attached; also given to preparations of meat, fish, etc., having a similar shape.

Coupe. Cup. *Coupe St. Jacques.* A macedoine of fruit and sugar with or without wine served in cups with vanilla ice cream above.

Couronne. Crown. *En couronne.* To dispose on a dish in a circle or in the shape of a crown.

Court-bouillon. A highly-seasoned liquid in which fish is cooked.

Crecy (à la Crecy). Dishes containing carrots usually in the form of a purée.

Crème. Cream *à la crème.* Cream is used either before or after cooking in dishes to which these words are added. *Meringues à la crème.* Meringue shells filled with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored before whipping.

Crème Bavarioise. Bavarian cream or a gelatine mixture variously flavored to which on the point of setting whipped cream is incorporated.

Cromesquis. A sort of croquette mixture rolled in bacon or caul, dipped in batter and fried. The dish originates in Russia.

Serving Tea in Up-to-Date Style

Nothing marks more clearly the pains which the first-class hotel and restaurant of today devotes to the endeavor to please his guests in every detail than the evolution during recent years of the service of tea.

The guest nowadays receives good, fresh tea; but does he always receive the variety he orders? Not yet in every case, but the latest step in the evolution of tea service will assure it in a majority of cases at all events. The improvement referred to is the use of small dainty envelopes of thin special paper, plainly printed with the different brands of tea most called for (Ceylon, Orange Pekoe, English Breakfast, Black, Green, Mixed, Oolong, etc.), embellished with an artistic imprint of little Japanese or East Indian figures. Each envelope contains enough tea of the variety named to make one good cup. The customer is served with the empty teapot, the boiling water, and the little envelope of tea he has ordered; the tea is brewed (by the waiter or by himself, as he prefers) right in front of him. Thus is *fresh tea* of the *right variety* assured him.

The envelopes are filled in the pantry when the help has spare time, the proper amount being carefully measured for each. After filling they are creased and turned over at the top and corners. They are not gummed.

The idea of putting portions of tea up in envelopes is not by any means new. The custom has been in use in some establishments, both in this country and Europe, for a good many years; the idea being to control the number of orders from a given quantity, to avoid waste and carelessness and to insure uniformity in making.

The improvement dwelt on in the new service is that the envelopes (made, of course, especially dainty in appearance) go to the guest untouched instead of being emptied into the pot in pantry.

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The New England Forests

The failure of Congress to provide for the preservation of the forests of New Hampshire and of the southern Appalachian mountains makes an immediate demand on the people of New England.

It is by no means worth while to spend time or temper on the causes of this failure. At bottom local jealousies — if you please, local selfishness — asserted itself. The representatives of the "Mountain States" suppose, rightly or wrongly, that by the preservation of their own forests their people will benefit themselves, and that they would go out of their way if they should benefit some poor relations of theirs who live near the Atlantic. It is as if a *nouveau riche* in his auto might be so well pleased with the opportunities of wealth that he does not inquire as to the health or the prospects of his chauffeur's family.

New England is left to take care of herself. Well, it is not the first time that this has happened. King Charles II. left New England to take care of herself, when a certain King Philip and his subjects proposed to drive every one of the colonists into the sea, and she did what was necessary.

What is needed now is a distinct understanding of the present condition and of the future. The several New England legislatures must immediately devote themselves to the study of the position on the lines laid down by the meeting of governors last summer. Let all of us Yankees remember that it is not for 1910 that we are arranging. States are immortal, and we are making our plans for the future. It will be well to exhibit in public lectures or in town meetings, what are the deserts of China and of Asia Minor, where once rich farms, which have been desolated as their forests were cut away. You can make a club of schoolboys understand this. Indeed, in almost every town of New England you could find a bit of land which would be well used if it

were planted with forest trees, and you can find people ready to give such land if this generation would promise that they should not be cut down.

As the meetings of the New England towns convene this year, there is an opportunity for every town to vote for a town wood lot, which need not be large, but which may be reserved for a century, if the town pleases, for its use and profit. Two or three acres only in each town would constitute a valuable investment. In Massachusetts the State forester will gladly furnish the seedling trees necessary for such plantations.

Such efforts have been very successful in Scotland, where people now call a piece of woodland "a plantation." — E. E. HALE, in *Christian Register*.

Idealism

The ultimate aim which the worker sets before him ought always to have a touch of idealism because it always remains a little beyond his reach. The man who attains his ultimate aim has come to the end of the race; there are no more goals to beckon him on; there is no more inspiration or delight in life. But no man ought ever to come to the end of the road; there ought always to

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be a further stretch of highway, an inviting turn under the shadows of the trees, a bold ascent, an untrodden summit shining beyond. — H. W. MABIE.

The responsibility of the consumer for the grade of goods offered in the market is suggested in this query: "Are the schools of domestic science and the women's clubs always going to accept meekly the articles that manufacturers choose to place before them in the shops? By coöperation, it should be possible in a few years to drive out of the stores tin and glass utensils with rough edges that cut the hands while using and washing, saucepans made for left-handed persons, and pitchers that cannot be washed inside, and many other appliances that hinder the routine tasks of the household or make their performance unpleasant."

A Carême Story

Carême, the prince of cooks, declined to shed a tear over Vatel's tragic end. "His death leaves me unmoved," he said. "A good cook, like a good commander, always has reserves to draw upon, and would not be daunted by the failure of any one source of supply. Moreover, all cooks are in a sense martyrs to duty, for the heat kills us in the long run. No matter, so long as we secure a niche in the history of our art." Carême worked hard for his niche, inventing 500 soups, 200 entrées, and 1,000 ways of dressing vegetables, besides countless recipes for fish, joints and game. He was steeped in the study of the classics, his biographer tells us, and sighed for the days when the skill of a cook was rewarded by his appointment as governor of a town.

A house kept to the end of prudence is laborious without joy; a house kept to the end of display is impossible to all but a few women, and their success is dearly bought. — EMERSON.

1847 The 1909

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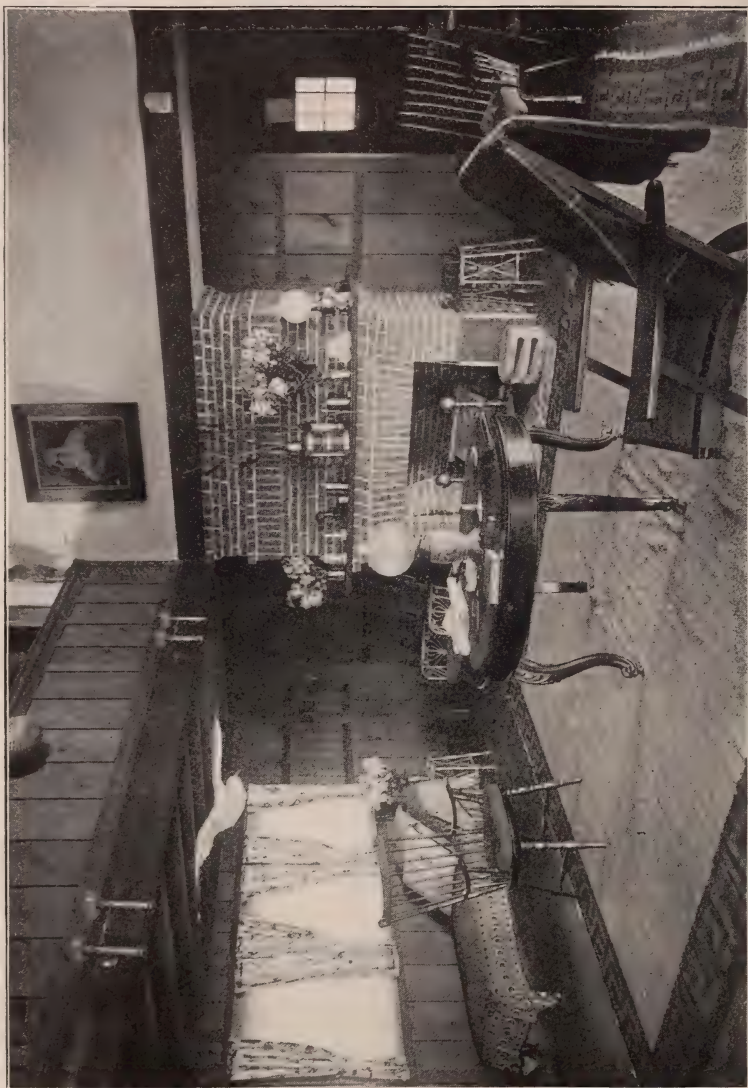
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THE LIVING-ROOM IN A BUNGALOW ON MISERY ISLAND

The

Boston Cooking-School Magazine

VOL. XIII

MAY, 1909

No. 10

How to Furnish the Bungalow

By L. M. A.

THE interior equipment of a bungalow is quite as important as the proper construction of the exterior or the finish of the walls and floors, for upon the arrangement and furnishings of the rooms depends the success or failure of the bungalow from an artistic point of view.

The first thing to remember, when about to select the furniture, is that it must be appropriate for the simple rooms it is to adorn. The beautiful creations of Chippendale and Hepplewhite should never be employed in the fitting up of the summer home, for they produce as discordant a note as would wicker chairs and couches placed in a luxurious winter apartment.

The furniture should be simple in design and durable in construction, and all ornate and delicately constructed pieces should be tabooed.

Furniture of the mission type, or wicker or raffia furniture, stained any color desired, is suitable for the living-room, and is sure to prove satisfactory. The dining-room can likewise be furnished in mission, or it can be an arts

and crafts dining-room, which is always attractive.

Chairs of birch, fashioned after the designs of Sheraton and Chippendale, the wood left in its natural state and thus capable of being stained if desired, can be purchased for \$3.00 apiece and are charming for the dining-room, when used in conjunction with an unpretentious table; while armchairs and rocking-chairs, constructed of the same material, and varying in price from \$3.50 to \$5.50, are pretty additions to the living-room and hall.

Dressing-tables, washstands and chairs of birch are suitable for the chamber, and with the simple white iron bedstead, which is generally used, make the furnishings attractive and the expense slight.

There is plenty of simple, inexpensive furniture available, and it only requires a little thought on the part of the owner to make her rooms comfortable and cozy.

Next to simplicity of design, harmony of color is the most important consideration. If the walls of the

living-room are hung with Japanese grass cloth in a light green shade or are tinted a soft brownish gray, the cushions of the armchairs and window seat should be of dark green or some other equally good contrasting color, and the rugs upon the floor should be of corresponding tones, but light, fadable tints should never be employed in conjunction with such a wall treatment.

Our illustration shows a charmingly furnished living-room, to be found in a little bungalow on the north shore of Massachusetts Bay. The walls are hung in dark green grass cloth, and the woodwork is stained white. The fireplace at one side of the room is constructed of red brick laid in white mortar, and the narrow mantel above is stained to match the woodwork. Simple white muslin curtains shade the

long, narrow windows, which open outward, and a few prints and a small mirror adorn the walls. The couch and chairs of polished hardwood, with rattan backs and seats, are fitted with cushions covered with denim in tones that harmonize with the wall hangings. An arts and crafts desk and stool, painted white, stand in one corner, and four small tables serve as receptacles for magazines and various knickknacks. A large rug in shades of green and red is placed before the fireplace, and adds a note of brightness to a very pretty whole.

The room is simply and charmingly arranged, at a comparatively slight expense. The chairs cost \$4.00 apiece, the sofa \$8.00, and the dainty arts and crafts desk and stool \$4.00. The four tables were purchased for \$2.75, each, and the large rug for \$10. Alto-



"CHARMINGLY FURNISHED LIVING-ROOM"



VIEW OF DINING-ROOM IN SAME BUNGALOW



ANOTHER VIEW OF SAME ROOM



CHAMBER IN BUNGALOW

gether it is a fine example of a simple, inexpensive living-room, and one well worthy of imitation.

The two illustrations that follow show the dining-room of the same bungalow. The walls are hung in silver-white Japanese grass cloth edged at the top with a narrow white molding, and the woodwork is also painted white. A high-back settle is built into the wall at one side of the fireplace, and above it extends a narrow shelf, which adjoins the mantel shelf at one end, and on both are displayed some rare old pewter pieces of which ware the owner of the bungalow has a very fine collection. A few prints adorn the walls, and a large arts and crafts rug, in shades of green and white, partially covers the hardwood polished floor. The dining-table, side table and long, low buffet are of the arts and crafts type, painted white, and the Windsor dining-chairs are stained to correspond and cushioned in dark green plush.

There is nothing pretentious about this dining-room; it is just a comfortable, cheery apartment, with not a

single discordant note to mar its simple beauty.

After the type of furniture has been selected and the color scheme decided upon, window hangings, couch covers, table and bureau scarfs and floor coverings engage the bungalow owner's attention.

For window curtains there is an almost unlimited variety to select from. There are muslins and scrims, varying in price from ten to twenty-five cents a yard; a cheese cloth weave in creamy white, barred with stripes of various shades, such as pink, blue, green or yellow, costing twenty-five cents a yard; linen taffeta, obtainable in almost every color, from natural gray white to dark brown, mostly the soft, dull shades; cretonnes, in numerous tasty patterns; coarse-meshed nets in plain and fancy weaves; colored Madras, and many other materials.

Denims, canvases and burlaps, either in plain colors or printed in fanciful designs, are suitable for couch covers, and in addition there is a Mocha canvas, fifty inches wide, which



HAND-WOVEN RUG

costs fifty cents a yard, and is finely suited for this purpose. There is also a heavy canvas of a mixed jute and linen weave, which comes fifty inches wide at \$1.25 a yard, in shades of brown, tan, blue, terra cotta and gray. It is admirable for couch coverings, and is also much employed for table and bureau scarfs, and while it is one of the more expensive materials, it pays in the long run to buy it, for it wears for many seasons and always looks well.

The next or fourth cut depicts a chamber in a bungalow, located in a village along the Merrimac River, and illustrates the use of muslin and cretonne as curtain hangings. The windows above the low, broad seat are shaded by simple white muslin curtains, while the seat space is defined by draperies of cretonne in shades of Nile green and pink, the flower pattern matching the design introduced in the narrow molding which edges the plain wall surface. The effect produced is charming, the colorings of the cretonne harmonizing perfectly with the general tone of the room, and adding a bright, cheery note to the apartment.

In the choice of floor coverings for

the bungalow there is a varied supply to choose from. For the living-room a large art square of wool and cotton weave is very suitable. It comes in various shades and can be purchased for \$15.00; it will last four or five seasons. An arts and crafts art square is very satisfactory for either the living-room or dining-room, and can be purchased at any handcraft shop for \$20.00. It can be made to order in any shade and design desired, and will wear longer than the majority of floor coverings, and always look well.

Then there is a large brown wool rug, which comes with a border of brown and yellow, and which is admirably suited for a room where the mission type of furniture is employed, as is a Scotch rug, a woolen product, finished alike on both sides, which comes in various sizes, the 9x12 size costing \$36.00.



HAND-WOVEN RUG

Perhaps the cheapest art square obtainable is made of grass matting. It is often chosen, not alone for its inexpensiveness, but for its simple cool coloring and light weight. It is easily kept clean, and with care should last three or four seasons. Small rugs of the same material are very pretty for the chamber.

If one prefers to have several small rugs in the living-room and dining-room, in place of one large one, the Navajo Indian rugs are very pretty, as are the small arts and crafts rugs. The latter are particularly attractive; these come in shades of blue and white, green and white, Roman stripes of different tints, and numerous other colorings.

In the chambers of the bungalow, in addition to the grass mats already alluded to, small cotton, hand-woven rugs are finely suited. One placed at

the side of the bedstead, and another in front of the dressing-table, are sure to prove attractive adjuncts to a simply furnished sleeping apartment.

For the kitchen floor, oilcloth of a tiled pattern is much employed, or, if one prefers a more expensive material, there is linoleum, which is easily kept clean and wears well.

A five-room bungalow can be comfortably and artistically fitted up for \$600.00, and for even less, if one is satisfied with simple, attractive furnishings and figures out the most economical way to obtain the same. The summer home, in most cases, is a place of rest, and all heavy and dull furnishings should, therefore, be avoided. The owner should aim to secure cheery simplicity, and thus render the bungalow the cozy, home-like abode it is intended to be.

In Spring

By Alix Thorn

If you and I, yes, you and I,
 In just this sort of weather,
 Could wander off across the fields,
 The two of us together,
 We'd find a bank, a greening bank,
 Where violets blue were springing,
 And watch the white clouds lazy drift,
 While birds were gayly singing.

Upon some reed I'd pipe like Pan,
 Dear maiden, for your pleasure,
 And all the wide wood-folk would come
 To hear the lilting measure.
 And somewhere there would be a brook
 Soft slipping through the rushes,
 O'er gleaming bed of russet stones,
 In ripples, waves and gushes.

Long leagues away the busy world,
 And real our blissful dreaming,
 Within a charmed space apart,
 A land of faery seeming,
 If you and I, yes, you and I,
 In just this sort of weather,
 Could wander off across the fields,
 The two of us together.



From the Notebook of a Young Voyager

(Second Paper)

By Mrs Charles Norman

WE have set foot upon the land, "Italia." The end of our long journey, across the Atlantic and endwise through the Mediterranean, is reached. We are all a bit shaky and are sighing for our "land legs," though we said good by to the steamer eight hours ago.

This is Genoa, some four hundred years ago the home of Christopher Columbus! And just to think of the voyage that poor man made, a worse trip than ours! I wonder if he ever did feel exactly right afterward.

We were met at the landing by a crowd of cabmen, all speaking the most delightful English. Alas! for him, however, who trusted anything to that English, for as we found out later it was a limited vocabulary, absolutely restricted, in one case, to "Cab, lady." Just a little "mother tongue" is sometimes so convenient! This cabman beat his horses frightfully; besides he deceived us in drawing up at the wrong hotel and in perambulating all about town so as to charge us for an extra hour. But argument failed us! He comprehended not a word we said, and gave only smiles for our abuse. It is we, not he, who are "just foreigners."

As to our hotel, we left that to Mr. —, because he is a man. Being a man, he was entirely regardless of sentiment. Instead of a *Hotel Macaroni* on the *Via de Circonvallazione a Mare*, or something equally Italian, what should that prosaic man do but have us conveyed to the Hotel Smith! Smith! Was it for this that we had traveled across the deep and treacherous sea? Couldn't any little country town in America have given us a Smith?

Furthermore the entrance to the

Smith was through a back street — a sort of alley. Yet, Mr. — insisted it was eminently respectable and just the place, and he is a man who ought to know. To our relief "the alley" led to an imposing marble portal, having passed which we climbed one hundred steps to a lovely apartment, with balcony overlooking the beautiful Genoa harbor. Through a side window came the smell of orange blossoms and a vision of terraced gardens. This is to be my own abiding place. That it is an ancient palace is obvious. I have not yet rested in this room, but I mean to do so in a few minutes.

I have been strenuous after the American fashion. I wanted experience and I have had it—though it is a tame sort, maybe. One hour after arrival I set out to find a money changer, having first received from the hotel proprietor information as to where to go.

With enthusiasm I made my way through the *Via Garibaldi*,—heroic name of a fine thoroughfare in which no one could feel uneasy! Notwithstanding, I held pretty firmly to my hand bag, for it contained a much larger sum than I was accustomed to carry in a hand bag. As I went along I rehearsed my few words of Italian.

The place was easily found. Before going to the desk I got out my United States gold, that it might explain itself, and I should need few phrases in telling my wants. At the desk was a grave-looking man, who received my request with a shake of his head. I thought I had not made myself understood, but a gentleman who stood by witnessed my perplexity and said in good English: "The man says they are bankers, but not money changers."

This interpretation was some relief, though it disturbed me, and forgetting even to say "Thank you," I put away my gold and went out. I paused a moment when I reached the street to make sure of my bearings; and in the interval the same man who had assisted me inside appeared and offered to show me a money changer.

Immediately I was alarmed. He was a well-dressed, well-appearing man of middle age, giving no indication that he might be a thief; but he had seen my stock of money and was, therefore, to be held in suspicion.

I thanked him rather coolly and said I would not trouble him. Then thinking to hide my confusion, I added, "You speak good English. Are you Italian?"

If he had professed himself an American, my fears would have ceased, I suppose; but he answered that he was born in Genoa. He had learned English in school. It would not trouble him to point out a money changer. He was going down street any way and would pass a good "dealer," only a block away.

With that he started on, and as it was on my way back to the hotel, I hesitatingly followed, resolved not to take one step off of the Via Garibaldi, not to go more than one block and not to enter any establishment which did not promise to be a true "*cambia valuta*." Accordingly I kept a respectful distance behind my much-suspected guide and was greatly startled when he stopped and turned to me. Without waiting for me to approach, he politely pointed to a money changer's window, and then, to my relief, tipped his hat and continued down street.

The counters of the establishment were plainly visible through the broad windows, and upon the door was a list of rates of exchange. Moreover the attendants in this place spoke English; so I had presently made a very comfortable exchange of my United States

gold for French gold sovereigns and Italian paper.

However, I was not relieved on entering the street. Certainly an Italian would prefer the money I then had to United States currency, and perhaps I was in more danger than ever! So I took no ease till I was safely back in the hotel. Then, with childish forgetfulness, I began to reflect that after all the suspected man might have been a kindly disposed Italian gentleman, exactly as he appeared.

My money was soon put away and I was about to sit down to rest, when I observed three letters which I had written on the steamer, and which were unmailed because unstamped. Surely it would be no trouble to go to the post office and buy stamps. I should not take any risks and I should need no interpreter! I should learn the city more quickly if I did everything for myself.

Accordingly I went to the post office, — a pretty good walk, but a very interesting one. When I reached the place, I located the proper window, presented my letters and pointing to the United States inscription, said, "Stamps," about as flatly as anything was ever said. To my joy the case was understood and stamps of the right denomination were presented, with some inquiry which I took to mean, "How many?" I raised ten fingers and the man tore off ten stamps. (I would have bought more if I had had more fingers.) Hurrah! Wasn't I progressing famously?

Then I made a careful estimate in English as to the cost of those stamps. (I had been estimating all the way to the post office.) I translated my estimate into Italian, opened my purse and slowly counted out the money — Italian *lira*. I passed it through the window and the clerk looked angry and pushed it back. I thought I had certainly offered too little, so I again made the laborious calculation and

handed over the money. The man kept protesting, and at length reached over and took the stamps out of my hand.

By this time two or three officials had arrived. All of them carried swords and would have looked dangerous but for an amiable cast of countenance. They were talking and for aught I knew were speaking several languages. It was all Greek to me; yet, by some word or sign, I am sure I do not know what, it dawned upon me that they were trying to tell me that stamps must be paid for in gold.

Now, it happened that I had only Italian paper in my purse. My gold —

that great, precious store of gold so boldly defended against the highwayman — was hidden away close to my inmost heart; and even if I could have got it out I would not for the world have tempted fate by exposing it. So with my three unstamped letters in hand I retraced my steps to the hotel, wearier and wiser.

Tomorrow morning my fellow tourists may go where they please, but I am going to that post office and buy those stamps. It is the one thing I mean to do for myself, if it takes all the week, even if I have to leave Genoa without seeing the ashes of Saint John the Baptist.

Food and Cooking in Italy

By Ada A. Hillier

The following paper is part of a private letter from a former pupil who is at present health-seeking in Italy. The information it bore seemed to us of such general interest that we have been constrained to share it with the readers of this magazine. As an item of personal experience abroad, we are sure it will be of especial interest to the one-time classmates and numerous friends of the writer, who are also readers of this magazine.

EDITOR.

WE have had quite a little social life, so many teas; they seem to be the favorite social diversion here, and every one entertains so simply. Even the wealthy Americans do things simply. The refreshments are never more than tea, thin bread and butter, and cakes, perhaps. In the larger cities at home it is the same, but in the smaller cities and large towns the refreshments are always so elaborate. Such delicious little cakes they do have here, and such an endless variety of them, too! I have become quite a devotee to the tea habit, aside from the social functions, and we have come to have it as regularly as any other meal. If out shopping or sight seeing, we always stop at one of the tea-rooms down town, and they are numerous. They make the

best of tea and fairly good chocolate, but I haven't tasted good coffee since I left home. I do not think the tea habit is typically Italian, but Rome is so filled with English that the custom of tea drinking has grown. The Italians are more apt to drink coffee or wine.

Many things in the Italian cuisine are much to be admired, and I am told that as good food is found in Italy as anywhere in Europe, not even excepting France. It seems to me that the cooking of vegetables stands out preëminently among the Italian cook's accomplishments. Some of the combinations are new to me and seem quite unusual. Several times our cook has given us stuffed carrots, and these, in this guise, are quite grand. I cannot give you a very accurate

description of the dish, as I have not seen it prepared. But the carrots, uniform in size, are cooked whole; the centers are removed from the larger end and the cavity is filled with a stuffing or forcemeat, made of meat, bread-crumbs and other ingredients nicely seasoned; they are set into the oven and basted often until they are cooked tender and nicely browned. Stock, or perhaps butter and water, are used for basting. These, arranged on a platter and with a thin sauce (it does not seem to have been thickened), made from the liquid in the pan and a little tomato paste, are a dish fit for a king. The tomato sauces here are quite different from those we make; they use tomato paste, which, as the name suggests, is the real substance, the watery part having been evaporated. It is rich and most delicious. I think, generally, vegetables are served very simply, seasoned with salt and pepper, and butter or oil, but when they wish to make a change the simple dish of vegetables becomes a very elaborate combination. Often pieces of toast or bits of puff-paste are used as a garnish. Puff-paste, by the way, is very much used.

A dish that I would call a soufflé of spinach was one of the nicest things I have tasted; and one of the strangest combinations is spinach with raisins and nuts; nutmeg is often used for seasoning vegetables, and with spinach it is very agreeable.

Both rice and macaroni are used a great deal; not a day passes that we do not have macaroni in some form, and surely there must be a hundred varieties of it. I am very fond of it, but I have not visited a factory yet. Our cook makes most of the macaroni we eat. It is not so very unlike our noodles, being cut in strips, but it is of good quality and is more apt to be clean. Macaroni comes in most fascinating little shapes for soup, and from that on up to the very large tubes,

about three or four inches long, that are stuffed. The macaroni, almost without exception, is cooked in the long pieces and served with tomato sauce, and cheese sprinkled over it. It is quite an art, in the first place, to serve one's self; then to wind it around the fork and carry it to the mouth gracefully and without accident is an act that must be learned.

One of the typically Italian ways of preparing rice is with tomato sauce and chicken livers; at the table each one sprinkles grated Parmesan cheese over his portion, and it is fine. The Italians do not cook either rice or macaroni as thoroughly as we do, and for this reason they are not as pleasing to us, but they know just how to get the best and most satisfactory results from vegetables. The vegetables are perfectly tender, yet do not fall apart or lose their shape. Every dish is nicely garnished and made to look attractive before it is served. Our cook prepares a stew and serves it in such a way that it is certainly a thing of beauty. Cauliflower is usually served whole, but often the vegetables are prepared with white sauce and cheese. I think I have eaten cheese combined with almost every known vegetable. Potatoes are not used as much as at home, but the other day we had a dish that was very good. It was a large mold of mashed potato, to which eggs had been added; in the center there were cheese and tiny round balls of meat, something like croquettes, only without sauce. These balls had been browned before they were put into the center of the mold, and it was quite a surprise to find them. A thin tomato sauce was poured around the mold. This was served as the first course at luncheon. A dish like the above, or a dish of rice or macaroni, are the usual things served as the first course at luncheon. At a more elaborate luncheon soup is served. We have also had

omelet, plain or with a sauce, and sometimes fish. The second course is meat and a vegetable, and for dessert cheese and fruit. We have rolls, but no butter, at either luncheon or dinner. The butter is unsalted and the bread is very flat tasting. No one makes bread at home, all bread is made in the bakeries.

Meats are quite different from what we get at home. I have to admit that they are well-cooked, but, oh, for a steak, a real steak! Here they are cut about as thin as a wafer, and I have not seen a real roast in Italy; but the meats are tender and moist. Chicken is used a great deal. One dish, which our cook gives us, at least, once a week, is chicken stewed and served on a bed of rice, with a sort of drawn butter sauce made of the chicken broth.

Perhaps you will be interested in the way dinner is served. First, soup; then, if it is an elaborate dinner, fish, followed by a vegetable served by itself. Here is where these elaborate vegetable dishes figure conspicuously. After this comes the meat course, with a green vegetable dressed with a French dressing, and then the dessert. At a more ceremonious dinner we have had meat, with potato or some other vegetable simply prepared, followed by game (it usually proves to be chicken) and the salad. On the boat we always had fruit with the salad, a canned apricot, a large variety of cherries or greengages, etc., and I like the combination.

I do not care for the dessert dishes; they are never sweet enough, perhaps owing to the fact that sugar is twenty-five cents per pound. Baked custard, with caramel, is one of the stock desserts. One typically Italian dessert is *zabione*. I think it is like Sabayon sauce, only thicker. Some of the soufflés are very good; one in which chocolate and nuts figured was very nice. But no matter how simple the dessert is, it always *looks pretty*.

The other day I learned something that surprised me very much, it is that macaroni does not form the chief article of diet for the mass of people in Italy. It is too expensive for them; instead they live almost entirely upon "polenta," or corn meal, and a few vegetables; they rarely eat meat. Macaroni is the staple for the middle classes. "Gnocchi à la Romaine," given in your "Practical Cooking and Serving," is a great favorite over here. It is often served as the first course at luncheon.

The kitchen utensils are things of beauty and must be "a joy forever," for they are made principally of copper and aluminium. The artistic genius of the Italians is manifested in utilitarian matters as in everything else. In no other place have I seen such a variety of beautiful things for a kitchen; the cooking utensils make a dazzling array, and the receptacles for supplies are dainty and pretty beyond comparison. I am told that kitchen utensils are really family heirlooms, being handed down from mother to daughter and held as almost sacred relics; even the poorest bride has them as a part of her dowry. One day in the country I saw an extremely poor looking peasant scouring her copper kettle in the sand of a brook. It would be difficult to find as good a kettle, even in our best kitchens.

The Italians have much to learn in the way of time and labor saving devices. Their stoves alone would put an American housewife into despair. Charcoal is burned in the stoves, and there is no oven. Baking is done on the top of the stove, by covering the article to be baked. This takes time and patience, a commodity and a virtue possessed by these people in generous measure. They seem to take the hardest way of doing everything. Think of washing in cold water and then of tying the clothes to

little rings on the clothes line. After they are dried they are starched and returned again to the rings, to dry. No matter how fully the clothes are

marked, the laundress puts in her own mark. I have seen her spend a whole day in sorting and marking the clothes of twelve people.

May

By Grace Stone Field

All down the lane the leafage crept,
A hardy bud slipped out;
In rosy cap and doublet green,
A laughing, saucy scout.

The Violet waved cap of blue,
And timid Bloodroot shrank;
But Dandelion kept the field,
And Cowslip held the bank.

A white flag waved above the hill
From Winter's crumbling lair;
Then Bluebird shrilled his bugle call,
And Spring was everywhere!

The Two Step

By Kate Gannett Wells

THE Two Step, always fascinating through the bewildering intensity of its motion, is often a ludicrously awkward performance. When arms are laid in long, close lines across each other's chest and partners gaze at short range into one another's eyes, or when elbows are crooked at right angles, or a girl's hands are laid crushingly on her partner's shoulders, accompanied by a downward bend of her head, the strenuousness and familiarity of the Two Step is something to be avoided.

Such a variety in methods of holding one's partner is not wholly due to the divers influences of local dancing masters nor to provincial as against city customs, since the varieties are in

evidence, wherever there are people, and that is everywhere. Is not rather the variety the outcome of individual temperament and personal initiative, of a constant betrayal of one's inner self, of a kind of self-taught method of dancing, in which, as in other processes of the self-made man, his ego is assertive?

Whose fault is it, the girl's or the man's, that such a comical way of holding one's partner prevails? Neither Grecian grace nor athletic strength, it is akin to the rough, well-meaning, good-humored, ungraceful familiarities in action of those who never have been trained, nor have trained themselves, to see that grace creates the medium through which dancing becomes a

form of beautiful self-expression. Girls often try to modify the awkward agility of their partners, but lack the courage to ask them outright not to hold them so close. Their undefined, bashful consciousness, telling them such gyrations of arms are not seemly, is overborne by their fear lest recognition of the curious ways in which they are held seem unmaidenly. So they just go on being silent and being held. Of course there are numberless couples who do it all charmingly, whose right arms are extended outward or slightly upward on long lines of grace, and whose left arms do not attempt to shorten the distance between themselves as they face each other. But just because most girls dislike to be held too closely, yet dare not say so (perhaps because they fear that then they will not have any kind of a partner), it seems as if dancing masters should not indulge in local varieties of independence, but should insist on a respectful distance between two dancers, neither to be increased nor lessened by crosswise extension of arms or by intertwining of hands resting just below each other's necks.

But whether done gracefully or the reverse, the Two Step has monopolized dances and assemblies to the exclusion of the square and contra dances. It is the most egregiously selfish of all waltzes, for it will not tolerate any other kind. Devised for two only, it is not a bit social, coöperative or philanthropic. It lessens high-bred manners and turns what might be courtly grace into rapid, swinging motion. The *régime* of the Portland Fancy, with its sociability, of the Lancers, the descendant of the stately Minuet, of the friendly cotillion, even of the German, has dwindled thereby, save as the last maintains its prestige through its favors and inventiveness.

Fortunately a revival of the Folk dances has begun, though it is often patronizingly advocated on pedagogical

grounds as a study in national characteristics, history, etc., rather than as a means by which sociability and good manners can be promoted. But Folk dances are not indigenous to this country, and many of them suggest the kindergarten too palpably ever to attain the popularity once enjoyed by Pop goes the Weasel and other country dances. If there is too much opportunity for romping in these, we still do not desire to return to the proprieties which Mrs. Trollope noted on her travels here in 1827, when she went to several balls at "which the gentlemen sat down to supper in one room while the ladies took theirs standing in another." On her proposing a picnic party she was told it would not be successful as it was "considered very indelicate for ladies and gentlemen to sit down together on the grass."

Yet, just because most every one loves to dance somehow, and as an amusement it is not sufficiently recognized as a panacea for the compulsory endurance of hard times, should we have more dance halls for everybody. Not one woman in five thousand has a home large enough for a dance. All the same, the factory and store girl, the family maid and those who live in small apartments, want to dance; so halls are hired and tickets sold, while, at best, there are not enough cheap respectable halls for those who can pay but a few cents for the fun of a dance. Give our boys and girls more honest dance halls, better floors, better music and better management, and then that which is reprehensibly awkward or boisterous in the Two Step and country dances will slowly eliminate itself. But when dancing is a rarity, one naturally and unconsciously makes the most of the close opportunities of the waltz.

Just as playgrounds are recommended hygienically and morally, so should dance halls be urged for the same reasons. A few church organi-

zations, especially in New York, realizing that the right or wrong of dancing depends on its methods and accompaniments, allow dances in their parish houses, in order to have the dancers under friendly supervision, and in many other instances philanthropy has offered its auspices to befriend dances. Yet wherever dances have to be supervised, in order to be respectable, there is a tremor of alarm lest social or moral superiority be too forthputting; whereas, when each "set" has its own matrons, social relations are equal. Neither boy nor girl, young woman nor young man, takes exception to the recognition of the fact that the young are too young to be trusted alone, if matrons recognize that their presence is required, not by a code of morality, but of good taste. The more that dancing is regarded as a social means towards health and social grace will the ways for providing it increase, and dance halls be conducted as honest business enterprises.

The trouble is that so many persons are inclined to regard dancing as something not quite worthy, as a kind of frivolity, with peculiar temptations attached. It was a long time before this view of dancing, as more or less

sinful, disappeared even among liberal-minded people. It is less than fifty years ago when Dr. Gannett, minister of Arlington Street Church, Boston, first invited the young people of his parish to dance after the sewing circle had ended its afternoon labors, and there were even then some who dreaded the result of his temerity. But just as he had successfully won in introducing scalloped oysters to ministers' meetings, so did he succeed in the acceptance of dancing.

It always is a gliding process from the social vagaries and varieties of one generation to those of another. Still dancing has its scriptural as well as its pagan records, also its normal and abnormal tendencies towards the self-expression that belongs to human nature. We may never domesticate the charm of the national folk dances of Norwegians, Italians and other nations, which were safe and graceful modes of escape for the innate mental activity that sought outward physical self-expression; but we can so nationalize our Virginia Reels, square dances and Two Steps, that they will be outlets for the impulse for play, which can keep us all young as individuals, since as a nation we will never grow old in feeling.

Glad Heart

By Mrs. Charles Page

To hear her laugh, you'd think the earth
Held nowhere sadness, only mirth.

It had been such a weary day;
The sullen skies were wan and gray;
The rain sobbed wistfully, and wept;
The cold wind — life was sorrow-swept
Until she came. Oh, all the birds

Sang in her voice; and strove for words
The tiny, seeping, silver streams!
The subtle music of my dreams
Came true, and life was good and fair;
The rain waxed beautiful, the air
Was filled with flow'r-scent — so my view
Veered to the magnet sound, and grew
Calm and serene and sane anew.



Marketing and the Telephone

By Helen Campbell

THE Household Economic section of a popular club had listened to a careful little essay on Marketing, illustrated by some small but clear charts designed to make the selecting of the best cuts perfectly easy for the most inexperienced, and, as it ended, the president looked about blandly.

"A discussion is now in order, ladies. Mrs. Benton, I see that, as usual, you are ready for the comment we are all waiting to hear. You are always so delightfully suggestive."

"Too suggestive, it may be," said the dark-eyed, most genial looking lady, well on in middle life. "The fact is, I don't want to know about the best cuts. They have soared so far above the possibilities of my weekly allowance that my chief desire is to learn everything that can be done with cheaper ones, though even the cheaper ones are where the dearer ones used to be. What I am thinking of most, however, is a paper on cheaper marketing as a whole, and against telephone marketing, the most insidious foe of the allowance—absolutely one of the growing evils of the twentieth century."

The chairman turned astonished eyes upon the speaker.

"My dear Mrs. Benton! it isn't possible that that is your real thought. Think of the precious time it saves for other things."

"I admit that certainly, but isn't there something else to save? The best butcher on earth loses his moral sense when it comes to dealing with a customer through a telephone, and gives for each order a little more or less than is called for, so that each day's account is a trifle beyond your intention, and the balance is always in favor of the butcher. A grocer is, of course,

a little different. His things are mostly in tins and packages, and you know just what you are getting, if you deal at a first-class place. I never realized how absolutely out of date real marketing had gone till Aunt Matilda came home from long years in Europe. She was born in New York, and knows all sorts of queer corners, and she likes the old ways. She asked if Herbert went to market, and seemed surprised, when I said he would never dream of such a thing. His father always did, she said, on his way down town, like all other old New-Yorkers on their way to business, going to the same stalls in Washington Market, or Fulton, perhaps, year after year. 'Of course he goes, if he doesn't want you to do it yourself, Martha?' and when I said the telephone did it for me, she nearly shrieked. 'I had heard of that way, but to be sure of your man you have to see him. I say it's a premium on cheating.'

"This was the beginning of an active investigation on her part, and certainly I never dreamed that some of the things she found out existed. You want to save on your allowance, if you can, she said, and yet you give anything these fancy little markets ask and never realize that there are cheaper and just as good, or better, places not far away. Mrs. Van Sinderling, she that was Eleanor Jessop, told me, and she knows old New York like a book, that she went every day and has the best of times doing it. Washington Market is pretty much wholesale, and Fulton is too far away. Gansevoort is just as it used to be, and then there is the new region up on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street. But there is another almost unknown, it seems, a region between Twenty-

third and Thirty-fourth Streets and Sixth and Ninth Avenues, that counts as marketing ground, for it's all French and Italian, with a mixture of colored caterers and cooks. Really though as a whole it is a French settlement, where chefs and the best waiters in the big foreign restaurants live in their own foreign fashion. I have been with her several times, and it is most interesting. There are dozens of very queer-looking little shops, in basements mostly, and others above them, all sorts of places, and yet she says she has it on the best authority that the swellest hotels, Fifth Avenue and all, buy their wares regularly. She lives in a hotel in the winter and says that their French bread and rolls of the finest quality all come from one of these little places. I priced things myself in the Italian shops, that made me feel like Rome over again, so far as what was in them went. For half the money that you pay at your swell grocer's you can get wonderful things; pastes and essences, vegetables and fruit in jars, Oriental spices in strange packages covered all over with hieroglyphics, and sweets of the richest. Then there are dried vegetables. Don't laugh. They are often invaluable, and these people know how to do them absolutely well. Not necessary here, you may say, but off in the country, in camps, for instance, so much lighter than cans of things and of finer flavor, too. One man had fifty-seven different kinds of pastes, and dried vegetables used a good deal in place of meat. I believe there may also have been fifty-seven varieties of cheese, or, at least, it seemed so. I had never imagined there could be so many.

"The place smelled like the little herb-room in my grandmother's house, only more so; garlands of sweet herbs were hanging from the ceiling, set off by strings of red peppers. One thing they do in these shops that no American butcher would dream of. All the

French butchers separate the tenderloin or *filet* from the upper part of the steak and sell each by itself. The bone is removed and they sell the *filet* for seventy-five cents a pound and the top steak at thirty-five, but it pays, because there isn't half an ounce of waste. For poorer customers they sell small portions, which it is often such a comfort to be able to buy. You can get half a chicken or less, if you are doing light housekeeping, for instance, and all sorts of carefully prepared trimmings from the joints, which one can use for broth.

"Now I do not propose to urge all you busy housekeepers to make a daily tour among these little shops. But it certainly would pay to lay in certain special supplies from them; delicate seasonings, for instance, that cost double and treble at the large groceries, and often are not to be had save in the foreign ones. The end of the week will mean a little surplus instead of a deficit, and it will mean, also, the educated sense which the average American scorns, but the Frenchwoman counts as necessary equipment for successful housekeeping. We are a badly fed nation, in spite of our lavishness. Cooking schools, so far, are for the few, though the Pure Food agitation and the general sense that we are ourselves responsible for most of the diseases born of over-feeding or under-feeding are beginning to work, and, in good time, there will be far more thought as to what the family food really stands for. That is one side of the matter. When there is wisdom enough in the house-mother to define intelligently what the family needs are, there will, probably, also be wisdom enough not to trust the telephone or the man at the other end of it too blindly, but to regard this phase of housekeeping as one to be studied as it never has been before. I might even add that, if one must choose between this and a course in

Greek Art or the Renaissance period, the positive welfare of mankind at large will owe more to the first than the last. To build a body into perfect form is the business, first of the mother, and, where she has failed, of the owner of said body, and perfect food, perfectly prepared, is the most difficult, yet most vital matter to be handled. Pure food and perfect sanitation go together, but the last is another story, though both are in the hands of women far more than they know or believe. When they do believe and act upon it, we shall see a very different world. I must apologize

though for taking time that really did not belong to me,—another feminine tendency, they say."

"At least you have given us some very positive food for thought," the president said, with a smile; "and though we have no more time to-day, I suggest that at our next meeting the subject come up again and we have word from any of those who may have investigated on their own account."

At this point the meeting adjourned, though active, even stormy discussion was still going on as the members made their way homeward.

Lovely Weather Lena

By Laura K. Hudson

"NINETEEN, twenty," counted Lena, strenuously plying her crochet-hook and letting the Madonna cotton, No. 30, glide swiftly through her nimble fingers.

"There she goes! catch her, catch her!" shrieked the little Morgan boys on the other side of the garden fence, hurrying and scurrying with cap and butterfly-net after the big green fly.

"Twenty-three, twenty-four," sedately continued Lena, turning her work and making ready for "three picot stitches to the right," while Jonah, the big tomcat, lazily turned his other side up to the caressing rays of the sun.

Bang went the butterfly-net against the top of the fence accompanied by a long-drawn, wailing "Ah-h-h-h" of regret from all the little Morgans as the longed-for dragon fly flutters wildly over the partition into Lena's little garden and fell, spent and exhausted, at her feet.

"Poor thing!" said Lena, dropping her work and stooping to rescue the

greenly glistening insect from Jonah, who came running up to investigate; and as the dragon fly lay prone upon her hand, she discovered, clinging to its back and holding on for dear life, a tiny inch-long mannikin neatly and becomingly dressed in apple-leaf hose and larkspur doublet.

Now, though the most matter-of-fact and unsentimental of mortals, Lena had not entirely forgotten her childhood lore; she therefore instantly recognized the tiny dragon-fly rider for a fairy, and also remembered that whenever fairies are about something is likely to happen. She accordingly lightly placed her other hand over fly and rider, and made them both prisoners.

"Undo your hands!" screamed the mannikin; "they are warm, and moist, and unpleasant; undo them and let us go free!"

"Oh, but wait a minute!" said Lena; "just wait a minute. You have got to let me have my three wishes, you

know; that's what you fairies always do."

"Three wishes! *only* three!" snapped the fairy crossly; "well, upon my word, you are not troubled with bashfulness, my dear madam! but you'd better let me go, for I'm not giving away any wishes this afternoon."

"Well, then," said Lena, with great determination, "I sha'n't let you fly. I'm going to put you on a saucer under a turned-down tumbler, and when Abbie Miggs calls for me at five to go with her to the band concert she may have you for her beetle collection. She'll stick a long pin through the two of you, most likely, and mount you on cork."

"Oh, you mustn't tell *any one* you've seen me; that would bring you the worst possible luck! Don't be disagreeable, there's a dear; let's talk things over a bit. You see, I really couldn't possibly let you have *three* wishes; we fairies are not granting wishes so freely as we used to years ago. *One* wish, and that only during a certain period of time, is all we are allowed to bestow nowadays. I'll let you have *one* wish, if you insist, my dear madam; but you'll have to get it in before six o'clock this evening; after that time it will do you no good. And now, please undo your hands and let's be gone;" and as Lena's hands unclosed, and dragon fly and rider rose slowly into the summer-scented air, the fairy-kin called back over his shoulder: "Between now and six this evening, remember, and *one* wish only; and — much good may it do you!"

Lena sank back like a veritable bunch of cogitation on her rustic bench; her crochet work fell unheeded to the gravel walk; the swiftly rolling ball of Madonna cotton was pursued and badly mauled by the sportive Jonah; the hot summer afternoon wore away into dark and threatening cloudiness, but Lena never stirred. She forgot that she was shortly to go pleasuring

with her friend Abbie; she forgot that she was still in the simplest and severest of morning costumes; she forgot all people and all things and sat pondering and pondering; for between now and six o'clock she must formulate a wish that should procure for her riches and beauty and happiness and wisdom and power and a host of other very desirable things; only *one* short little wish and so much, so *very* much to wish for!

While Lena was thus sitting ruminating the summer hours away, her friend, Abbie Miggs, was in her small brown cottage at the other end of the village, making ready for the band concert. No two persons could, by any chance, have been less alike than these two country cronies: Lena, the plump, handsome, dark-eyed, middle-aged widow, phlegmatic, amiable, indolent, with the one ambition to get through life with as little trouble and exertion as possible, her greatest delight to go walking slowly and decorously with Abbie to the near-by garrison town, her greatest abomination to get her feet wet and skirts dragged in rain or snow; and Abbie, a slight, pale, sandy-haired, wiry little spinster, active, energetic, always making plans, suggestions and improvements for her own comfort and benefit and for that of her more stolid and heavy friend, whom she loved devotedly and whom she managed to visit or convoy abroad almost every day.

Abbie dressed—as she did all other things—with neatness and dispatch; at a quarter before five she opened the gate to Lena's garden, and, having knocked in vain at the front door, walked round to the back and joined Lena, still sitting—dead to all things mundane—thinking, thinking.

"Sakes alive!" exclaimed Miss Miggs; "well, if this doesn't beat all! Here she sits half asleep, not even dressed for the evening, and it's after five o'clock! And the concert begins

at seven, and we have a long walk to town and supper to get before then! My goodness, Lena, do stop mooning and bestir yourself a bit! I'll go in with you and help you get ready. Come along, Lena!" And gathering up the crochet work and the soiled and tangled Madonna cotton, she drove her belated and heavy-footed friend into the house, opened and shut closet doors and bureau drawers while assisting to get Lena's finery together; called in Jonah and gave him his supper and locked him up in the cellar; hooked Lena's new gown up the back for her, poured cologne upon her handkerchief—chattering, scolding and advising all the while so unceasingly that Lena grew quite giddy—and ended, while the latter was carefully adjusting her big flower and ribbon-laden hat before the mirror, by carefully fastening all the windows for the night. "Be sure and take your umbrella, Lena," she remarked casually while wrestling with a refractory shutter hasp; "there's going to be a shower. I'll take your overshoes and stick 'em into the bag with mine."

"Umbrella! overshoes!! shower!!!" cried Lena, who of all forms of rain hated thunder showers worse than sin; "if it's going to thunder and lightning, I'll not stir. How provoking! Somehow, whenever I particularly want to go anywhere, it's sure to pour, or snow, or threaten or something. I *do* wish I could always have fine weather, not only fair, passably nice weather, but really lovely weather, whenever I go out."

"Oh, Lena, *do* come along!" called Abbie; "a few drops of rain won't hurt either of us. There!" as the little clock on the mantelpiece struck the hour; "it's actually six o'clock and the highest time we were off. Come along, Lena, *do*!" And by the sheer force of her small and fiery personality the little old maid hustled Lena down the stairs and out of the front

door, which she vehemently banged behind them, and down the street, talking incessantly all the way and asserting over and again "that after all it was going to clear off;" which, as all the threatening thunder clouds had vanished entirely and the sun was once more brightly shining, seemed more than likely. In time the two cronies reached town, called on some friends, with whom they had their supper, and were soon seated on the parade grounds enjoying a delightful evening of operatic selections, dance music and popular songs. Eleven o'clock found them once more back at Lena's, where, rather than walk on alone to her own cottage at the outer end of the village, Abbie was to spend the night.

All the way home the lively spinster had discoursed at great length upon the evening's events, and now, while the two women were preparing for bed, the expression of her many impressions so filled the air that Lena did not really come to herself. It was only after Abbie Miggs's measured breathing announced that she had fallen asleep that Lena remembered clearly about her fairykin and that one wish, the golden opportunity she had so lamentably forfeited. Oh, could it be possible that her petulantly uttered remark about the weather would count as such! Would she always have fine weather when she wanted to go walking, or shopping, or—and Lena also fell asleep.

From that summer afternoon on Lena always had, not only good, but lovely weather, whenever she went abroad; to shop, to call, to visit, to walk; for picnic, straw-ride or jamborie generally. If it was raining the proverbial cats and dogs, it would stop short while Lena was putting on her hat to go out; as she was coming down her bedroom stairs the sun would shine once more, and by the time she

(Continued on page xvi)

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NUTRITION

NUTRITION has come to mean much more than it once did.

We have come to feel that health is our natural condition, while disease is an unnatural condition. Health being natural, it follows that one can secure it only by obeying the natural laws, and the most important of these laws is that which governs nutrition. Food is our building material and the source of all vital force and energy. It is the fundamental factor in making both for health and disease. We combat disorder and build up physical and nervous force by adapting our food to the conditions of the system. Medicine has its uses, faith is an excellent sentiment to cultivate, but neither of these agents can take the

place of wholesome food, fresh air and judicious exercise.

The nutrition of man, as yet, has not received the degree of attention in life's program it deserves. Many people seem to know little about food products, and far less about the preparation and cooking of the several kinds of food. It goes without saying, the matter of food values and their proper combination in the daily bill of fare is almost entirely unknown, and hence universally disregarded. The ideal text-book on the Science of Health is yet to be written. In the mean time it is always wise to avoid excess and practise simplicity and temperance in all matters that pertain to diet.

TARIFF REVISION

WE are face to face with tariff revision. Of necessity our attention is concentrated upon a matter we are too apt to neglect and forget. This one fact should never be lost sight of, namely, that a tariff of any form whatever is a tax, and a tax, unless it be righteous and self-imposed, is a vexatious burden, as well as a delusion and a snare. To be sure, town, city, state and national governments cost money and must be supported. The revenues for the liberal maintenance of the same must be raised somehow; the only question of import is, how, or upon what items, these necessary taxes shall be levied and collected?

An explicit answer to this question does not concern us here. It is a matter of ways and means in government, and is by no means simple in character. In respect to one or two points, however, we have strong convictions. Taxes should not be assessed on the plain, common necessities of life, especially on foods, for instance. The health and strength of a people are of far too vital importance to place unnatural hindrance in the way of

access to the food products of the earth. Wisdom and prudence, it seems would forbid. A levy on the sources of the vitality of the race is well-nigh criminal.

We believe, always, in retrenchment and reform, prudence and economy, in government. After periods of extravagance and lavish expenditures, the day of settlement is sure to come. The bills must be paid, and unfortunately the final adjustment of the account falls in large part to the lot of the many who have not had fair chance to voice their sentiments as to the wisdom of the expenditures. If any one is to receive benefit from a tariff, let it be the laboring man, the man who works with his hands. We substantiate our view by that of another editorial writer whose words we can approve:

"Whatever is done in the revision of the tariff, all hypocritical professions of a disinterested desire to benefit the workingman should be discounted. Let those who are to decide the question ask, What is for the benefit of all the people; what revenue is needed; how is it to be raised; and how shall it be so apportioned that it will not oppress any one? In the matter of protection we ought not to be reminded that Trench derives the word from "Tarifa," a robber stronghold in Spain, where a tariff was laid upon all merchandise passing the Straits of Gibraltar. Any tax which will make five hundred men enormously rich at the expense of the American people will not be endured. Each man, woman and child in the United States on an average pays over ten dollars a year for the support of the national government, and the benefits of the tariff ought to be enjoyed by every citizen." It is a selfish and mistaken notion in economics, that a policy which tends to enrich a few benefits everybody. Legislation should be for the "good of all."

INTERNATIONAL HEALTH

(From the Boston Herald)

THE recent creation of an international office of public health is an encouraging sign of the growing "brotherhood of the nations." The full text of this agreement is now available, and it is seen that the contracting nations include the United States, Great Britain, Belgium, Brazil, Spain, France, Italy, Holland, Portugal, Russia, Switzerland, Egypt, Servia, Tunis and Peru. It will be observed that there are some notable absentees from this list, including Germany and Turkey, but the way has been left open for their adhesion to the agreement. The constitution of this new international office provides that it may not interfere, in any way, with the administration of the different states, and that its principal object shall be "to collect and bring to the knowledge of the participating states the facts and documents of a general character which relate to public health, and especially as regards infectious diseases, notably cholera, plague and yellow fever, as well as the measures taken to combat these diseases." As appears from this and a further article of the constitution, the functions of the office are to be of an advisory character. The monthly bulletin is to collate laws and general or local regulations, to tabulate information as to the spread of disease, and to chronicle such measures as are taken in different countries for improving the health of various localities. The headquarters of the office are to be in Paris, and the contracting nations have agreed to contribute jointly an annual income of f.150,000 for the payment of a staff whose members must devote their whole time to the service of the office. To the enthusiast in international hygiene this may seem a modest program; he would prefer that such a body should be endowed with com-

pulsory powers. But to insist on such powers would have wrecked the scheme. No nation, however altruistic, would tolerate extra-national interference with its health regulations. In movements of this kind the only possible advance is along the path of least resistance. With all its limitations, then, the international office of public health deserves the good wishes and practical support of all people; it cannot fail to assist in preventing some disease germs from being wafted over international walls or through their gaps.

THE TRAGEDY OF EXISTENCE

MAUD BRABY, the author of a book on "Modern Marriage and How to Bear It," has discovered the great tragedy of a wife's existence. It isn't jealousy, nor unpaid milliners' bills, nor even divergent views on the question of "vote for women." It is merely food and the ordering and cooking of it.

Time, the great healer (she says), mercifully deadens the intensity of this anguish, and matrons of fifty or so can face the daily burden of food ordering with something like indifference. But to a woman who has not reached the fatal landmark, aptly described as the "same age as everybody else, thirty-five," it is the greatest cross, while many a bride has had her early marriage life totally ruined by the horrid and ever-recurring necessity of finding food for her partner. Men make fun of women because their dinner, when alone, so often consists of an egg and tea; but women have such a constitutional hatred of food ordering—inherited, no doubt, from a long line of suffering female ancestry—that the majority of them would gladly live on tea and bread and butter for the rest of their lives sooner than face the necessity of daily meditating on a menu. For this reason I believe vegetarian husbands are particularly desir-

able, since the whole principle of food reform is simplicity. Those who go in for it acquire an entirely fresh set of ideas on the importance of food, and become quite pathetically easily pleased. I know a woman whose husband is a vegetarian, and she declared that the food question, so disturbing a factor in most homes, had never caused her a single tear, or frown, or an angry word, or an added wrinkle. She assured me that her husband would cheerfully breakfast off a banana, lunch off a lettuce, dine on a date, and sup on a salted almond. — *The Epicure*.

The present issue of this magazine holds a title-page and complete index for the year. These are repeatedly called for, notwithstanding the May number always carries them. They are prepared for those who wish to bind the copies of each year in a single volume for ready reference. The magazine includes matter well worthy of preservation for future use. Each column is a cook book in itself.

Our next, or June, issue will be the first number of a new volume, Volume XIV. There is no better or more fitting time than this for new subscriptions to begin. We are advancing steadily, and giving our best efforts to our readers. We anticipate that our fourteenth volume will excel all the others.

The law of nature is that a certain quantity of work is necessary to produce a certain quantity of good of any kind whatever. If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; if food, you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it. — *RUSKIN*.

Beyond all wealth, honor, or even health is the attachment we form to noble souls, because to become one with the good, generous and true is to become in a measure good, generous and true ourselves. — *THOMAS ARNOLD*.



PLANKED SPANISH MACKEREL

Seasonable Recipes

By Janet M. Hill

IN all recipes where flour is used, unless otherwise stated, the flour is measured after sifting once. When flour is measured by cups, the cup is filled with a spoon, and a level cupful is meant. A tablespoonful or a teaspoonful of any designated material is a *level* spoonful of such material.

Herring Fritters (Hors d'Œuvre)

REMOVE the fillets from a can of herring fillets put up in oil; wipe them on a soft cloth, to free them of oil, and cut each fillet into pieces about two inches long and half an inch or less in width. When ready to serve dip the fillets in fritter batter and fry in deep fat. Serve on a hot napkin, passing at the same time olives or pimolas.

Ham-and-Cheese Canapes (Hors d'Œuvre)

Mix half a cup, each, of lean ham, chopped fine, and common or Parmesan cheese, grated; add half a teaspoonful of paprika and stir into one-third a cup of tomato sauce flavored with onion. Spread the mixture on pieces of toasted bread (two inches

by an inch and a half) and set into a hot oven for about five minutes.

Onion Soup

Peel three large Spanish onions, cut them in slices, and let cook in one-fourth a cup of butter melted in a saucepan. Stir occasionally and do not let the onions or butter brown. When the onions are yellowed and softened, add two quarts of broth of any kind and let simmer very gently half an hour. Add two teaspoonfuls of salt (less if the broth has been salted), also pepper and strain. Serve very hot with croutons.

Mixed Vegetable Soup

Cut a peeled onion in thin slices and fry in one-fourth a cup of butter or fat from the top of the soup kettle until well browned; add two pared

potatoes, cut in slices, one-fourth a cup of blanched rice, half a carrot, cut in slices, and three pints of water. Let boil one hour, then press through a sieve and return to the fire. Stir one-third a cup of fine-ground corn meal with cold milk, and when the soup boils, add some of it to the corn meal, mix thoroughly and stir into the soup; continue to stir until the soup boils; add a cup of rich milk or thin cream, scalded, season with salt and pepper as needed (a teaspoonful of salt to a quart of soup) and serve with croutons. More milk may be added if the soup is too thick.

Planked Spanish Mackerel

Heat a broiler very hot. Brush over both inner surfaces with a piece of fat salt pork. Set a carefully cleaned mackerel, split down the front, in place and set to cook over coals or under a gas flame, but not too near the heat. Cook principally on the flesh side, turning occasionally to cook on the skin side. Let cook from ten to fifteen minutes. The fish should be

light, four or five boiled onions, a bunch of cooked asparagus tips and about a pint of cooked stringless beans and half a cup of cooked carrot, in straws or slices. Set the onions down the middle of the fish and pipe the potato around the fish on the edge of the plank; brush over the edges of the potato and the onions with the yolk of an egg, beaten and diluted with a tablespoonful of milk. Set the plank into the oven, to brown the potato. Keep the other vegetables hot. When the potato is browned, set the other vegetables in the open spaces. Dispose the plank in the tray, designed for the purpose, and serve at once. Pass Hollandaise sauce with each service, or pour one-fourth a cup of maître d'hôtel butter over the fish and asparagus and serve cucumber salad on chilled plates.

Maître d'Hôtel Butter

Beat one-fourth a cup of butter to a cream; add half a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper and half a tablespoonful of fine-chopped parsley; mix



LAMB CHOPS EN CASSEROLE

a little underdone, as it will cook more on the plank. Have the plank well oiled and hot. Set the fish in the center of it, and brush it with butter. Have ready a quantity of mashed and well-seasoned potato, beaten very

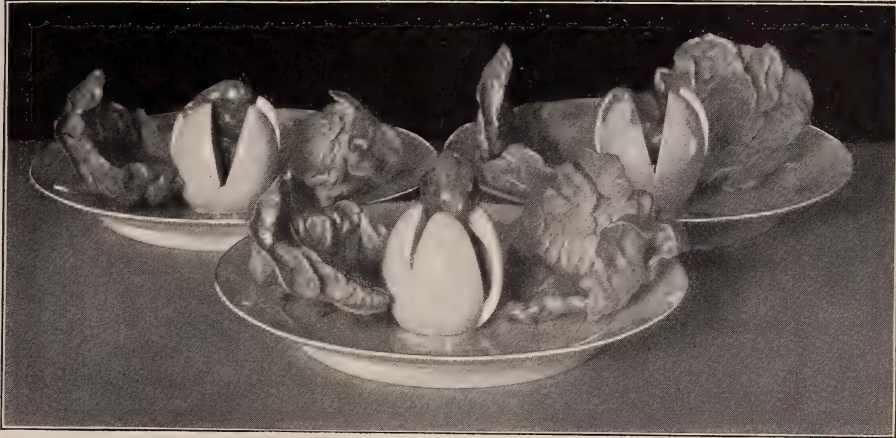
thoroughly, then gradually beat in a scant tablespoonful of lemon juice.

Lamb Chops en Casserole

Buy chops from a neck of lamb, having them cut about three-fourths

an inch thick. For four chops, brown four level tablespoonfuls of butter or fat from the top of the soup kettle; add six tablespoonfuls of flour and stir and cook until browned; add half

water will not boil, but keep hot, for about twenty-five minutes. Drain, cover with cold water and when cold remove the shells. Cut a slice from the round ends, that the eggs may



EGG-AND-ANCHOVY PASTE SALAD

a teaspoonful of salt, the same of paprika and one pint of broth or boiling water, with a teaspoonful of beef extract; stir until boiling, then pour over the chops in a casserole, cover and let cook three hours or until tender. Have ready a cup, each, of cooked peas and stringless beans and part of a carrot, cut in strips and cooked tender. Skim the fat from the top of the sauce, add the vegetables and, when all are hot, serve in the casserole. For individual service, casseroles about five inches in diameter may be had; in one of these dispose a chop, about one-fourth a cup, each, of peas and string beans and a tablespoonful of the carrot. Cover and set into the oven, until the dish and contents are very hot. The individual dishes may be used for cooking, but it is best to cook all together and use the individual dishes simply for serving.

Egg-and-Anchovy Paste Salad

Cover the required number of eggs with boiling water; let stand where the

stand level, then cut down three-fourths the length in both directions and set upon heart-leaves of lettuce. Mix fine-chopped pimentos or pimolas with twice the measure of anchovy paste and roll this into balls; set a ball of paste into the center of each egg, pour on mayonnaise dressing and serve at once.

New Beets, Italian Fashion

Boil six young and fresh beets until they are tender; drain, cover with cold water and with the hands push off the skins and cut the beets into thin slices. Melt two ounces (one-fourth a cup) of butter in a frying pan; add a small onion, chopped fine, and stir constantly until softened and yellowed but not browned, then add three level tablespoonfuls of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth a teaspoonful of pepper and stir until well blended. Add half a teaspoonful of sugar and a cup and a half of milk; let cook, stirring constantly until the sauce boils; let simmer a few minutes,

add a teaspoonful of white-wine vinegar or a tablespoonful of lemon juice and pour over the beets.

Asparagus "à la Borghese"

Scrape the root ends of a bunch of asparagus, shortening the stalk where it ceases to be tender. Tie in bundles of about a dozen stalks, having the heads all together. Cook in a saucepan of boiling salted water about twenty minutes. Remove each bundle to a slice of toast, pour over the following sauce and serve at once. Melt one-fourth a cup of butter; in it cook two tablespoonfuls (level) of flour with one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt, pepper and grated nutmeg; when bubbling add one cup of thin cream and stir until it boils; add one-fourth a cup of butter, in bits, and use at once.

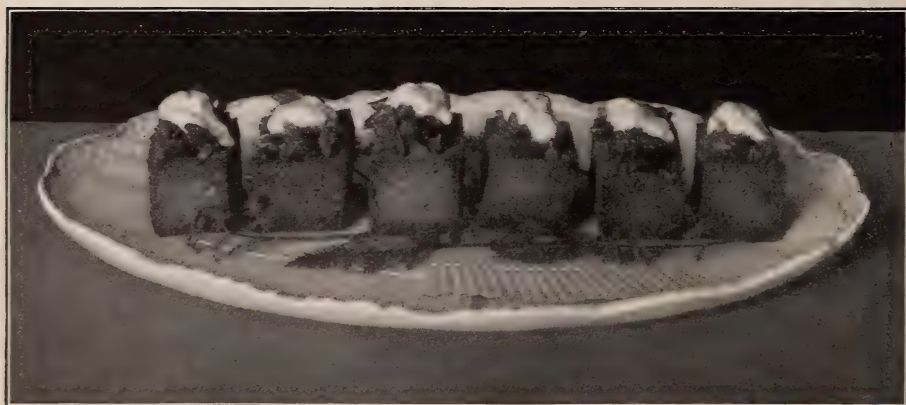
Asparagus in Bread Cases

Cut bread in slices an inch and a quarter thick; cut each slice in the

these to fill the cases. For eight cases scramble four eggs in four tablespoonfuls of cream with salt and pepper. Dispose the egg above the asparagus and serve at once. Or, scald one cup of milk in a double boiler and in this cook the yolks of four eggs, beaten and mixed with one-fourth a teaspoonful, each, of salt and pepper until thick, then pour over the asparagus and case.

Lentil Purée (serve as Vegetable)

Cover one pint of lentils with plenty of cold water and let stand overnight. Drain, cover with boiling water and let boil rapidly five minutes, then cook slowly an hour; drain off this water, add a fresh supply of boiling water and cook until quite soft. Pass them through a sieve into a saucepan; add one-fourth a cup of butter, a teaspoonful of fresh onion juice, half a teaspoonful of black pepper and salt as needed; let cook over the fire fifteen minutes, stirring often. Serve very



ASPARAGUS IN BREAD CASES

middle and trim neatly into two rectangular pieces. Remove the centers, to leave hollow cases with walls one-fourth an inch thick; turn the outer surfaces of the cases in melted butter and let brown in the oven. Have ready hot, cooked asparagus tips, seasoned with salt, black pepper and butter. Use

hot. Two tablespoonfuls of cream may be added with the butter.

Vegetable Ragout

Cut six choice pared potatoes into half-inch cubes; add six sliced leeks, cover with boiling water, let cook ten minutes, then drain. Cut half a

bunch of asparagus in inch lengths, and let cook in boiling water about ten minutes; add to the potatoes and leeks. Scald one pint of milk and one-fourth a cup of butter; add half a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper, and pour over the vegetables. Let simmer until all are tender. Turn into a dish and sprinkle with a tablespoonful of fine-chopped parsley.

Parsnips "à la Forno"

Cut some scraped parsnips in slices and let boil until tender. Turn about a pint of slices into a baking dish. Have ready a sauce, made of one-fourth a cup, each, of butter and flour and one cup and three-fourths of milk; add half a teaspoonful of salt and pour over the slices; sprinkle grated cheese over all. Bake until the cheese melts.

Potato "Gnocchi"

Boil eight medium-sized potatoes about ten minutes, drain and set into

of sifted flour, a teaspoonful or more of salt and three beaten eggs. Mix all together thoroughly and shape into

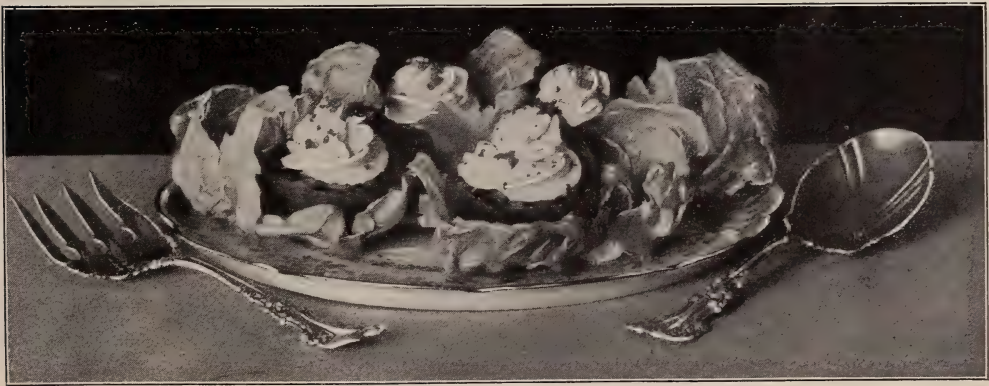


POTATO "GNOCCHI"

cylinders, after the fashion of croquettes; roll each in flour. Have ready a large saucepan of boiling, salted water; put in the cylinders and let boil, gently, about six minutes; remove with a skimmer to a serving dish, pour over them one-fourth a cup of melted-and-browned butter, then sprinkle with grated cheese and serve at once.

Tomato Salad, Heinz Fashion

Peel choice, ripe tomatoes and cut them in halves, after chilling them thoroughly. Set these on heart-leaves of lettuce, well washed and dried.



TOMATO SALAD, HEINZ FASHION

the oven to bake until soft; peel and press the pulp through a ricer; add half a cup of grated cheese, half a cup

Pipe cream dressing above and sprinkle the whole with blanched pistachio nuts, cut in slices or chopped. For

the dressing (for eight or ten halves of tomatoes) beat one cup of double cream, three tablespoonfuls of lemon

Sprinkle with salt while draining. Serve hot (reheated) with soup or salad. The most of the croutons will puff in



PUFF-PASTE CROUTONS

juice, two teaspoonfuls of Mandelay sauce, half a teaspoonful of paprika and a scant half a teaspoonful of salt until firm to the bottom of the bowl. If preferred, mayonnaise dressing and the above dressing, half and half, may be used.

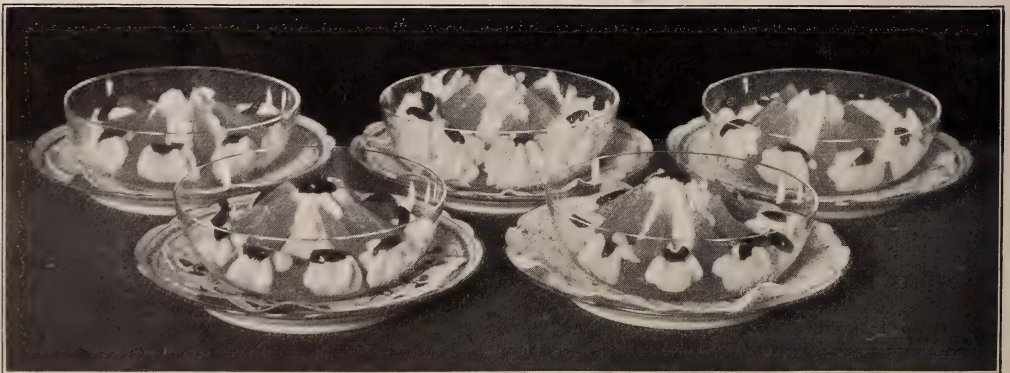
Puff-Paste Croutons

Roll puff-paste into a sheet one-eighth an inch thick, and cut into strips three-fourths an inch wide;

frying. Reheat with care, as they will brown very quickly in a hot oven.

Canned Pineapple with Whipped Cream

Beat one cup of double cream and one-fourth a cup of sugar until firm. Set slices of canned pineapple in glass dishes. Pipe the cream on the slices. Garnish with other slices of pineapple, cut into triangular pieces and with slices of cherries.



CANNED PINEAPPLE WITH WHIPPED CREAM

cut the end of each strip slantwise, then cut into two-inch lengths, always cutting parallel to the first cut. Fry in deep fat to a delicate amber shade.

Bombe, Biscuit Tortoni Style

Cook one quart of water and two cups of sugar twenty minutes after

boiling begins; soften half a teaspoonful of gelatine and the tablet of pink coloring material that comes in some gelatine packages (if this be not at hand tint later on with color paste) in a tablespoonful of cold water and add to the syrup, when it is taken from the fire. When cold add one cup of lemon juice and freeze as usual. Instead of the lemon juice a cup and a half of fresh strawberry juice and the juice of a lemon may be used.

Boil half a cup of sugar and one-fourth a cup of water until it will spin a thread two inches in length; pour

measures of ice and salt, about three hours. The bombe style is a variation; the usual style is to dispose the frozen mixture in the bottom of the mold, make it smooth on the top, then turn in the Tortoni mixture and let stand in the ice and salt three hours or longer.

Ambrosia

Slice half a dozen peeled oranges. Cut slices of choice canned pineapple in small pieces. Cut two slices in inch lengths, split nearly through and open out to simulate butterflies; reserve these



BOMBE, BISCUIT TORTONI STYLE

this in a fine stream upon the yolks of three eggs, beaten very light, beating constantly, meanwhile; return the mixture to the fire and let cook over hot water until thick; add half a cup of *sifted* macaroon and sponge cake crumbs, and beat occasionally until cold, then add a generous teaspoonful of vanilla and fold in one cup of cream, beaten solid. Line a three-pint melon mold with the sherbet; put in the Tortoni mixture and cover with the rest of the sherbet. There will be just enough to fill the mold to overflow. Let stand buried in equal

to ornament the top of the dish. Grate the meat of a fresh pineapple. Put the oranges and pineapple into a glass dish, in layers, sprinkling each layer with cocoanut and sugar. Sprinkle the last layer very generously with cocoanut and set the "butterflies" here and there upon it. Serve with or without sponge cake as a dessert dish.

English Muffins

Soften a yeast cake in half a cup of lukewarm water. Add this to a cup of scalded-and-cooled milk, into which two tablespoonfuls of butter has been

melted. Add also half a teaspoonful of salt and one cup and a half of sifted bread flour. Beat the above mixture until it is very smooth. Then cover,

them to the size of the rings. Have the board well-floured, and the muffin rings well-buttered. Put the rings on the board and the dough in the rings, and cover close with a pan or cloth. When the dough a little more than half fills the rings, remove the rings, and dough with a spatula to a well-heated and buttered griddle. Keep the griddle of uniform heat, and, when the muffins are baked on one side, turn muffins and rings, and bake the other side.

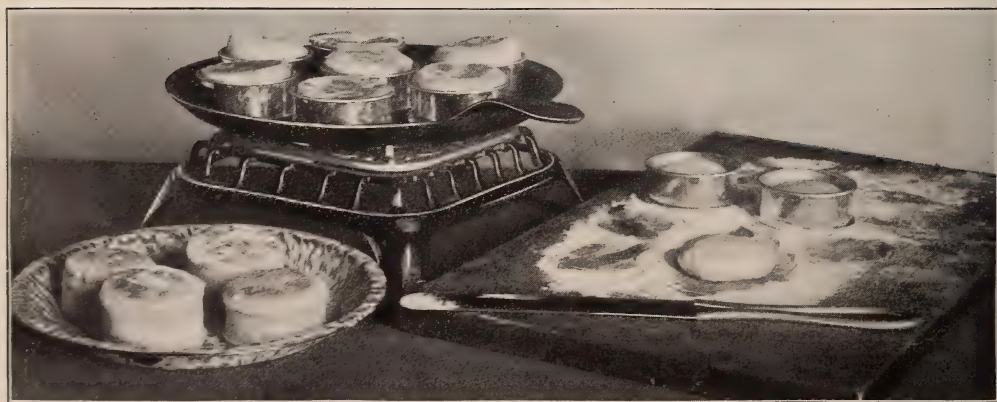
When the muffins



AMBROSIA

and set to rise. When the sponge is light, beat into it about two cups, or two and one-fourth cups, of flour, continuing the beating some few minutes (eight or ten), to make a tough batter. Cover, and let stand until again light. The mixture is now ready to use, or it may be cut down, covered, and set into the refrigerator until morning. When ready to bake, cut the dough into

are baked, cut through the crust, then tear apart with the fingers (as a cracker is split), and toast the halves over a bed of coals. Spread the rough side with butter as soon as toasted, and serve at once. The muffin rings used for this recipe were two and three-fourths inches in diameter. Rings of a larger size may be used. Toasted muffins are served with marmalade



ENGLISH MUFFINS IN DIFFERENT STAGES OF PREPARATION

twenty-four pieces. Knead these with floured hands or on a well-floured board (the dough is rather soft). Then pat

and tea as a light lunch, or with a green vegetable salad and cheese as a salad course.

Menus for Week in May

"The advantages of ordinary starchy and natural sugar-containing foods cannot be over-estimated. It is certainly wise to give them a conspicuous place in the daily dietary."

— CHITTENDEN.

SUNDAY

Breakfast
Hot Dates. Cereal, Cream
Parker House Rolls (reheated)
Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner
Onion Soup
Cannelon of Veal
Macaroni with Tomatoes and Cheese
Lettuce, French Dressing
Strawberry Ice Cream
Sponge Cake
Half Cups of Coffee

Supper
Butter Thins. Cream Cheese
Salted Peanuts. Ice Cream (left over)
Cake. Tea

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast
Pineapple
Eggs Scrambled with Chopped Ham
Lyonnaise Potatoes
Fried Mush, Maple Syrup. Coffee. Cocoa

Luncheon
Mixed Vegetable Soup
Spinach and "Hard-Cooked" Eggs
French Dressing. Rye Rolls
Rhubarb Cooked with Sultana Raisins
Cream Cheese. Toasted Crackers. Tea

Dinner
Lamb Chops en Casserole
String Beans, Peas, etc.
Cress, French Dressing
Zabione. Cookies. Half Cups of Coffee

MONDAY

Breakfast
Pineapple
Hot Ham Cooked in Fireless Cooker
Creamed Potatoes. Corn-Meal Muffins
Coffee. Cocoa

Luncheon
Asparagus on Toast
Stewed Prunes. Cream Cheese
Baking-Powder Biscuit. Tea. Cocoa

Dinner
Slices of Cannelon of Veal made hot in
Tomato Sauce
Buttered Parsnips
Dandelion Salad
Custard Renversée (Fireless Cooker)
Cookies. Half Cups of Coffee

THURSDAY

Breakfast
"Ready to Eat" Cereal, Cream
Ham-and-Potato Hash
Eggs in the Shell. Boston Brown Bread
(reheated). Coffee. Cocoa

Luncheon
Vegetable Ragout
Baking-powder Biscuit
Prune Soufflé. Soft Custard. Tea

Dinner (Guests)
Onion Soup
Boned Loin of Lamb, Roasted
Franconia Potatoes
Asparagus in Bread Cases
Lettuce, French Dressing
Lemon Ice Cream with Grated Pineapple
Little Cakes. Coffee

TUESDAY

Breakfast
Cereal, Cream
Broiled Mackerel (Fresh or Salted)
Radishes. Stewed Potatoes
Bread-Crumb Griddlecakes. Coffee

Luncheon
Cream-of-Corn Soup with Corn Timbales
(Kornlet.)
Pulled Bread
Ambrosia. Cookies. Tea

Dinner
Fricassee of Chicken (Fireless Cooker)
Rice (Fireless Cooker). Spinach
Rhubarb Pie
Half Cups of Coffee

FRIDAY

Breakfast (Guests)
Strawberries, French Fashion
Asparagus Omelet
French Fried Potatoes
English Muffins, Toasted
Orange Marmalade. Coffee. Cocoa

Luncheon (Guests)
Cream-of-Kornlet Soup
Egg-and-Anchovy Paste Salad
Yeast Rolls. Apricot Tarts. Tea

Dinner
Cold Loin of Lamb, Sliced Thin
Mashed Potatoes
New Beets, Italian Fashion
Rhubarb Pie. Half Cups of Coffee

SATURDAY

Breakfast
Broiled Honeycomb Tripe,
Maitre d'Hôtel Butter
Creamed Potatoes
Creamed Toast. Cocoa.
Coffee

Luncheon
Potato "Gnocchi"
Smoked Beef
Pineapple-Tapioca Sponge
Boiled Custard. Tea

Dinner
Hamburg Steak, Tomato
Sauce
White Hashed Potatoes
Asparagus "à la
Borghese"
Chocolate Eclairs
Half Cups of Coffee

Menus for Twenty-Five People — One Week

SUNDAY

Breakfast
Half a Grapefruit
Toasted E. C. Corn Flakes (cold)
Cream of Wheat (hot)
Broiled Beef Steak
Fried Ham and Eggs
French Fried Potatoes
Wheat Gems. Toast
Coffee. Tea

Dinner
Cream-of-Tomato Soup
Stuffed-and-Steamed Fowl, Giblet Sauce
Crab Apple Jelly
Mashed Potatoes
California White Asparagus on Toast
Drawn Butter with Chopped Pickle
Celery-and-Apple Salad
on Lettuce Hearts
Sweet Pickled Peaches
Apple and Squash Pies
Vanilla Ice Cream
Half Cups of Coffee
Tea
Boston Baked Beans, Catsup, Soy
Cold Sliced Roast Beef
Bread, Butter
Chocolate Layer Cake
Preserved Peaches
Tea. Coffee

MONDAY

Breakfast
Bananas
Oatmeal, Puffed Rice, E. C. Corn Flakes
Broiled Steak
Creamed Codfish
Potatoes Warmed in Milk
Coffee. Cocoa

Luncheon
Minced Beef on Toast
Cold Boiled Ham, Sliced Thin
Baked Potatoes
Walnut Cake
Red Raspberry Jam
Tea. Coffee. Cocoa

Dinner
Plain Beef Soup with Noodles
Roast Beef
Potatoes Browned with the Beef
Spinach, Sliced Hard Boiled Eggs
Canned Corn Pudding
Sweet Tomato Pickle
Blueberry Pie
Bread Pudding with Jelly and Meringue

THURSDAY

Breakfast
Stewed Prunes
Oatmeal
E. C. Toasted Corn Flakes
Beef Steak
Creamed Dried Beef
Sliced Potatoes
Browned in Oven
Corn Bread
Coffee. Cocoa

Luncheon
Beef-and-Vegetable Stew
Frankfurts,
German Mustard
Fried Indian Mush, Syrup
Spice Cake
Sliced Oranges
Tea. Coffee

Dinner
Vegetable Soup
Boiled Fresh Salmon, Egg Sauce
Roast Ribs of Pork
Cucumber Pickles
Boiled Potatoes
Mashed Turnips
Canned Beets
Pumpkin Pie. Rice Pudding
Tea. Coffee

TUESDAY

Breakfast
Oregon Apples
Malted Breakfast Food
E. C. Corn Flakes
Steak
Rib Pork Chops
Creamed Potatoes with Parsley
Hot Biscuit
Coffee
Luncheon
Cold Roast Beef, Spiced Currants
Baked Beans, Catsup
Small Macaroni with Tomato Sauce
Rye and Wheat Bread
Small Tea Cakes
Yellow Egg Plums
Tea. Coffee

Dinner
Chicken Soup with Rice
Halibut Steak, Stuffed and Baked,
Cream Sauce
Roast Leg of Lamb,
Brown Sauce, Mint Sauce
Currant Jelly
Mashed Potatoes. Lettuce
Canned Peas
Apple Pie. Prune Pie
Coffee. Tea

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast
Oranges
Cream of Wheat Post Toasties
Broiled Sirloin Steak
Fried Bacon. Fried Eggs
Mashed Potato Cakes, Fried
Toast
Coffee. Tea
Luncheon
Creamed Chicken with Green Peppers
Sliced Thin, on Toast
Baked Potatoes, Yeast Biscuit
Sweet Pickled Watermelon Rind
Layer Cake, Custard Filling
Blackberry Preserves
Tea. Coffee

Dinner
Cream-of-Potato Soup
Roast Beef
Breaded Veal Cutlets
Mashed Potatoes
Creamed Onions, Cole Slaw
Apple Pie. Cheese
Coffee Jelly, Whipped Cream
Tea. Coffee

Menus for Twenty-Five People — One Week

(CONTINUED)

FRIDAY

Breakfast
Oranges
Pettijohn's Breakfast Food
Grape Nuts
E. C. Corn Flakes
Steak
Fresh Haddock, Fried
Potatoes Chopped and Slightly Browned
Coffee. Cocoa

Luncheon
Creamed Eggs
Mayonnaise of Salmon on Lettuce
Hot Biscuit
Hot Gingerbread
Cookies
Canned Strawberries
Tea. Cocoa

Dinner
Clear Soup with Chopped Celery
Broiled Southern Shad
Fricassee of Lamb
Scalloped Potatoes with Cheese
Hubbard Squash
Lettuce, French Dressing
Pumpkin Pie. Apricot Pie
Cornstarch Blancmange, Cream
Tea. Coffee

SATURDAY

Breakfast
Oranges
Hasty Pudding. E. C. Corn Flakes
Beefsteak
Squire's Sausage in Cakes
Potatoes Cooked in Milk
Buckwheat Cakes, Maple Sugar
Coffee. Cocoa

Luncheon
Cold Roast Pork
Codfish Balls, Chilli Sauce
Graham Gems
Plain Cake, Cocoanut Frosting
Canned Pineapple
Coffee. Tea

Dinner
Celery Soup
Roast Beef
Mashed Potatoes, Browned
Creamed Carrots
Mayonnaise of String Beans on
Lettuce Hearts
Apple Pie
Lemon Jelly, Whipped Cream
Coffee

In Reference to the Menus for Twenty-Five People

The menus given on the opposite page were actually served the last week in February of the current year in a boarding house in Hartford, Conn., by a woman who has made a success of "keeping boarders." The price of board is \$5.50 and \$6.00 per week. All will be interested in noting the things which have led to the success of the undertaking. Mrs. W., who presides over this boarding house, says: "Get as large a house as possible in a desirable location. Look well to the plumbing and lighting. Make the dining-room an especially pleasant place. Select handsome napery and as artistically decorated dishes as you can afford. A conventional design is preferable. Have the silver plain in style but excellent in quality and an abundance of it; glass likewise.

"Small tables are most attractive and desirable; they need not be of the same size, but tables seating four, six and eight are preferable to one long table, as it is possible to put congenial guests together. I do all my own buying, buying many articles in quantity; still the needs from day to day are numerous. Jellies, marmalade, preserves and canned fruits are prepared in the house, as are, also, all bread, pies and cake, mince meat, sweet and sour pickles, catsup, etc. The hours of meals are arranged to suit as many as possible. On week days breakfast is served from 7.15 to 8.30 A.M.; luncheon from 12.10 to 1.30 P.M.; dinner from 6 to 7 P.M. On Sunday breakfast is from 8.30 to 9.30 A.M.; dinner from 1 to 2 P.M.; tea at 5.30 P.M., the shorter hours giving the maids a needed rest.

"I find the BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE a daily and serviceable companion. Every recipe I have ever tried has been a success and it suggests a great many things that are helpful."

The Fireless Cooker

By Janet M. Hill

YEARS ago Count Rumford, in writing of his experiments in feeding the Bavarian army, said, "I constantly found that the richness or quality of a soup depended more upon the proper choice of the ingredients and a *proper management of the fire* in the combination of these ingredients, than upon the quantity of solid nutritious matter employed; much more upon the art and skill of the cook than upon the sums laid out in the market." Now, as in the days of Rumford, the quality of food is, in large measure, determined by the proper management of the heat used in its cooking.

Often, when we come into our own houses or go into the houses of our friends, we are made aware by the odors that permeate the atmosphere that chicken, fish or, possibly, onions are to be served at the coming meal. These odors may not always be objectionable, especially if we bring a good appetite with us, yet these same odors, clinging to draperies, etc., become stale and prove to be anything else than wholesome or agreeable. But this is only one item of the matter to be considered. Did it ever occur to you that the dish to be served is thus much poorer in quality, because of this loss of extractives which it has incurred? Let these volatile odors and flavors once be dissipated throughout the house, and how can they be brought back again to the soup kettle or the roast? We are wont to eat too much dry and insipid food, — food that has lost much of its nutritive properties through injudicious cooking. And, besides, this loss occurs most largely in meats, fish and the more expensive kinds of food. Have you ever noted the gray, solid particles upon the inner surface of the cover of the kettle in

which meat has been cooked in furiously boiling water? These coagulated juices represent quite a portion of the nutriment and extractives for which we have paid our money. This valuable material goes out in the dishpan and the flavorless muscle is sent to the table.

The temperature to which food is subjected in cooking gives the keynote to the efficiency of the cook. The flavor secured in the exterior of meats, browned in a hot oven, cannot be improved upon, but after the initial searing, to keep in the juices, has been secured by this browning process, the tenderest, juiciest and best-flavored meats are those in which the temperature of the interior of the joint does not rise above 130° Fahr., for beef, mutton and game, nor above 160° Fahr. for poultry and veal. So, too, in cooking meats in water by the process termed boiling, after the initial searing has been accomplished, either in the frying pan, the oven or boiling water, the continued boiling of the surrounding water indicates a temperature too high for the best results. At the same time to keep the water in a vessel, exposed to currents of cold air and the changeable heat of an ordinary cooking range, at just the right temperature is a rather nice procedure, and calls for constant care and attention.

Right here is the point where the fireless cooker may be used to advantage and prove a never-failing source of comfort and delight. Let the article be subjected to the requisite degree of heat, first searing it over in the oven or frying pan when this is called for, then transfer to the fireless cooker and cover closely at once, and after a sufficient interval of time, without further thought or care, the dish will be found to be

cooked most thoroughly and satisfactorily.

Another feature of the cooker, which eliminates attendance in the kitchen, is the fact that the dessert, if it be in the form of custard, cabinet or bread pudding, rhubarb or blueberry betty, or similar dishes, may be set into the cooker, at the same time as the other viands, and left, without injury, until all are removed. If it be desirable to embellish the dessert with a meringue, this may be added on the removal of the dish from the cooker, when the delicate coloring required may be secured in the oven of the gas range.

In a fireless cooker the cooking is done by retained heat; if the enclosed heat be let out, cooking soon ceases. With a gas stove to generate the heat and a fireless cooker to retain it, the hours spent over a hot stove in a hot kitchen may be cut down to the minimum and the summer season be thus made an occasion for enjoyment for all the members of a family.

Fireless cookers give good results with such dishes as are cooked in boiling water; as ham, leg of lamb, corned beef, stews of all kinds, fricassees, ragouts, curries, casserole dishes, etc., soups, custards and all puddings cooked custard fashion. Probably no fireless cooker will turn out Boston baked beans as satisfactory as are those that have been baked in a well-regulated oven; but in some cookers the flavor of the well-browned exterior of a roast, which has been obtained in the preliminary cooking in the oven, is retained during the long process in the fireless cooker.

The length of time to be given to the preliminary cooking of a dish, in preparation for the fireless cooker, varies with the article to be cooked, and much

depends on its size. Before consigning food of any kind to the fireless cooker, the temperature at the very center of the article must be raised to the proper cooking point for this specific article, then the cooker will conserve this heat until the cooking is completed. Soups, stews, etc., must be at the boiling point when removed from the source of original heat.

Just as the fireless cooker conserves heat, so will it conserve cold. For instance, a quantity of well-frozen ice cream, closely packed in ice, may be kept for hours without even the melting of the surrounding ice. No salt should be used. If the ice has not been made fine enough to pack closely, bits of newspaper may be used to fill the vacant spaces.

No heat is generated in or about the fireless cooker. It is simply a conserver of the heat that is enclosed in the article to be cooked, as it is set into the cooker. The principle on which the cooker is constructed is identical with that of the thermos bottle now coming into such common use. Both are designed to keep hot things hot, and cold things cold. The cooking process involved is that highly approved method of slow, long-continued cooking, which, in so many cases, produces the most delicate and acceptable dishes. As a thing of convenience, on many an occasion, nothing can take the place of the cooker; for it provides the means of presenting, at evening or in the morning, the main dishes of a meal that have called for no thought or care during the ten or twelve preceding hours. The fireless cooker, the direct descendant of the old-time hay box, is an article of real and practical utility, and well worthy of a place in any kitchen.



The Food and Drugs Act

By F. W. Farrell

NEARLY three years have passed since the enactment by Congress of that most beneficial law regulating the sale and manufacture of foods and drugs in the District of Columbia and the Territories, and the introduction into any State, Territory, or into the District of Columbia, of foods and drugs manufactured in another State, Territory, etc., and brought therein for sale.

This act, it is said, lay at the doors of Congress, in one form or another, for seventeen long years before it became a law.

But the opposition which delayed its passage for so long a period is still rampant, and certain unfortunate disagreements of authorities have won to the side of the opposition many well-meaning manufacturers. Let us not, as Americans are so prone to do, allow our interest in this matter to flag. It would seem that with us the more popular a movement may be and the greater the enthusiasm we display for that movement, the sooner we tire of it and lose interest therein. Here, however, is a matter that is for the country's lasting benefit. May our interest and appreciation not be relaxed because of its very popularity. For just as popular support was needed to consummate its enactment, so is it needed now to secure its fulfillment.

Essentially this law is a health measure. It is also one that touches the pocketbook. Whose pocketbook? That of those who are least able to afford loss. Some of the more fortunate among us can pay the price of luxuries and get the best of everything. But the vast majority of our eighty millions of people must purchase the cheaper grades of food. It is these cheaper foods that are more partic-

ularly dealt with under the Food and Drugs Act.

Consult, if you will, Miss Ida Tarbell's article in a recent number of a popular magazine. This article, entitled "Where every Penny Counts," shows us just who are affected by the price of commodities. Not much is said in this article about food, but of those people who have to spend the larger share of their earnings for food. Let the food, such as these have to purchase, be even in part represented as of a quality which it is not and, therefore, sold above its real value, and we can readily see who is "touched" by misrepresentation and fraud. In other words, this law does away with one form of an unjust tariff that is levied upon the many for the benefit of the few.

Now those who have been affected disadvantageously by the enforcement of the rules and regulations in connection with this law will push with their utmost power the advantage gained by the disagreement of certain authorities with the Chief of the Bureau of Chemistry at Washington.

Disagreements of authorities, however, upon one item out of many does not imply that all are subject to doubt. The national Pure Food Law is based upon the promulgation, interpretation and enforcement of certain standards of purity, healthfulness and genuineness of food and drugs that are manufactured and offered for sale. There are of course a great many standards. That one standard is now called into question is not, in the least, to be construed as meaning that there is doubt as to all the standards. These are the results of the experience of most of the States of the Union and many foreign countries. They were accepted and

chosen to apply to the national Pure Food Law. Thus they represent the combined judgment of the best authorities of this country and of other countries. Even those standards that are now the subject of controversy, at the time of the passage of this act received the weight of authoritative judgment.

It has been said: "The people, as a mass, are usually correct in knowing, in general terms, what they want, but how to get a specific want, and best how to make it of the greatest good to the greatest number with a minimum injury to any — in other words, what to do with it when they get it — is a question that invites the most careful, conscientious and judicial thought, something which the people as a whole are quite incapable of. This same people will today applaud Dr. Wiley and his brother reformers, and tomorrow rend them to pieces, if the thing does not work to suit them."

As long as Dr. Wiley and his associates do have the task of administering the law, the people may rest assured "that it will work to suit them." What the writer of the above paragraph wishes to emphasize is that, through a subverted press, false rumors and reports, attempts will be made to discredit Dr. Wiley and his associates and force their withdrawal

from the service. If the people allow such attempts to be successful, they will aid in forcing from their service those most competent to judge and act for them in matters pertaining to food control. It would encourage the opponents of the law to further their attempts along lines toward the amendment and nullification of this law, to suit their own convenience. Thus the struggle for pure food would be reopened.

Remember that, in the next few years, the limelight of publicity will not be so strongly focused upon Washington. The matters that will demand national attention will probably be along other lines than that of pure food. The press will devote more space to other national matters. Still the food question will be agitated at Washington and attempts will be made, and are being made, to convert the Food and Drugs Act into a meaningless statute. What makes a statute a living law? It is the support of the people and the backing which they accord to the administrators of the law. Let us always demand pure food, healthful food, and properly labeled food, for all the people and for all time, and heartily support those who have, in so far as they have been able, given us what we have asked and longed for.

Tell Me, Little Star

Agnes Lockhart Hughes

"Oh, tell me twinkling silver star,
Why you shine overhead,
While every night when twilight comes,
I'm hastened off to bed?
I just wish I had wings. I'd fly
Straight up to where you gleam,
And then we'd travel all night long,
To find a pretty dream.
I cannot climb to your great height,
So, closer, please star, creep,

And tell me how you find your way,
When daylight's fast asleep."

"Our Heavenly Father guides us, child,
And we ne'er question why,
But do His bidding when He points
Our pathway o'er His sky.
We are night's torches, one by one
God lights us up above,
While bending o'er your snow white bed
He shields you with his love."



HOME IDEAS AND ECONOMIES

Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Accepted items will be paid for at reasonable rates.

Glacéd Strawberry Cakes

NEW little cakelets for the spring and summer season—and for other seasons in favored regions like Tennessee, California and Florida—consist of tiny round, rich cakes, the top covered with a disk of caramel icing, on which a ripe glacéd strawberry is laid. The glacé runs from the strawberry and holds it to the frosting. The sides of the cake show golden yellow above the frilled paper cases in which each little cake is placed. The cake is rich as pound cake and seems to be made of very fine flour, with perhaps some cornstarch or rice flour. These are on sale in a fashionable tea-room in one of our eastern cities.

Growing Nut Trees

THE study of food and botany begins in the right way, when school children are taught to plant nut trees on Arbor Day. We all know how children, both boys and girls, like to hunt for nuts in the autumn, and children of an older growth, also. Who has not seen gray-headed and quite stout fathers turn boy again when nutting with their youngsters?

The superintendent of the horticultural station at College Park, in Maryland, distributed to the schools of the State both pecan trees and Persian walnut for general planting on Arbor Day, this year. The pecan is, of course, a favorite nut tree in the

climate to which it is adapted, and the Persian walnut is what we generally call the English walnut, also the Grenoble walnut, since most that we get are grown in France.

Old-Fashioned Trays with Cretonne Centers

EXCLUSIVE china and furnishing shops are showing large and small trays in old-time styles of wood and metal finish, with and without handles. The centers are covered with showy and odd-figured cretonne.

One recently seen was a cretonne of East Indian pattern, showing two peacocks facing a fountain with a suggestion of Oriental scenery. Most are of the usual conventional flower and fruit and leaf design; some resemble Morris patterns and their antecedents in old English cottons and embroidery.

There are small square trays with metal handles, and the usual oval patterns with high scalloped edges. Of course these cretonnes, like choice inlaid and some other kinds of trays, are covered with thick glass made to fit exactly.

Oyster Shells and Ants

THE oyster-shell remedy for a house troubled with ants does not work as well as was suggested by a correspondent of the Boston Cooking-School Magazine. It was tried at a large apartment house, where the ants were of a small brown variety, and instead

of driving them away they swarmed upon the oyster material, remaining with the shells until the shells were darkened with them. Scalding their haunts near the door was of some help, as was, also, a sprayer in food closets and about the rooms, even to the third floor, where some light house-keeping was done. This sprayer was secured for other pests that travel and are abundant in mild latitudes, so that even the best homes have to be prepared to fight them occasionally.

Ordinary yellow sulphur will sometimes drive ants away; this worked about a refrigerator in a cellar where probably the ants had come with a large supply of muskmelons for Sunday. Sulphur, as the laundress advised, was scattered upon the floor and after a few renewals the ants departed. They had worked their way into the refrigerator from which they were wiped away as often as possible, as it did not seem wise to insulate the legs in tin dishes of coal oil so near to food.

Sulphur is not harmful to human creatures, and so is safer to have about and near food than unknown poisonous mixtures.

In tropical countries one has to become used to the odor of coal oil or kerosene, for it is used freely upon floors to prevent all kinds of insects from crawling about the house.

J. D. C.

* * *

New and Entertaining

HAVE you ever seen any one who does not enjoy something new? Well, here is an idea for a good-sized family, given me by a friend who lives in the country; it seems very interesting to me.

They give the mother one new idea every day, taking turns, from the father down to the youngest child; it does not matter whether the idea be original or obtained from some one

else, or from paper, magazine, or book; a new joke, impression, suggestion, fashion, anything but criticism, which is not permissible.

The idea is reserved, and given out, when all are gathered at the "festive board," and then discussed; sometimes they are good, sometimes ridiculous, and cause much merriment. L. N.

* * *

Poppy Seed

A FEW miles southeast of our town there is a large settlement of native Austrians, who brought with them from the Old World the custom of making considerable daily use of poppy seed in their food, and as a sort of confection when the neighbors drop in.

Having on various occasions had an opportunity of trying some of the dishes, I can testify they are both novel and pleasing, having made use of them in my own household.

Each one of these families sows a large plot in the garden with the common purple poppy, and as the seeds ripen they gather the large seed pods and store them for future use. When company comes, madam brings out a plate of these seed pods, or capsules, each guest takes a pod, and shaking out a part of its contents into the palm of her hand, begins to chew. This is a daily custom, common to the settlement.

The women are all fine cooks, and their breads are especially good. Rye bread is served at every meal, as well as wheat bread, and is always made with caraway seed stirred in the sponge, or poppy seed sprinkled on outside of loaf.

I have investigated the matter with some interest and find the poppy seeds in this form act as a gentle stimulant to torpid digestion, probably as a slight irritant. While eating the seeds they seem to exert the same gentle stimulus other ladies find in afternoon tea, or at a coffee klatch.

On consulting the Encyclopædia Britannica I find that poppy-seed oil is used as a salad oil in both North France and Germany. The seeds yielding as high as forty per cent of the oil. This may explain the hygienic, laxative effect noted.

J. M.

* * *

Jelly Molds

LIBRARY paste jars, the round ones which have a water well for the brush in the middle, make attractive jelly molds. When the jelly is turned out upon the serving dish, fill the hole with whipped cream. This same mold can be used for cornstarch or blancmange, in fact any cold molded dessert.

Cooking Utensils

ALL greasy cooking utensils can be made beautifully clean by filling with water and a generous handful of washing soda, immediately after the food has been dished, and put upon the stove to boil.

When dish-washing time comes an energetic whisk or two with a wire brush will dislodge all fragments, and the most repulsive task of the day is done.

Bureau Covers

BUREAU covers, table runners and all such articles are greatly improved by being rolled and not folded. Strawboard tubes can be bought of any length or size at most stationers or department stores; they are mailing tubes. If economy is consulted then newspapers can be rolled, cover them with white, or, better, blue tissue paper. Things kept in blue paper seldom grow yellow. Tubes can be made of the fluted strawboard paper department stores use frequently for packing. This method enables a housekeeper to find the article she wishes quickly and without danger of rumpling or handling the rest of her collection.

Wall Cabinets

MOST convenient little wall cabinets are sold in Germany for eggs or soap. They are easy of construction and consist of a solid top, bottom and back. The sides and door are made of dowel pegs and the door is fitted with a lock. There are usually three shelves which slide in grooves. These have twelve large holes in them, to stand the eggs in. The soap cabinets are the same, except the shelves are made of dowel pegs, also, for ventilation. The cabinets measure about 16 inches high, 8 inches deep and 12 inches wide, but this varies and is not essential.

Racks for Saucepan Covers

RACKS to hold metal saucepan covers are great helps in a kitchen. They consist of two long strips with slots cut in them at an angle, twelve slots on each strip; these two strips are screwed to a strip at the bottom, which measures eight to ten inches, and screwed at the top to a block measuring two to three inches. This has a hole in it to hang it up by. When the article is finished it will hold little covers at the top and big ones at the bottom, and each will stand out at such an angle that it will be easy to take hold of. The sides and bottom are made of half inch wood; oak or hard-wood of some kind is more satisfactory.

Birthday Cake Boards

IN a family where there are many birthdays a nice thing to have is a cake board. Get a round board, sold in department stores to cut bread on, but without a carved border, merely a deepish groove. In this depression bore, half an inch deep, holes the exact size of a cake candle; fifty can generally be put in; then provide lace-paper doilies and candles. When the day arrives place the cake on a

doilie and put the candles around. If the celebrator is five years old, then five groups of five are pretty, the central candle in each group being of a contrasting color. By this device no marred frosting or ugly holes, tasting of wax, disfigure the cake.

J. D.

* * *

The Red Ant

IT is a well known fact that small red ants, that sometimes become great pests in houses, may be kept from tables, pantry shelves and other places where food is kept, by washing parts of the surfaces over which they must pass to reach the food places with a saturated solution of corrosive sublimate. A water solution is as good as an alcoholic solution for this purpose. They may be kept from an ordinary table, for example, by simply coating a narrow ring on each table leg with the solution. It is generally not necessary to renew the application oftener than once in two or three months.

It has been discovered in a Florida kitchen, however, that cypress wood coated with the sublimate in this way is almost ineffective in keeping the ants away, they being able very soon after the solution is applied to cross the coated band; and this may be true of other woods. The sublimate seems to combine with one or more constituents of the wood, forming one or more new compounds, and is ineffective on that account.

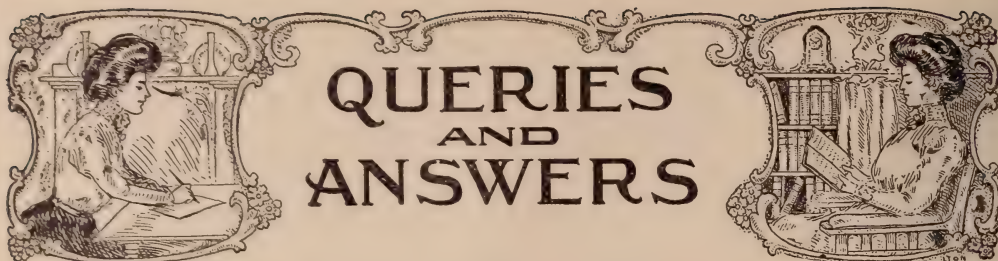
It is the common opinion that the juices of the lemon and other citrus fruits, and of the pineapple, etc., because they will not of themselves jellyfy, cannot be made into jelly without the addition of gelatine; and this animal substance renders the jelly an undesirable product. A Florida housewife has discovered that if lemon juice, or any juice that will not

jellyfy, be mixed with that of the common citron, or "pie melon," common almost everywhere, the product will harden into a beautiful jelly with the distinctive flavor of the citrus or other fruit used. The melon juice should be extracted with as little water as possible. A good way to make the jelly is to slice the fruit into the melon juice, boil the mixture for some time, strain out the fruit pulp, and jellyfy the juice in the usual way. S. R. B.

* * *

An Object Lesson

"As a boy before going to college the writer entered a wholesale dry-goods store in the city of New York, owned by men of national reputation. In the linen room were the boy and a single salesman, both new comers. On the first morning, after their arrival, one of the heads of the house came into the room with a customer, and himself showed him the goods. The business was done after this fashion: the merchant said this linen is such a make, so many threads to the inch, so many yards to the pound, at such a price. And the customer said, I will take so many pieces. In fifteen minutes he sold him twenty-five hundred dollars' worth of goods. The customer went out and the merchant then turned to the salesman and said: 'That's the way to sell goods. I can sell that man at any time all that he wants because he knows that, so far as it is in my power, I will tell him the exact truth. If you treat your customers in that way, you can sell goods.' That was our introduction to the wholesale business of New York. It was an object-lesson which has influenced the life of the writer. In his judgment there are many thousands of business men who are doing business in that honest way and prospering, because they are honest. To make a statement contradictory to this we hold to imply a lack of knowledge of things as they are."—Ex.



THIS department is for the benefit and free use of our subscribers. Questions relating to recipes, and those pertaining to culinary science and domestic economics in general, will be cheerfully answered by the editor. Communications for this department must reach us before the first of the month preceding that in which the answers are expected to appear. In letters requesting answer by mail, please enclose addressed and stamped envelope. For menus remit \$1.00. Address queries to Janet M. Hill, editor, BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL MAGAZINE, 372 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

QUERY 1459. — "How to cook bacon in the oven? How to bake a ham in a blanket of flour paste? A recipe for Rice Muffins baked in the oven. How to prevent fish from sticking to a broiler?"

Bacon Cooked in the Oven

Bacon may be broiled over a rather dull fire, but with a loss of fat, which is of value. To avoid this waste, the cooking may be done in the oven. Lay the bacon, cut in very thin slices, on the wires of a double broiler, close the broiler and set it into a moderate oven over a dripping pan. Let cook until the bacon is delicately browned and crisp, then serve at once. This is one of the simplest and best ways of cooking bacon.

Ham Baked in Paste

Soak and scrub the ham; if pretty salt soak over night. When ready to cook make a dough or thick paste of flour and water and spread over the ham, encasing it completely; set on the rack in a baking pan into a hot oven to cook the paste, then lower the temperature and let cook about five hours. About an hour before cooking is done, make a hole in the paste and pour in a cup of hot cider, or vinegar and water; repeat this twice if needed, or use for liquid what drips into the pan. When tender, remove crust and

skin from three-fourths of the ham, leaving one-fourth of the skin about the shank bone. Brush the skinned portion with beaten yolk of egg and sprinkle with three-fourths a cup of cracker crumbs mixed with one-fourth a cup of sugar and return to the oven, to brown the crumbs. Serve hot or cold.

Rice Muffins

Sift together two cups of flour, four level teaspoonfuls of baking powder, half a teaspoonful of salt and scant fourth a cup of sugar. Beat one egg; add one cup of milk and half a cup of hot, boiled rice, mixed with three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, and stir into the dry ingredients. Bake in a hot, well-buttered muffin pan about twenty-five minutes.

To prevent Fish from Sticking to a Broiler

Heat the broiler pretty hot and rub over the bars where they are to come in contact with the fish very thoroughly, then set the fish in place. After the fish is cooked, set the broiler over an agate or tin dish, then press the back of a four-pronged fork down upon the fish in such a manner that two prongs of the fork will be on either side of a wire of the broiler; now gently

draw the fork down the wire the full width of the fish, thus separating the flesh from the wire of the broiler; repeat this with each wire on one side, then turn the broiler and repeat on the other side, when the fish may be slipped — skin side down — from the broiler to a platter made hot to receive it.

QUERY 1460. — "Recipes for Preserved Limes and Mint Julep."

Preserved Limes

Boil the limes in water until very tender, drain and use the water, with three-fourths a pound of sugar to each pound of limes taken, to make a syrup; skim, add the limes and let cook until they look transparent. They may also be cooked with spices and vinegar for sweet pickles.

Mint Julep

Bruise several tender sprigs of fresh mint in two teaspoonfuls of sugar and one-fourth a cup of water. Fill the glass to one-third its height with claret, sherry or any wine preferred, then add fine-shaved ice to fill the glass. Set four or five sprigs of mint in the glass, bouquet fashion. Drink through a straw.

QUERY 1461. — "The currant jelly we made last season is filled with little crystals; what is the cause of the crystals?"

Crystals in Currant Jelly

Miss Parloa, in Farmer's Bulletin No. 203, gives too large a proportion of sugar and hard boiling as the causes of the formation of crystals in jelly. A pint of sugar to a pint of juice is considered the proper proportion for currant jelly, but in a season of much heat and sunshine, as was the case last season, the currants would contain a higher percentage of sugar than in a cold, wet season, and less sugar is needed. The surplus appears as crystals.

QUERY 1462. — "Menus for rather substantial banquets, which may be served by clubs, church societies, etc., for \$1.00 per plate, where the facilities for cooking are poor."

Banquet Menus

I

Orange-and-Pineapple Cocktail in Glass Cups
Creamed Lobster and Halibut in Chafing Dishes
Buttered Rolls and Baking Powder Biscuit
Olives Philadelphia Relish
Crown Roasts of Lamb, Saratoga Potatoes
Mint Sauce. Sweet Pickle Jelly
Gnocchi à la Romaine (reheated at serving)
Saltines
Lettuce, French Dressing
Vanilla Ice Cream; Maple Syrup, Chopped Pecan Nuts
Assorted Cake
Coffee

II

Unhulled Strawberries, Powdered Sugar
Canned Salmon Steak (heated in cans, then opened), Egg Sauce
Boiled Potato Balls
Cucumbers, French Dressing
(In some localities) Green Peas
Chicken Patties
Cold Boiled Tongue
Cold Boiled Ham
Macedoine-of-Vegetable Salad
Rolls
Vanilla Ice Cream in Glasses
Crushed or Grated Pineapple
Assorted Cake
Coffee. Tea

QUERY 1463. — "What peppers are best for cooking purposes?"

Peppers for Cooking Purposes

Any kind of peppers may be used in cooking. Also peppers are good when either green or red. The bell pepper may be canned and used as required. Half pint jars may be purchased and are preferable for canning articles that are to be used in small quantities. By pouring in olive oil after a pepper has been taken from a jar the rest of the peppers may be kept without recanning. When peppers have not been "put up" at home, chilli peppers may be bought for twenty-five cents a bottle. These peppers are put up by Crosse and Blackwell; the bottles are about five inches high. The peppers are from an inch and a

half to two inches and a half long; the seeds and stems should be discarded. The peppers will remain in good condition at least a year after the bottle has been opened. Pimentos come in tin cans. They are put up in Spain. These are a thick, heavy, sweet red pepper. The price is about fifteen cents a can. The cans hold about ten very mild peppers. These peppers may be used in large quantity, and, cut in half-inch squares, make, with cubes of cream cheese or pieces of pineapple, particularly fine salads. Use mayonnaise dressing with these salads. Put unused pimentos in a glass jar; add the liquid from the can, then pour in olive oil to keep out the air.

QUERY 1464. — "Recipe for Crumpets."

Crumpets

Use the recipe for English muffins given among the "seasonable recipes," in this number of the magazine. Make, however, this change in the recipe. After the sponge is light, beat into it less flour; use about one cup and three-fourths. When the mixture is light, bake in buttered rings set on a hot and well-oiled griddle. When the crumpets are brown on one side, turn ring and all, to brown the other side. When baked the crumpets should be about two-thirds an inch thick.

QUERY 1465. — "Can more water be added to 'water-glass,' in order to keep the mixture in which eggs are packed for preservation in a thin state? As given it adheres to the receptacles, making them hard to clean.

Proportion of "Water-Glass" in Preserving Eggs

After many experiments it was found that eggs could be preserved in a mixture of one part of water to ten parts of "water-glass." Possibly further experiments might demonstrate that the proportion of water might be increased a little, but it is

evident that air would not be excluded, if the quantity of water be increased materially.

QUERY 1466. — "Explicit directions for making and freezing Vanilla Ice Cream without eggs, a cream that will resemble Philadelphia Ice Cream."

Vanilla Ice Cream with Junket

The milk must be rich and creamy and the cream of good quality — what is known as double or heavy cream. Heat one quart of milk, one cup of double cream, one cup of sugar and one tablespoonful of vanilla to about 90 F. The mixture must not be heated higher than 100 F. Have ready one junket tablet, crushed and dissolved in a tablespoonful of cold water; stir this into the warm mixture, then let stand undisturbed until it jellies. Chill the jellied mixture, then turn into the can of the freezer. Pack the can in salt and crushed ice, using one part of the former to three of the latter. Turn the crank slowly, at first, increasing the speed as the mixture freezes. When frozen take out the dasher, beat the cream vigorously, make smooth on the top, cover closely, draw off the water; add ice and a little salt to cover the can. Put a piece of carpet or several newspapers over the top and let stand an hour or more to ripen.

QUERY 1467. — "Menus suitable for refreshments after a wedding at high noon. What would be the proper way of serving such refreshments?"

Refreshments after Wedding at High Noon

After a noon wedding a "breakfast" is usually served. This may be served *en buffet* — from a table in the dining-room to the guests, part standing and part seated as is convenient. Or the refreshments are served in courses, as at a luncheon, to guests seated at the dining-room table. Or, with a larger number of guests, a luncheon menu is served to the bridal party at

the dining table and the same menu to the other guests seated at small tables. For refreshments *en buffet*, the noon hour would call for one or two hot dishes, but these are often dispensed with, as it calls for more attendants in the kitchen. Bouillon, creamed dishes, lobster and halibut together, crab flakes, chicken, veal and sweet-breads are among the ones usually selected. Rolls, salads, sandwiches, ices, cake, salted nuts, bonbons and coffee in small cups are also served. A bowl of fruit punch is usually provided at a side table. If the refreshments are served at small tables, a fruit course often precedes the bouillon. The wedding cake in small boxes may be left on a table near the outer door, or the bride may cut it into pieces and it may be passed in the dining-room. A large white bow of ribbon is sometimes seen on the knife with which the cake is cut.

QUERY 1468. — "Recipe for Marshmallows and method of preparing Viscogen."

Viscogen to Thicken Thin Cream

Pasteurized or other thin cream may be thickened by a solution of lime in sugar (viscogen) and then whipped to a stiff froth with a Dover egg beater.

To make the viscogen, dissolve five ounces of sugar in ten ounces of water. Add six ounces of cold water to two ounces of quicklime, and let it gradually slake; then strain through a fine sieve to remove unslaked particles; combine the two liquids and shake occasionally for two hours. In three hours set the mixture aside to settle, then siphon, or pour off, the clear liquid. Store in small bottles, filling each full and stoppering tight, as the liquid absorbs carbonic acid from the air, thus darkening the color and reducing the strength. Use one-fourth a teaspoonful of viscogen to three-fourths a cup of chilled cream. Stir the cream while adding the viscogen to it.

Regarding Home-Made Marshmallows

We are unable to find a recipe for marshmallows that can be used successfully at home.

QUERY 1469. — "Recipe for Eggplant containing tomato and bread crumbs that is light and fluffy in character."

Eggplant, Marseillaise

Cut three small eggplants in halves, lengthwise, and slash the meat in opposite directions without cutting through to the skin. Put cut side down in a kettle of hot fat and let fry ten minutes. Lift from the fat and set, cut side down, on soft paper to drain five or six minutes. Scoop out all the pulp and cut into small cubes, or chop rather coarse. Melt a tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan; add a small onion, chopped fine, and let cook, stirring constantly, three or four minutes, then add the eggplant. Peel two fresh tomatoes, cut in halves, and discard the seeds; chop the pulp and add to the eggplant. Add also a teaspoonful of salt, a scant teaspoonful of paprika, a teaspoonful of fine-chopped parsley and half a bean of garlic, chopped exceedingly fine. Mix thoroughly and let cook fifteen minutes, stirring occasionally, then add a cup of soft bread crumbs; mix well and turn into a buttered dish (the eggplant skins may be used for this purpose), cover with two-thirds a cup of cracker crumbs mixed with one-third a cup of melted butter. Bake until the crumbs are well browned.

Eggplant, Provencale

Same as above, except add half a cup of chopped mushrooms, and one egg, beaten light, and substitute half a cup of tomato sauce for the raw tomato.

QUERY 1470. — "Inexpensive recipes for a family of four. Wish recipes for meat, vegetables, puddings, cake, etc."

Inexpensive Recipes for Four

In the March number of the magazine note "Neck of Lamb en Casserole." The remnants of the dish may be used in a dish of hash. In same magazine "Steamed Entire-Wheat Pudding," "Boiled Custard in Cups," page 390, and "Moist Chocolate Cake, page 399, will probably be satisfactory and prove of fair size, unless two of the family be young children. In February number half the recipe for "Cutlets of Lamb, Portuguese Fashion," will be found available. In the April number we would suggest the "Oatmeal Soup and Halibut au Gratin en Ramequins"; in the latter dish canned salmon may be substituted for the halibut. Canned salmon, heated in the can before it is opened, is particularly good with egg sauce, boiled potatoes and lettuce. To heat, set the can in a saucepan, pour on boiling water to cover the can and let boil fifteen minutes, or longer. The remnants of salmon, stirred into hot mashed potato (cold left-over potatoes covered with boiling water and boiled three or four minutes), with butter, salt and pepper, or left-over egg sauce, shaped into cakes and fried in bacon fat, will provide a most excellent breakfast. In this number of the magazine probably one-half of any of the recipes for vegetables will suffice. Lamb chops en casserole is always good if made with care. We also give a few recipes for puddings.

Prune, Rhubarb or Raspberry Betty

Prunes should be soaked over night and cooked nearly tender, rhubarb cut in half-inch pieces, covered with boiling water, then drained. Fresh or canned berries of any kind may be used. Remove the crust from six or eight slices of stale bread, spread the bread with butter and put it into the dish in layers, alternating with the fruit. Sprinkle the fruit with sugar and a little salt.

Have the last layer of bread. Squeeze over the whole the juice of half a lemon, or add two tablespoonfuls of water. Let bake until the bread is browned on top and the fruit tender. If preferred, the bread may be sifted through a colander and these crumbs mixed with melted butter. Serve hot with cream and sugar. Two cups of sugar will be needed with a pound of rhubarb. Fruit calls for less sugar.

Bread Pudding Viennoise

Beat three eggs. Add half a cup of sugar, cooked to caramel, dissolved in half a cup of water and boiled to a thick syrup; half a cup of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of cinnamon, and three cups of milk. Pour this over two cups of grated bread crumbs (do not measure the crumbs too lightly) and one cup of dried currants. Mix thoroughly, and turn into buttered and sugared molds. Let cook in a dish of water as a custard. Serve hot, turned from the molds, with hard sauce.

Bread Pudding (Mock Indian)

Cut stale bread in half-inch slices and remove the crusts. Butter the bread on both sides, pile the slices together, and cut in cubes. To each cup of cubes, well pressed down, use one pint of milk, half a cup of molasses, and half a teaspoonful of salt. Bake in a buttered pudding-dish, in a very moderate oven, from two to three hours. Fine-chopped suet may take the place of butter. Put it between the bread, and cut as before.

QUERY 1471. — "Recipe for Bath Buns."

Bath Buns

Soften one cake of compressed yeast in half a cup of lukewarm water or milk and stir in flour to make a sponge; when light, add half a cup of sugar, one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt, three-fourths a cup of softened butter, a

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See, before your glass, how smoothly and trimly this petticoat fits, how smartly it drapes. Note how gracefully your outerskirt hangs, over this petticoat.

Then judge of the beauty of this new fabric, Taffeta Loraine—this fabric which delights every one who sees it. Note that it has the richness and "rustle" of silk. But mark this: you will find it far firmer and stronger than silk, far more durable. It won't crack, split, nor "fall to pieces."

So you get, at about one-third the cost, the smartness of silk, plus far more service and wear. For the price of this remarkable petticoat, if you decide to keep it, is only \$2.00.

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Judge of the astonishing saving. We are manufacturers, selling direct. We save you the wholesaler's and retailer's profits. That is how we give you such wonderful value. You could not have as good a petticoat made for less than \$3.50 or \$4.00.

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Note the Patent Self-Fitting Adjustment

This garment is cut in the latest style—on the lines of the new dress skirts. Daintily but strongly made. PATENT FASTENERS give 12 adjustments around the waist and hips—no draw-strings, no puckering, no bunchiness. 6 gores, with a rich 16-inch 4-ruffle flounce; a 9-inch under-flounce with a 3-inch dust ruffle. Ruffles elaborately shirred. Seams bound in and reinforced by tape.

**This stunning Taffeta \$2
Lorraine Petticoat,
made to measure, only**

The colors are Black, Navy, Tan Golden Brown, Taupe Gray, Maroon, Bottle Green and Nile Green. For an out-size petticoat—over 30-inch waist, 50-inch hip, or 44-inch length—50 cents extra.

Don't send any money

Simply give us your waist, hip, and front-and-back length measures, and state color you want.

While you are about it, why not place an order in this way for each of the women-folk in your family who may need a petticoat? This is the safe way—far better than buying at your local store; for there you have little chance to judge before paying your money. We give you two full days after you get your petticoat, to make up your mind how you like it.

You see you are **SURE OF SATISFACTION** before sending any money; so sit down and write us now, before you forget it.

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BOSTON, MASS.

grating of yellow lemon rind and four eggs; mix thoroughly, then stir in about three cups of flour, more may be required, but the mixture should be kept quite soft. Knead nearly half an hour. When light shape into balls, set these close together in a buttered baking pan and press into the top of each a seeded raisin or a slice of citron. When doubled in bulk, bake. Brush over with cornstarch paste, dredge with coffee a sugar (granulated will do, but is not as good), and return to the oven to glaze.

QUERY 1472. — "Recipes for good, light, Layer Cake and for baked Brown Bread, dark in color and containing walnuts and raisins."

Good Light Layer Cake

Use half cup of butter, one cup of granulated sugar, half a cup of milk, two cups of pastry flour, three level teaspoonfuls of baking powder and the whites of three eggs. For a richer cake use one cup of butter, two cups of sugar, half a cup of milk, three and one-half cups of flour, four level teaspoonfuls of baking powder and the whites of seven eggs.

Baked Brown Bread

We have not a satisfactory recipe for a baked brown bread, but the following steamed bread is particularly good and is wholesome if cooked long enough. We see no reason why this might not be cooked in the oven in a pan of boiling water, if it be inconvenient to steam it on top of the range. Do not let the water stop boiling at least until after the bread has been in the oven an hour. One cup, each, of rye meal, corn meal and white or entire wheat flour, one teaspoonful of salt two teaspoonfuls of soda, two cups of rich, thick, sour milk, three-fourths a cup of molasses, one cup of raisins and nut meats, half and half.

Common French and Foreign Terms Used in Cooking

These terms, as well as those in our previous issues, have been compiled by the aid of Gasc's French Dictionary, "Kitchen French," Thudicum's "Spirit of Cookery," Senn's "Dictionary of Foods and Culinary Encyclopædia," and similar compilations in various cook books.

Croquem bouche. A set piece made of macaroons, or meringue, or wafers, or fruit (oranges, chestnuts, etc.), glacé with nougat icing, etc. A croquem bouche is often used as a cage or case to cover and ornament a cream or ice. It is at its best when at least one inch larger on all sides than the article which it covers, that it may not soften but remain crisp until eaten. We have shown two illustrations of croquem bouche in former numbers of this magazine.

Croquettes. Bits of fowl, meat, fish or vegetable mixed with a hot, thick, savory sauce, cooled, shaped, covered with beaten egg and crumbs and fried in deep fat.

Croustades. Shapes of fried bread, mush or rice, used as a receptacle for game or mixtures with a sauce.

Croute. Crust of bread, usually fried.

Croutes à la Normande. Cooked apples on slices of bread fried in butter, with apricot marmalade, sherry wine, lemon juice, etc., poured over.

Croutes aux peches. Sponge cake, glazed with sugar and maraschino or peach marmalade, with cooked peaches above, garnished with candied fruit.

Croutes aux champignons. Fresh mushrooms, cooked with sauce thickened with egg-yolks and served in cases made of French rolls fried in butter.

(To be continued.)



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*Junket
Ice
Cream
with
strawberries*



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New Books

Accidents and Emergencies. By CHARLES W. DULLES, M.D. Price, \$1.00 net. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Son & Co.

This book, consisting of about two hundred pages, is a compact volume of directions necessary for one who is called upon to give aid in case of accident or sickness, when a physician is not present. Knowledge is strength, and such a knowledge, elementary as it is, which this book provides is a perfect tower of strength, only appreciated when it is most sadly needed.

In general it may be said, the book treats every possibility, and the forty-four illustrations, most of which are photographs, give at a glance information where pages of directions might only confuse. Most interesting to us, however, is that section devoted to accidental poisoning. Besides the substances which we readily think of as poisons, arsenic, carbolic acid, etc., the author treats of poisonous plants and berries, which children are most liable to eat when playing in the woods. The most important are described, and the description is accompanied with illustrations. A section, also, is devoted to mushrooms, and photographs of a poisonous variety are shown. The necessary materials for treatment of poisoning are particularly well chosen and, instead of rare and unfamiliar substances being recommended, things with which every household is supplied are given. Indeed, throughout the book the author has consistently used a plan of making his apparatus from the household utensils and appointments. He emphasizes, however, the value of a medicinal chest or emergency case, and a sample case is described.

It is suggested that the book be read carefully and studiously, at least, once

and then placed where it can be found readily. It is well indexed and reference is further facilitated by subject-heads printed in large, black capitals, which easily catch the eye. That this book has reached its seventh edition is not surprising, and we feel that its usefulness is just commencing.

Self Help for Nervous Women. By JOHN K. MITCHELL, M.D. Price, \$1.00 net. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

This book is designed for the lay reader, thus purely medical matters are avoided. Though the title seems to limit its field to women, the author states that "in most instances, if the pronoun were changed, the lessons would apply to men as well."

The volume consists of about two hundred pages, divided into seven chapters, which deal with definitions of nervousness, its symptoms, its control and also the attitude of relations and friends to the patient. Some interesting pages are devoted to diet, sleep and occupations, such as regular exercise, amusements and periods of rest.

The striking characteristic of the book is its common sense. Many helpful suggestions are made in a sober and emphatic manner. The author very tastefully avoids sensational statements, though remarks such as, "Worries are like crumbs in bed—the more you wriggle the worse they scratch you," give a certain solidity of illustration to his thesis. The use of drugs are deprecated, but there is no extreme advocacy of theories which are based upon mental treatment, faith cures and the like. In fact, he warns the reader from a too enthusiastic and undirected adoption of such methods. His attitude towards exercise for chil-

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dren is to be commended, in which he points out the greater benefits from games than from the more artificial exercise in gymnasiums.

Structurally the book is well arranged with chapter heads and subject titles. It is well indexed, thus making the volume convenient for reference.

Vegetable Cookery and Meat Substitutes.

By MRS. S. T. RORER. 12mo, 328 pages. Price, \$1.50 net; by mail, \$1.62. Philadelphia: Arnold & Company.

The book has a twofold object:

First, to show the value of vegetables in their relation to diet and health, how to prepare, cook and serve them, and what to eat under certain conditions of health.

Second, to give to the prudent housewife a knowledge of combinations of foods in the shape of toothsome recipes to take the place of meat.

It goes without saying that we all know too little about the value of vegetables as food. We eat them because they are palatable, not realizing their immense importance as body builders. Here they are classified, and thus made to give us a right idea of their use.

It is not necessary to be a vegetarian to desire a change from a meat diet. There are health reasons often demanding abstention from meats; or economy may be an impelling motive; or a desire for change and variety in the daily bill of fare may be warrant enough.

It is a fact that people are learning to eat less meat and to place their chief reliance on other kinds of food. They have learned that meat is not an indispensable article of diet. Foods are to be regarded as agents that make for strength, health and well-being, or the reverse. Thus estimated, this book may be said to point to what many are coming to consider as a better and healthier way of living. It is timely.

Song

Dear, tho' you wander over peace and passion,
Searching the days to prove yourself untrue,
You cannot hide me. Still, in my own fashion,
I shall come back to you.

In other eyes, on lips that bid you doubt me,
In music, in the little things we knew,
In your blind prayers for happiness without me,—
I shall come back to you.

God keep you safe through all the ache of learning,
Through all the wrong you need to be and do,
Till in the wise joy of unfearful yearning
I shall come back—I shall come back to you!

—Brian Hooker.

A Puritan of Today

"I am growing to think more and more that we cannot go much further, either as a nation, as a city or as individuals, until we come back to this new, old, lifelong, Lincoln-inspired battle line of the control of our appetites, the subordination of passion to judgment; of fashion and style to the dictates of common sense and the demands of sobriety. We are enamoured in these days of the big questions of tariff and free trade, of peace and war, of labor and capital, all of which are great questions. But their discussion does not relieve us from the responsibilities of the far greater questions of personal purity, individual loyalty, a clean life for men and a modest life for women."

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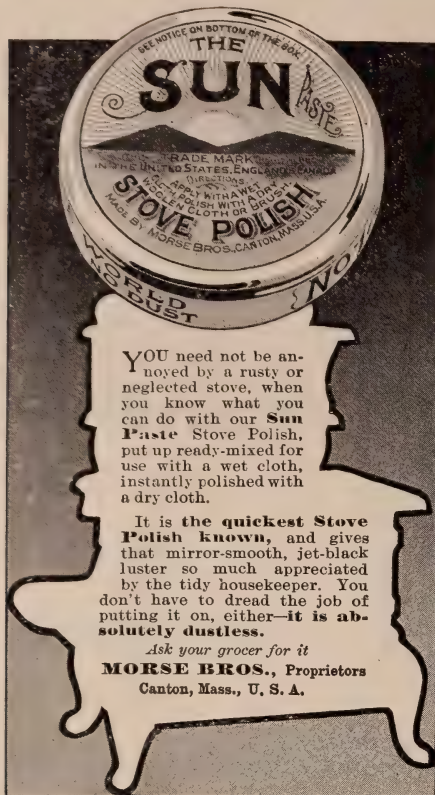
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Ask your grocer for it

MORSE BROS., Proprietors
Canton, Mass., U. S. A.

Lovely Weather Lena

(Concluded from page 469)

snapped her little front gate behind her the village paths would be dry. Lena gave away her big umbrella, discarded her rubbers—one of them was worn to holes at the heel, anyway—and reveled in lovely weather privileges. In a short time, naturally, Miss Abbie, the astute, discovered that whenever Lena was of the party, umbrellas and other rainy-weather accessories were quite unnecessary, and she would laughingly, but with her customary convincing eloquence, advise folks when planning an outing to ask Lena to accompany them.

"Why don't you ask Lena to go too?" she would say; "you know that stoutish, black-eyed woman that lives down the road. She always, without fail, has good weather when she goes out. You don't know her? You'd rather not? I'll speak to her for you, if you like. Bless you, I don't mind asking her. I'd just as lief's not. And I know she'll go with you."

In this way Lena acquired a local reputation as a desirable outing companion, and slowly, but surely, her fame began to spread through the village, town and country-side. At first, when invitations were comparatively few, and, in consequence, a novelty, Lena accepted them all with delight, but after a while she grew more fastidious, developed whims and fancies and gave Abbie—the middle woman, so to speak—considerable trouble. One forenoon Miss Miggs turned up with a note from Mrs. Tubbs, the wife of the keeper of the general store and quite a person of consequence in the village, asking the lovely weather widow for her company to a garden party that same evening, and Lena flatly refused to go.

"But, Lena," Abbie expostulated, "you don't know what you'll miss. The military band is going to play for the dancing and the promenades; the ices and two waiter men are ordered

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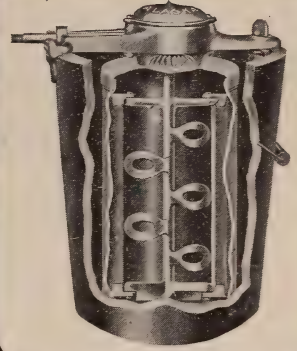


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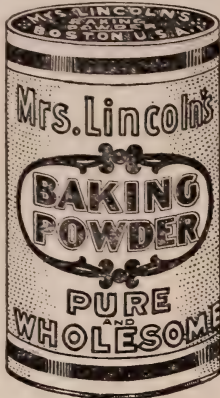
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We also manufacture Red Cedar Chests in numerous styles and sizes: Treasure Chests, Bed Room Chests, Under-the-Bed Chests, Skirt Chests, and Shirt-waist Chests, all beautifully finished in dull natural shellac, rubbed, waxed and polished; also Gum and Cypress Chests covered with the finest quality of Japanese matting, trimmed with rattan.

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**Piedmont Red Cedar Chest Co., Dept. 53, Statesville, N. C.**

up from town, and it's really going to be a grand affair. Don't be horrid, Lena; I'll be in at five and help you get ready, and I'll do your hair up for you that new way that's so becoming to you."

"No; I'm going to stay at home to-day," said Lena crossly. "I'm going to finish the last bit of my crochet edging and then I'm going to give Jonah's fur a good brushing; he looks disreputable. Poor thing! I've neglected him shamefully of late, and I'm not going out so much any more either, so there!"

"But, Lena," Abbie reiterated, "they really need you; they need you dreadfully. Mrs. Tubbs has had her black grenadine all made over for the occasion; and Mercedes is going to wear her new rose-pink China silk. And you know a misty, moisty evening would take all the gloss out of it, let alone the pouring rain we've been having all day; and Mercedes says—"

"If Mercedes Tubbs is afraid of the wet, she may stay at home for all me," grumbled Lena. "I'm sure my gray pongee looks bad enough by this time, and where am I to get another? If Mrs. Tubbs spoils *her* clothes, her husband has plenty of money to get her some more, but who's going to provide me with things for all this gadding, I'd like to know? I've spent too much already on fares and frippery, and hardly know how to skimp along on my allowance for the rest of this month. It's different with the Tubbs, and the Driggs, and the Hallinays; *they* have husbands, or money, or both, and I have neither; I'm poor, Abbie, you know that just as well as I do. I can't afford this sort of thing."

During the latter part of this tirade, Abbie looked straight through Lena into wide and vague future possibilities.

"And why," said she, suddenly coming out of her brown study, "why shouldn't those who need your company supply you with clothes and traveling expenses and the rest? I'm

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sure they'd be glad to pay you something for your accompanying them. Let me see; two dollars for your company to an evening entertainment, your admission ticket, of course, thrown in. Five dollars for a picnic or excursion, box luncheon and liquid refreshment to be furnished by your employers. Four dollars for an evening party, musicale or wedding, until midnight, that is, and fifty cents for every additional hour. Ten dollars for a whole day's outing, for Sunday schools and church expeditions, all incidentals—such as luncheon, merry-go-round, ice cream, boat-rides, tintype pictures, etc.—thrown in. Lena," she concluded, fixing her wondering friend with a speculatively glittering eye, "I'm going to take this thing in hand and am going to set you on the way to making your fortune, if only you'll be guided by me. And now I'm going to call on Mrs. Tubbs. I'll be back in ten minutes, Lena."

Abbie came back in an hour with everything satisfactorily arranged. Mrs. Tubbs would gladly pay Lena four dollars for that very evening, for it would easily cost double that to have Mercedes' pink frock done up if exposed to the rain; she had likewise agreed to advertise the new strictly business arrangements far and wide, and had furthermore, then and there, bespoke Lena for a shopping tour on Monday next (traveling expenses and incidentals, refreshments all furnished) and for a straw-ride for her young folks on the following Thursday.

In less than a year Lena's affairs were in a highly flourishing condition; the poor, much-worn, gray pongee was replaced by new and elegant frocks; ribbons, gloves, and other toilet trifles were never wanting. Lena now used only the best purse silk for her crochet work, instead of Madonna cotton, No. 30, and Jonah no longer slept on an old blanket down cellar, but occupied an elaborate gilt and ribbon-trimmed sleeping basket in Lena's

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STONEWARE**

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Coffee is indeed a delicious and healthful beverage, unspoiled by contact with metal, when made in this popular stoneware pot, which is the simplest and most effective of coffee makers. Simple, because the lock lid and sanitary linen drip bag are simplicity itself. Effective, because it retains heat and is most economical as to quantity of coffee used.

LANGLEY WARE is fired at such a terrific degree of heat that it is absolutely vitrified and non-porous, hard to break, and cannot absorb any of the acids contained in all coffee and eliminates all danger of ptomaine or lead poison.

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DEPT. B

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elegant new boudoir; for the tiny brown cottage had long grown too small for a household augmented by two sturdy maids to run the domestic machinery while Lena was off keeping folks in lovely weather; she was laying money by in tens and twenties for the proverbial "rainy day" and would perhaps be still enjoying her good fortune, if she had not cultivated nervous prostration by attending two garden parties, a funeral, a straw-ride, a christening, an engagement luncheon and a dozen or more calls and shoppings all in one week. She lay ill for three days, during which it was damp and foggy, and the sun never appeared at all, and she died on a Wednesday; and all that day and right along until the day of the burial it never once stopped raining in torrents. People came in crowds from all round to attend the funeral, and, while paddling through puddles and struggling with wind-shaken, dripping umbrellas, sincerely regretted Lena's untimely end. During the ride to the cemetery the clouds parted, the sun came out, and when they reached the grave there wasn't a cloud left in the sky; but even while the faithful Abbie Miggs was laying a big bunch of Lena's favorite sunflowers on her beloved friend's grave, it began again to sprinkle.

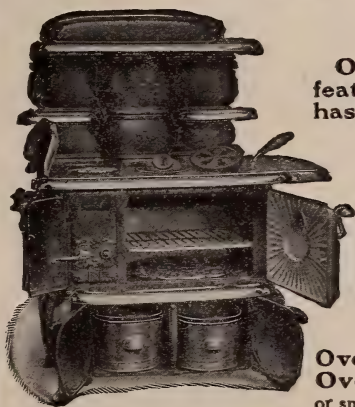
Lovely Weather Lena is greatly missed in her native village, for since her death there isn't a picnic, beach-party or lawn fête ten miles round that does not have rain—if only a mild and exasperating drizzle—from start to finish.

Don't let this valuable day be consumed in trivial concerns. Undertake today some of those big things you intend to do—some time.

As father and Joey were trudging home about sundown under a load of approved picnic paraphernalia, Joey spoke. "Father," he said thoughtfully, "a holiday is lots harder work than just every day, isn't it?"

Crawford

Cooking-Ranges



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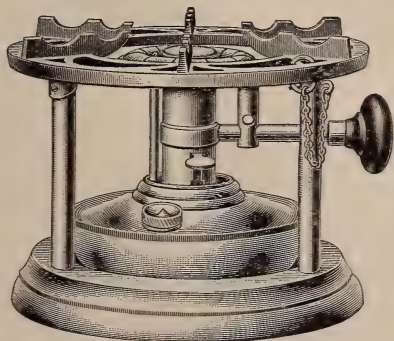
The old clumsy ash pan is replaced by a Hod into which the ashes fall, making their removal easy and cleanly. Either Hod can be used for coal or ashes; the ash Hod, being emptied, can be returned full of coal. Every cook heartily indorses this new idea.

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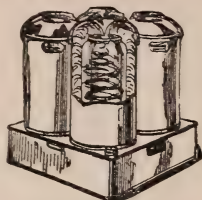
Nickel Plated. Burns with an intensely hot blue flame. Noiseless in operation. Regulates perfectly. Extinguishes instantly. Easily lighted without removing lamp from frame. Very economical and safe. It is so constructed that the lamp cannot be tipped out of the frame while burning, but can be easily removed when desired. Will do all that can be required of a single burner.

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In the French city of Nantes the municipal experiment of serving noon-day meals to school children at low cost was begun a few weeks ago, and has proved eminently successful. The "cantines" are installed in each non-sectarian (public) school and are intended to furnish poor children with hot and nourishing food. In one of the rooms of the school there is a refectory where the meal takes place. At five minutes to eleven the children are released from their classes. They go into the courtyard, where, under the care of one of the schoolmasters, they wash their hands at the washstands. Then at eleven o'clock they place themselves in regular order and walk into the refectory.

Each child, before entering this room, gives a check to the master. This check is given to the poorer children in an unobserved manner and without charge, and is sold at 15 centimes (3 cents) to the scholars whose parents are more able to pay. Thus the children's pride is not hurt, there being no difference between the one who pays and the one who does not.

The meal lasts three-fourths of an hour. Two of the older children are appointed to watch over the younger and see that they all secure their food. One of the masters also superintends the meals. The weekly bill of fare has been arranged as follows:

Monday: Cabbage soup, sausage and beans.

Tuesday: Bean soup, stew, jam

Wednesday: Meat soup, rice, pie.

Thursday: No school takes place.

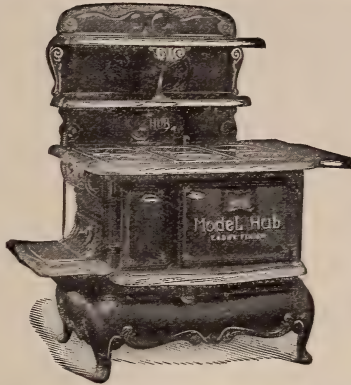
Friday: Vegetable soup, codfish, rice.

Saturday: Meat soup, sausages, or blood pudding, beans.

In addition each child receives half a pint of wine mixed with water. The food is cooked in the municipal free soup houses, called Fourneaux Municipaux. From there it is brought to the schools.

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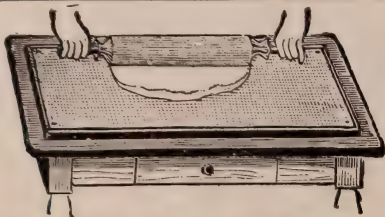
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The new girl had been but three weeks in the employ of an artistic family, but her time had evidently not been spent exclusively in studying the domestic arts. As her mistress was giving her instructions as to the dinner she said: "Marie, don't forget the potatoes."

"No, ma'am," was the reply; "will you have 'em in their jackets or in the nood?"

Entire Wheat Bread

- 1 cake Fleischmann's Yeast.
- 1 cup lukewarm water.
- 1 cup lukewarm milk.
- 3 pints entire wheat flour.
- 2 teaspoonfuls sugar.
- 1 teaspoonful salt.

Put milk, salt and sugar into bowl; add to it water in which the yeast has previously been dissolved. Then add the flour gradually, reserving a little for use in kneading. This dough should be kneaded thoroughly, but must be kept soft. After kneading set in a warm place to rise for from two to two and one-half hours. When light, turn out on a floured kneading board, divide into two equal parts and knead again thoroughly. Place in well greased pans and set to rise for from three-quarters of an hour to an hour. When well risen bake for one hour in a slower oven than is required for white bread. After bread is baked, remove from pans and cool by contact with the air on all sides.

One tablespoonful of butter may be added with the sugar, if desired.

If set over night, use one-half cake of yeast. In summer use the liquid cold; in winter, tepid. The entire process takes four hours.

NOTE.—Entire Wheat Bread may be made by following any good bread recipe and substituting whole wheat flour for the ordinary wheat flour.

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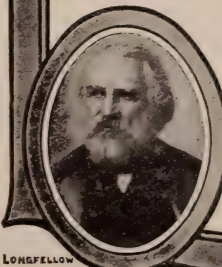
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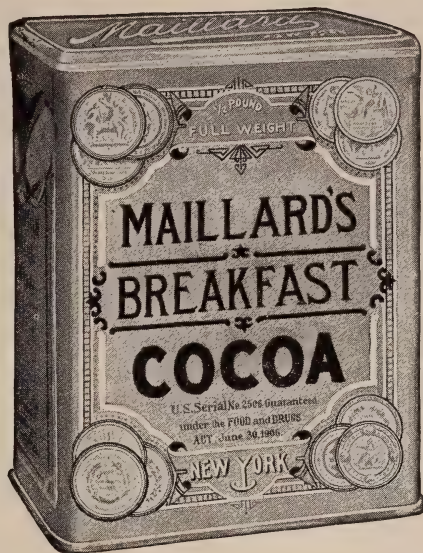
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